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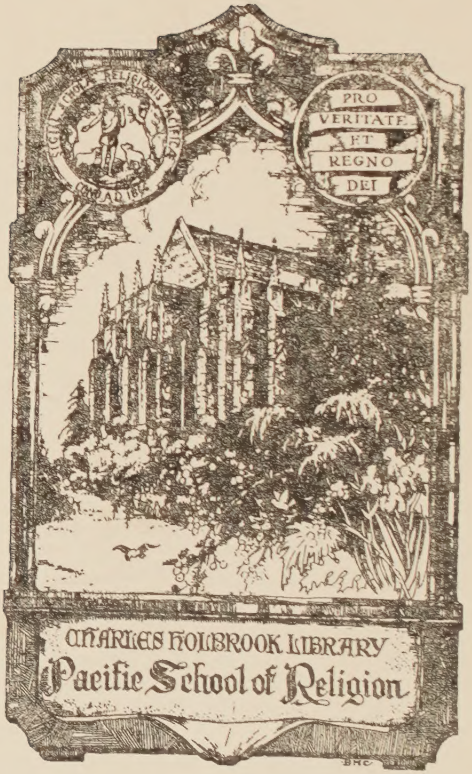

Gift of
Miss Ethel Lucas
In Memory of

125

E. M. Lucas.

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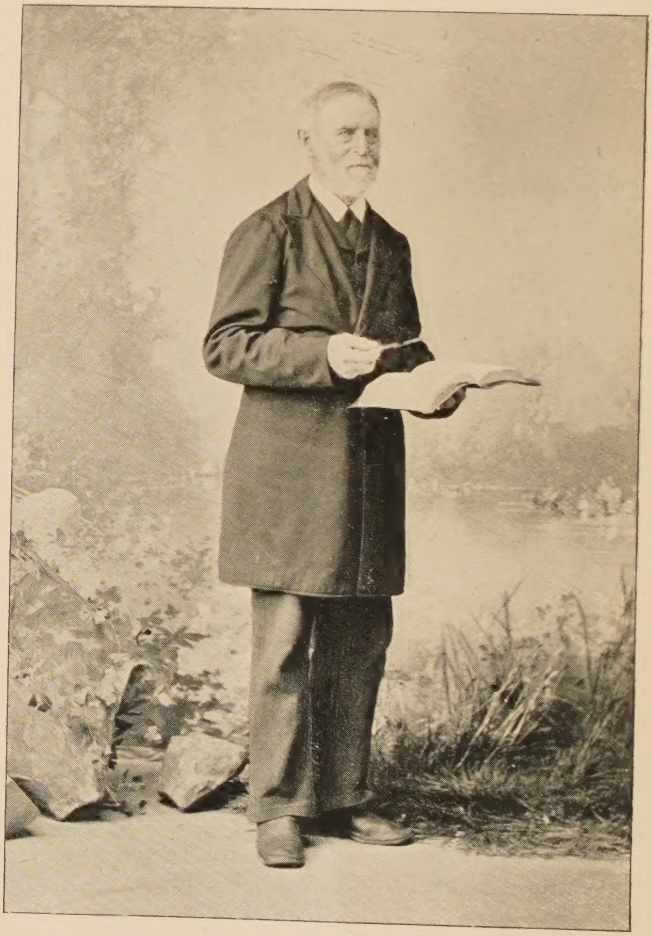

Gratefully
Cushing Eells.

FATHER EELLS

OR

THE RESULTS OF FIFTY-FIVE YEARS OF MISSIONARY LABORS

IN WASHINGTON AND OREGON

A BIOGRAPHY OF

REV. CUSHING EELLS, D.D.

BY MYRON EELLS

With an Introduction by Rev. L. H. Hallock, D.D.

BOSTON AND CHICAGO

Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society

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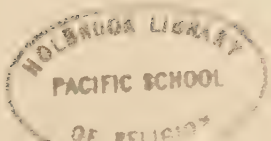
A tribute of affection

TO CUSHING EELLS AND MYRA F. EELLS

by their sons.



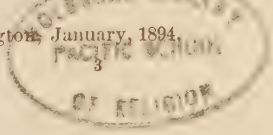
PREFACE.

THE writer was once at a church meeting where some things were said, and perhaps justly, against a minister who had preached for the church. His son, who was present, defended his father. There were those at the meeting who by no means agreed with the father but who honored the son for what he said. We, the sons of Cushing and Myra Eells, would at least honor our parents. True, they were not what many call great. Neither were they perfect. None knew this better than themselves. We believe, however, that they have done a great, good work for Oregon and Washington, and we desire to record this and perpetuate the memory of what they have done. From what was said at the funeral services of Dr. Eells, from the number of memorial services held since his death in large cities in eastern and western Washington, from the contents of letters of condolence received from distinguished Christian men and women from Massachusetts to Washington, from the number and character of those who have expressed a wish that this biography be written, we believe that there are others who have thought very highly of them for their work's sake.

Favors in preparing this work have been received from many friends, more especially from L. H. Hallock, D.D., Rev. J. Edwards, Wallace Nutting, D.D., and Rev. F. P. Noble, of Chicago, the last of whom has rendered great assistance by his criticisms of the whole work.

M. E.

UNION CITY, Washington, January, 1894.



INTRODUCTION.

THE romance of the Oregon Territory, which includes the great States of Washington and Idaho, is unsurpassed in fiction and has the higher charm of absolute truth.

Encamped on the eastern border, the early New England colonists little dreamed of the vastness of this Western empire or the magnitude of its economic future. By purchase they obtained the vague domain of Louisiana, and afterward became conscious of the existence of an indefinite tract of country stretching off into the far-distant and almost inaccessible Northwest. From Indians and from Pacific navigators came hints and from the Hudson's Bay Company reliable tidings of a fur-producing wilderness away toward the sunset,

> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its own dashing.

It was not the conquest of territory that first stirred the interest of Americans in this direction; the earliest movement was for evangelization of the native population. It was really a foreign country, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions made the first advances. When they sent out such men as Whitman and Eells they sought for souls, not soil. Little thought those bold, indomitable missionaries, who journeyed weary weeks from St. Louis toward the blue waters of

Puget Sound, that they would live to see there three great states, the pride of the Union, rich in wheat waving on a million fertile fields, bearing a priceless beard of lofty fir and cedar forests, having choice orchards on the banks of rivers which run salmon enough for a nation, and shipping its products to the Atlantic seaboard over four transcontinental railroad lines, and to the far Orient by oceanic steamships from Tacoma to China and the New Japan. But Dr. Cushing Eells, after his rigorous bridal tour of three thousand miles, after a patient service of fifty-five fruitful years, resulting in the evangelization of Indian tribes, the founding of two colleges and many churches, and the ripe accumulations of fourscore years, did see all that; and if his unbounded modesty had not forbidden could have honestly said, concerning the religious and moral transformations at least, "*Magna pars fui.*"

The story of Dr. Eells which is now given to the public by one well worthy to be his faithful and loving chronicler is not the history of a man but of a movement, and a movement of great significance to our whole American nation. The vast wealth borne on the surface and buried in the mold and mines of the Northwest our children will estimate more accurately than we can; but whatever its uncounted value shall prove to be, it basks beneath the glorious folds of the Stars and Stripes because such men as Eells and Whitman were here, statesmen as well as Christians, and because they traversed the wild mountains and taught the wild tribes with an intelligent and far-seeing patriotism, wisely coupled with Christian sweetness and light, married also to an indomitable will and undying determination.

Such tales as those which follow can have no duplicate. If the men are born, the opportunity cannot recur. Unknown empires

within our indeterminate borders exist no longer; the age is late, the titles have been disputed, the domain explored, the lines drawn. We shall send no more foreign missionaries to distant fields and waken to find the land still our own and the title won by a caravan of settlers led over the mountain passes by a consecrated missionary of the cross, an appointee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

It is best to read this well, for between the lines of personal biography runs the cipher tale of a new nation, still under the old flag, but destined to play a signal part in the future of American life and national power through its limitless resources. The Indians will pass away, but the Indians of the Northwest will wear in the heavenly fields the white robes, because Father Eells pointed them tenderly to the faithful shepherd, the Christ. The front rank of settlers, the pioneer missionaries, has even now vanished — Dr. Eells was the last of them; but the institutions they founded, the churches they builded, the works they finished, abide. They molded the infant civilization, and the print of their faith will not be transient.

Verily it was an honor to know Father Eells, and a rare privilege to sit and listen to his thrilling tales of early struggles and later conquest for his Master. The little penknife given him in Hosmer's store in Hartford, before he started for the frontier, he showed me the Friday before his death, his companion for fifty years; and many a deft bit of surgery it performed in the hand of its skillful owner. It wasn't much like a case of modern surgeon's tools, but that difference illustrates the fine contrast between this modest, old-fashioned servant of God and some of his luxurious successors. As simple in his faith and in his rigor-

ous economy of living and in his transparent worth as the true blade he carried unchanged for half a century, he was a benediction to all who knew him. And with all that simplicity he had only charity for his brethren and fine appreciation of every mark of respect and deed of kindness that any brother might pay him.

I saw his life go out like stars at the coming of the dawn. On Friday he mounted his famous horse, Le Blond, at my door and rode off. On Sunday he listened reverently as I preached. On Wednesday in the early morning, with the old trait of doing promptly what was to be done, he left us for the last journey. The longed-for eighty years were completed, and our Father's House was richer by the entrance of faithful Father Eells.

As you read, remember the rigors of his early years, the mellowness of his final harmonies, and the rare unselfishness of his whole eventful career. "Whose faith follow."

With deep and tender respect I sign myself, in gratitude for the honor, his last pastor,

L. H. HALLOCK.

TACOMA, Washington, October, 1898.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, ANCESTRY, AND EARLY LIFE.

PAGE

Birth. — Major Samuel Eells. — Other ancestors. — Characteristics of the family. — Justice to the Indians. — Ministry. — Patriotism. — Education. — Long life. — Blandford. — Incident. — Conversion. — Education at Blandford. — East Granville. — Dr. Coe. — Monson Academy. — Williams College. — East Windsor. — The Zulus. — Ordination. — Marriage. — Mrs. Eells 15

CHAPTER II.

CROSSING THE CONTINENT.

1838.

Change of life work. — Early Oregon missions. — Bridal tour. — To New York. — Julia Brace. — Instructions. — Sabbath incident. — To Cincinnati. — Pack saddles. — Slavery. — Missouri. — Packing. — First day. — American Fur Company. — Mode of travel. — Nicking a horse. — Buffalo meat. — Fort Laramie. — North Fork of Platte. — Rain. — Mrs. Walker. — Crossing Sweetwater. — American rendezvous. — Fourth of July. — Fort Hall. — Boisé. — Arrival at Dr. Whitman's . . 33

CHAPTER III.

OREGON IN 1838.

PAGE

Government. — Population. — Hudson's Bay Company. — Settlements. — Passports. — United States in 1838. — Large cities. — Wagons. — Houses. — Furniture. — Hotels. — Sacks. — Clothes. — Beef. — Matches. — Post offices. — Mail. — Stores. — Money. — Mrs. Eells' impressions. — Indians. — Their number. 63

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSION ESTABLISHED.

1838–48.

Arrangements. — Messrs. Smith, Rogers, Gray, Spalding, Walker, Whitman. — To Colville. — Selecting station. — At Dr. Whitman's, 1838–39. — To Tshimakain. — Gardens. — Frost. — The Spokane language. — School. — Packing. — Religious instruction. — General work. — 1840. — Habits of Indians. — Religious instruction. — School. — Indian character. — Prospects. — Fire. — Progress. — School. — Music. — Travels. — School. — Dr. Whitman's journey east in 1842–43. — Whitman controversy. — 1844. — Progress. — Maternal association. — Severe winter of 1846–47. — Shoes. — Shawls. — Cheese. — Death of Mrs. Eells' father. — Prospect 82

CHAPTER V.

THE MISSION BROKEN UP.

Massacre of Dr. Whitman. — Providences which saved Mr. Eells. — Incident about Mr. Walker. — Fidelity of the Spokanes. — False rumors. — Cayuse war. — Removal to Fort Colville. — War whoop. — Councils. — In dangers oft. — Travels. — Good-by to Tshimakain. — To the Willamette. — Spokane

PAGE

Indians. — Dr. Dart. — W. H. Bennett. — Yakima war. — Colonel Wright. — Big Star. — Major Lugenbeel. — Spokanes at Walla Walla. — Chronological chart. — Revival of 1874. — Journey of 1874; of 1875; of 1876. — Results. — Colonies. — William Three Mountains. — Present condition 125

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

1848–60.

The Willamette in 1848. — Government. — Population. — Towns. — Money. — Congregational ministers and churches. — Congregationalism then and now west of the Mississippi. — West of New England. — Teaching at Salem. — Hard times. — At Forest Grove. — Prices at Hillsborough. — Dismission from the Board. — Return to Forest Grove. — Building of the Congregational church. — Endowment of a Professorship in Pacific University 158

CHAPTER VII.

WHITMAN SEMINARY.

1860–82.

Trip to Walla Walla in 1859. — Determination to found a school. — Summer of 1860 at the Whitman mission. — Walla Walla in 1860. — Fourth of July. — First trustees' meeting, 1861. — Winter of 1861–62. — Final removal in 1862. — Congregational church at Walla Walla. — Horse stealing. — Vigilance committee. — Location and building of Whitman Seminary. — Dedication. — Teaching in Whitman Seminary. — School superintendent of Walla Walla County. — Paying the debt on the seminary. — Burned out. — Removal to Skokomish. — Teachers in Whitman Seminary from 1869 to 1882 172

CHAPTER VIII.

WHITMAN COLLEGE.

1882–93.

PAGE

Dr. A. J. Anderson. — Going east. — National Council. — Disappointment. — Feelings. — Extracts from letters and journal. — Will. — Incidental pleasures. — Relatives. — Blandford. Return to Washington. — New college buildings. — Fiftieth anniversary. — Denominational relations of the college. — President Eaton 199

CHAPTER IX.

HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

1872–81.

Who is a home missionary? — Puget Sound in 1872. — Skokomish and vicinity. — To Colville, 1874. — 1875. — Le Blond. — Seventieth birthday of Mrs. Eells. — At Colville in 1876. — Mrs. Eells to Forest Grove. — Magnetic drawing east of the Cascade Mountains. — Northeastern Washington in 1874. — Colfax. — Organization of church. — Letters to the church. — To Dr. D. S. Baker. — Fortieth anniversary of marriage. — Death of Mrs. Eells. — Building of the church at Colfax. — Prayers. — School superintendent. — Resignation as pastor . 219

CHAPTER X.

HOME MISSIONARY WORK, CONTINUED.

1875–88.

Out-stations. — Dayton. — Chewelah and Colville. — First and last work in Washington. — Cheney. — Charge and right hand of fellowship to Rev. F. T. Clark, Spokane. — Tribute

PAGE

of Dr. Atkinson. — Removal to Medical Lake. — To Cheney. — Sprague. — Medical Lake. — Return there. — Pleasant Prairie. — Denominational zeal. — Resignation. — Prayers 248

CHAPTER XI.

LAST DAYS.

1888-93.

Retired, yet preaching. — Fiftieth Anniversary. — Fourscore. — Last trip to Skokomish. — Baptism of grandchildren and death of one. — Ministerial Alliance. — Eighty-one. — Death of his brother Charles. — La grippe. — Injury. — Thoughts of death. — Death of fellow workers. — Death. — Funeral. — Memorial Services. — Tributes 272

CHAPTER XII.

CHARACTERISTICS.

Pioneer. — Memory. — Precision. — Economy. — Prayer. — Benevolence. — Consistency. — Love for Christian education. — For the ministry. — For the missionary work. — Consecration. — Trial and faith. — An answer to skeptics. — An ordinary man. — Changes. — In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not. — Conclusion. 310

FATHER EELLS

OR

The Results of Fifty-five Years of Missionary Labors in Washington and Oregon.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, ANCESTRY, AND EARLY LIFE.

CUSHING EELLS was born at Blandford, in western Massachusetts, February 16, 1810, and was the son of Joseph and Elizabeth (Warner) Eells. He was the third child and oldest son of a family of ten, all of whom lived to be of age.

The first of the Eells family to come to America was John, who arrived in Massachusetts probably in 1630. He lived at Dorchester until 1640, when he returned to Barnstable, England. He never came back to America. He took with him his infant son Samuel, who was born at Dorchester, Mass., June 23, 1639, and baptized by Rev. Richard Mather. Samuel remained in England until 1661. While there he was a major in Cromwell's army, among those "Ironsides" whose

motto was to "trust in God and keep their powder dry." When he was twenty-two years old he returned to this continent and became the progenitor of all of the name in America. He went to Connecticut and was one of the first settlers of Milford. He was a man of wealth, a lawyer, and commanded a garrison in King Philip's War. He died April 21, 1709.

The following is the direct line of descent from him to Cushing: the youngest son of Major Samuel was Rev. Nathaniel, born November 26, 1677, at Milford, who graduated at Harvard University in 1699 and settled at Scituate, Mass., in 1704, where he lived until his death, August 25, 1750.

His second son was Rev. Nathaniel, who was born February 4, 1710, graduated at Harvard in 1728, and settled in Stonington, Conn., where he remained until his death in 1786, at the age of seventy-six years, fifty-three of which he spent in the ministry.[1] He married Mercy Cushing, a daughter of Hon. John Cushing, from whence came the name for the subject of this sketch.

His third son was Deacon Nathaniel, who was born

[1] He is mentioned in the centennial papers of the General Conference of Connecticut, gathered in 1876, and an election sermon of his, preached before the General Assembly of the Colony of Connecticut at Hartford, May 12, 1748, and printed by the printer to the Governor and Company, is in the possession of the writer.

July 16, 1749. He lived at North Coventry, Conn., and died at Bolton, in the same state, December 20, 1799.

His fifth child was Joseph, the father of Cushing, who was born at Coventry, May 12, 1781; married, first, Elizabeth Warner, of Windham, Conn., by whom he had nine children, and who died at Blandford, April 27, 1822; and second, Abigail Green, by whom he had one daughter. He died at Norwalk, Ohio, January 1, 1861.

It is proper here to note a few items in regard to the family in general. Love of justice to the Indian was one strong trait in the character of Major Samuel Eells. The historian of King Philip's War says Captain Eells immortalized his name by his opposition to the diabolical act of government (the Plymouth Colony) in selling Indian captives as slaves. "Indeed," says Rev. W. W. Eells, a distant relative of Cushing, "had not his plans been overruled by mere force, there would have been no such war." Brownell says in his Indian Races of America:[1] "Not far from this time (July, 1675), the town of Dartmouth, having been in a great measure destroyed by the enemy, a large number of Indians, not less than one hundred and sixty, who had dwelt in the country thereabout, and who were not active partakers in the

[1] Page 242.

destruction of the town, delivered themselves up to one Captain Eells, upon promises of good treatment. They were nevertheless taken to Plymouth, sold by the colonial authorities as slaves, and transported to foreign ports. Captains Church and Eells made upon this occasion the most vehement remonstrances, expressed by Church with his characteristic energy and spirit; but all to no purpose, as it only secured him the ill-will of the government. The act was grossly impolitic, as well as perfidious and cruel." With such an ancestor it has not been strange that the same idea of justice to the Indian remains in the family.

An inclination toward the ministry has also been prominent in the family. Major Samuel Eells was not a minister, but he married the daughter of Robert Linthal, the first minister of Weymouth, Mass., who, although she died when her son Nathaniel was only twelve years old, seems to have left such an impress on him that he entered the ministry. So did *his* son.

In speaking of Edward Eells, Jr., then recently licensed to preach, The Presbyterian Banner of October 7, 1885, says: "He is the twentieth of the same name and family in the ministry of the gospel since 1703. All but one of these have been in Congregational or Presbyterian churches, graduates of Harvard, Yale, Williams, Hamilton, Pacific University, or the

University of Virginia, and all sound in the faith of the Westminster standards. Besides these, the multitude who as deacons and elders have served the Church is unnumbered. And not by any means less are the many daughters of the family, who, as the wives and mothers of clergymen of other names, have served or are serving the cause of Christ in stations no less responsible."

Among the children of Rev. Edward Eells, a son of the first Rev. Nathaniel, of Scituate, were three clergymen. In 1836 James Henry Eells, who was the fifth educated clergyman in direct ancestral line, was drowned.

Patriotism too has been noticeable. Rev. Samuel Eells (son of Edward just mentioned) was pastor at North Branford, Conn., during the Revolutionary War. He raised a volunteer company from his own congregation, of which he was chosen captain, but fortunately there was no occasion for his services.

Captain Robert L. Eells, grandson of the first Rev. Nathaniel, is said, in the History of Hanover, to have been eminently patriotic and an able officer in the Revolutionary War. He was on the committee of correspondence and safety from 1775 to 1780. The same book names Samuel, Samuel, Jr., Robert, and William W., as soldiers in the same war, from the same town as Captain Robert L. Eells.

Rev. Nathaniel Eells, of Stonington, Conn. (great-grandfather of Cushing Eells), preached a Thanksgiving sermon in 1777, immediately after the defeat of Burgoyne. He said: "God has blessed the arms of the country with victory and success beyond our most sanguine expectations. And what a damp must this prove to the European troops, when they hear that the Lord is with us to fight our battles, and to pull down our enemies! And when the news does cross the Atlantic and pierce the ears of the king and ministry and parliament of Great Britain, how they will gnash their teeth and melt away, to hear that their boasted general and so great a part of their chosen troops are become a prey to the poor Americans!"[1]

The preacher was appointed chaplain of a regiment to be raised and stationed at New London, Conn.

His son, Rev. John Eells, whose ministry also spanned the Revolution, was so patriotic that when the news of the battle of Lexington reached Glastonbury, Conn., during divine service, it was announced from the pulpit.[2]

Deacon E. S. Tanner and Dr. Cushing Eells were both in the Walla Walla valley more or less during the Civil War. A considerable number of its settlers

[1] Centennial papers of the General Conference of Connecticut, 1876, p. 77.

[2] Ibid. p. 50.

sympathized strongly with the South — so strongly that they elected a man as sheriff who, when he learned that he was elected, publicly said that he would give five hundred dollars to know that Abraham Lincoln was killed, and another five hundred to know that Jefferson Davis was President of the United States. Hence it was not strange that much fault was found with those who favored the Union. Deacon Tanner once said that it made Dr. Eells feel quite badly when he could not at a Sabbath service pray for the President and country without being found fault with severely.

One nephew of Dr. Eells lost his life in the Civil War at the early age of sixteen, and the only nephew of Mrs. Eells able to bear arms was a lieutenant in the same war.

In the item about ministers it was said that twenty ministers, all but one college bred, had come from the family. Higher education has been an objective among many of the family. Rev. Edward Eells was for some years a tutor in Yale College, and also for several years a trustee of the same institution. John Eells, a brother of Dr. Cushing Eells, was one of the founders and trustees of the Western Female Seminary, at Oxford, Ohio. Rev. James Eells, D.D., was also for some years before his death a professor in the Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Long life is another characteristic of the family. Major Samuel Eells died at seventy, his son at seventy-three, and his son was seventy-six. Dr. Eells' grandfather lived to be fifty, his grandmother to be eighty-four. The seven children of this grandfather averaged sixty-nine years. The average age of the nine brothers and sisters of Dr. Eells was fifty-eight, their father having been over seventy-nine years and seven months.

It is not strange that Rev. W. W. Eells, of Pittsburg, Penn., wrote to the author thus in 1872: "I do not know what interest you may take in the genealogy of our family, but there is certainly no harm in knowing that we came of honorable and pious ancestry. Ours is eminently such. Wherever I have met any of the name (and I have met very many) they are almost invariably sound in the faith of the old-fashioned gospel. The God of our fathers has kept his covenant with the children."

Cushing Eells spent his early years in his native place, Blandford, on a spur of the Green Mountains. To the writer, in 1870, on account of its rocky nature, it looked as if it would make those who lived there energetic or shiftless — energetic if they should conquer the obstacles of nature enough to obtain a living from the soil, but shiftless if they should succumb to nature, as then they would receive no return. The

writer had evidence that it had acted in both ways, making the inhabitants in 1810 energetic, while having an opposite effect on the man who lived in the Eells homestead in 1870, as he was barefoot, and looked decidedly discouraged.

Dorus Clarke, D.D., the early pastor of Cushing, tells the following story of him: —

At one time there was considerable religious interest in the community, and Dr. Clarke visited the family to converse on the subject. Cushing, seeing him coming, and fearing that the pastor wished to talk with him, slipped out the back door as the pastor came in the front one, and ran away. And yet this runaway afterwards became a missionary.

His own account of his conversion is as follows, dictated by himself a year before death: —

"In 1825, when past fifteen years of age, there was special religious interest in our place. I was working alone in a field when I believe the Spirit of God came upon me. My sins were set in order before me. I was alone, hoeing potatoes. I rested, leaned upon my hoe, and wept. I wept so freely that I was ashamed to appear at home without applying water to my face. I went to a spring and washed my face. For several weeks I was under conviction of sin. One morning I awoke with increased conviction, and did not arise

until after breakfast. I walked to the barn. I said to myself: 'I have heard people speak of the burden of sin; I now feel that burden.' I returned to my chamber; an experience that I cannot well define was had. I realized that the burden was gone. I was fearful that I had grieved away the Spirit, and if I had done so I was apprehensive that my condition was sealed against me. I was in greater distress than before, and yet the burden had left me. I wanted to get back my feelings, and knowing that a certain young man was working in a field not far distant, I went to see him. My object in doing so was that I hoped he would say something that would bring back my former feelings. He, however, perceived the evidence of a change, and said so. I could not readily accept the correctness of his ideas. I returned home. My oldest sister was a professing Christian. She met me as I reached home. She asked me if I felt differently; I made no reply. I had heard others say that the Bible seemed different to them after they had experienced a change. I went to the Bible and opened it; it looked as it had previously done. Not many days after I called on this young man again — King Hastings was his name. I said: 'Can it be that my heart has been changed when I have so many wicked thoughts?' His reply was, in substance: 'That is the very evidence that it has been changed.

Heretofore your wicked thoughts did not trouble you; they do now.' Rev. Dorus Clarke, my pastor, had said that when his heart was changed it was in the night, but it was the lightest day he ever saw. I then thought: 'If my heart shall be changed, I shall know it: it will be as plain as passing from a dark room to a light one.' I will not dwell on that, only the Scripture saith: 'The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' That was my experience — like the dim light of the early morning; but it continued to grow brighter, and since 1825 to the present time that Scripture has been expressive of my experience."

While the evidence to himself and friends was at that time satisfactory that he was a Christian, while his friends of like experience united with the church, while by word and deed he confessed Christ openly — yet, to use his own expression fifty-five years later, he "foolishly and wickedly deferred becoming a member of the church till the spring of 1827."

Simeon Shurtleff, the son of a neighbor, about that time determined to get a college education. His father, Mr. Eells' father, and their minister consulted and thought that Cushing should do likewise. At first the idea was not acceptable, as he did not think himself a bright enough scholar, but afterwards, as he

thought more, he determined to do as they thought best. The minister, Dr. Clarke, opened a select school, where four or five scholars went and studied grammar only during the winter of 1825–26. The next spring Cushing borrowed a Latin grammar, which he studied at home. A short time after arrangements were made for him to go to East Granville, a town seven miles distant. There he studied the greater part of the next summer under Dr. Timothy M. Cooley, the pastor, walking there on Monday mornings and returning on Saturday afternoons. Near that road lived Deacon Coe. His son David was then at work on his father's farm. As he saw Cushing walking to and from school he thought that he too might do something besides working on a farm. His thoughts took such a turn that he went through Williams College and entered the ministry. For many years, as D. B. Coe, D.D., he was one of the secretaries of the American Home Missionary Society. About forty-five years afterwards, when he commissioned a son of Dr. Cushing Eells as a home missionary to the Pacific coast, he told him how those walks of the father had had quite an influence in leading himself into his great life-work.

Through the influence of Dr. Clarke, after a time it was thought best that young Eells should change his place of study, and he went to Monson Academy,

where he prepared for college under Rev. Simeon Colton. The idea of receiving help from the Education Society was suggested. He walked from Monson to Amherst, where he met Dr. Heman Humphrey and President Edward Hitchcock. They recommended him to the society, and from that time he received twelve dollars a quarter during his academy course, with the exception of one quarter, when he taught school. After he entered college this aid was increased to seventy-five dollars a year. To obtain this he signed notes without interest; but when he entered missionary work he was released from all these notes, that being the custom of the Education Society. He always felt grateful to the society, however, and occasionally made donations to it. After he sold his farm, — the Whitman Mission, — in 1872, he gave the society one thousand dollars, thus fully repaying it.

In 1830 he entered Williams College. He graduated four years later in the same class with Hon. Alexander Hyde, E. H. Griffin, D.D., and Senator James Dixon of Connecticut.

The distance between his home and college was forty-five miles. When he entered his father took him, his few books and small baggage, in a one-horse wagon. During the winter of 1831–32, with a one-horse cutter, his father accompanied him to Pitts-

field, twenty-five miles. At this place his father turned back, and he walked to his destination. The snow path and ice were trying to the strength of pedestrians. In one limb he suffered for several weeks. By the kindness of a friend he once rode two thirds of the distance. At his graduation a sister and brother went and took him home in a one-horse wagon. The rest of his trips, two or three each year, he walked the entire distance, too poor to do otherwise. In 1829, caught in a snow-storm, he rode seven miles in a stage. In 1835 or 1836 he passed from Hartford to New Haven in a steamer, and in 1837 he rode in a car from Worcester to Boston and back. That was the extent of his use of public conveyances while acquiring his education.

After leaving college he entered East Windsor Theological Institute in Connecticut in 1834, three years later finishing his studies. This institution, now the Hartford Theological Seminary, had then recently been established in defense of what its founders believed to be the old Pauline doctrines of the Bible, and was under Dr. Bennet Tyler, the great defender of what was then called Tylerism as against Taylorism, the latter being defended by Dr. Nathaniel Taylor, of the New Haven Theological Seminary. For these doctrines and this institution he ever retained the warmest affection. When in 1868 his son determined to enter

the ministry, the father turned immediately to the same institution as by far the best. Dr. Eells was in its second graduating class.

Early in his studies he thought of the heathen world. One night while walking in his father's orchard, he said to himself: "If I get an education and become a missionary, very likely I shall experience trials greater than I have any conception of now."

Through the consecration of Samuel J. Mills and a few likeminded persons, about 1808, a Society of Inquiry on Missions had been formed at the college. It was called the Mills Society. It was composed of those who intended becoming home or foreign missionaries if Providence permitted. Mr. Eells became a member. During his last year in college the question came to him: "Which — home or foreign missionary?" In the spring vacation of 1834 Rev. George Champion and his intended wife, who were under appointment to the Zulu Mission in Africa, were at Williamstown. He was invited to meet them. Then the sister of his very intimate friend and roommate, Rev. Elnathan Davis, of Holden, Mass., — the native place of Mrs. Eells, — was engaged to be married to Rev. Aldin Grout, who went to the same place.[1]

[1] Among the very interesting items of Dr. Eells' trip to New England in 1883–4, was a meeting with that family in Springfield, Massachusetts, Mr. Grout, who was about eight years older than Dr. Eells, being then superannuated.

These events called his attention to Africa, and in 1836 he offered himself to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and was appointed to the Zulu Mission. His father could not acquiesce in this decision and never became fully reconciled to it. He left New England for Ohio two years before the son left Massachusetts.

Cushing Eells was licensed to preach, December 14, 1836, and was ordained at Blandford, Mass., October 25, 1837, as a Congregational missionary to Africa. Judge R. P. Boisé, in an address before the Pioneer Society of Oregon in 1876, in describing his arrival in Oregon in 1850, says: "Learning that Rev. Cushing Eells, who was from my native town in Massachusetts, was living at Forest Grove, about twenty-five miles from St. Helens, and that I could reach him by leaving our craft and taking a new road across the mountains to the Tualatin plains, I bade adieu to my companions on the river voyage and started on foot for Forest Grove, where I arrived in two days without particular adventure. I found Mr. Eells living in a comfortable log house near where now stands Pacific University. I knew him, though he did not know me, for I was a boy when he left our native place on his mission to the Indians in Oregon. I had seen him ordained for his holy office, and remember now as though it were yesterday of seeing Dr. Davis and

other divines lay their hands upon his head, in the old church at Blandford, and consecrate him to God and the Church; and of the singing on that occasion of that grand old missionary hymn: —

> "Go, messenger of peace and love,
> To people plunged in shades of night;
> Like angels sent from fields above,
> Be thine to shed celestial light."

While Mr. Eells was pursuing his studies he taught school during one of his vacations in Holden, Mass. He there became acquainted with Miss Myra Fairbank. The acquaintance increased to friendship; the friendship to affection; the affection to marriage — to a happy married life of over forty years. She was the daughter of Deacon Joshua and Mrs. Sally H. Fairbank, of Holden, Mass., where she was born May 26, 1805. Her father was deacon in the Congregational church from 1818 until his death, in 1838, at the age of fifty-eight.

Myra was the oldest of eight children. It is said that both on her mother's and father's side she was a pure Yankee. She made a profession of religion when thirteen, uniting with the Congregational church at her native place, and at seventy said that she had never been sorry that she had begun to serve the Saviour when so young. She received her education at a ladies' seminary at Wethersfield, Conn. Before

her marriage when she was asked by Mr. Eells if she would be willing to become a missionary, she replied: "I doubt whether you could have asked any one who would have been more willing." In a copy-book of hers, written at Wethersfield in 1835, are two selected poems on missionary work one of which begins: —

> I go, my friend, where heathen dwell;
> Then if on earth we meet no more,
> Accept this cordial, short farewell,
> Till we shall meet on Canaan's shore.

The Holden book of records contains the following simple item: —

"March 5, 1838. Rev. Cushing Eells, of East Windsor, Conn., and Myra Fairbank were married by William P. Paine."

CHAPTER II.

CROSSING THE CONTINENT.

1838.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Eells and Miss Fairbank were appointed as missionaries to Southeastern Africa, Providence had a different work for them. When Mr. Eells graduated from the seminary two powerful chiefs of the Zulus, Dingaan and Mosilikatzi, were at war with each other, and it was not thought advisable to send out a reinforcement then; so his voyage was delayed. The next winter was spent in teaching school, an employment in which he had spent most of his vacations.

The information gained by the Oregon Indians from the Hudson's Bay Company and other traders and trappers, early in the present century, led them to send four or five Nez Perces to St. Louis, in 1832, to secure religious teachers. Their call was made public, as that of "wise men of the west," early in 1833, and in 1834 Rev. Jason Lee, with his nephew Rev. Daniel Lee and two laymen, Cyrus Shepherd and P. L. Edwards, crossed the continent under the auspices of the Missionary Society of the Methodist

Episcopal Church, and began work in the Willamette valley.

About the beginning of the same year Rev. Samuel Parker, of Ithaca, offered himself to the American Board to go to Oregon to explore and report. So much time, however, was occupied in consultation and arrangements, that although he started he was too late to accompany the Fur Company's caravan that year, without whose protection it was useless to proceed. Therefore he returned home, and spent the next winter in interesting the churches of Central and Western New York in the work. He then found Dr. Marcus Whitman and Miss Narcissa Prentiss. Both offered themselves for the work. The next spring, with Dr. Whitman, he started across the continent to explore Oregon. When they reached the American Rendezvous, on Green River, a branch of the Colorado, where traders, trappers, travelers, and Indians assembled for their annual exchange of furs and articles of civilized manufacture, so much was learned from the Nez Perces and other Oregon Indians especially, that it seemed plain to Mr. Parker and Dr. Whitman that there was a clear call for missionary work, and that it was much better to give up the plan of both proceeding to Oregon and then returning for assistance. A year would be saved if Dr. Whitman should return from that place and

secure help, while Mr. Parker could go on and make explorations. This plan was accordingly adopted. Mr. Parker did the proposed work and returned home by the Sandwich Islands and Cape Horn. Dr. Whitman returned, married Miss Prentiss, and secured Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife and Mr. W. H. Gray as helpers. They crossed the continent in 1836, the two ladies being the first white women who ever had done so. Dr. Whitman settled at Waiilatpu, in the Walla Walla valley, now known as the Whitman mission. Mr. Spalding chose Lapwai among the Nez Perces as his home, while Mr. Gray assisted in both places. That winter the call for more laborers proved so urgent that Mr. Gray returned east in 1837 for the needed assistance. When he presented the case before the Missionary Board, they asked Mr. Eells if he were willing to change his destination. He and his betrothed consented and their whole future was changed. The issue proved the wisdom of the change, for God makes no mistakes.

Rev. Elkanah Walker, of North Yarmouth, Maine, with Miss Mary Richardson, to whom he was engaged, had also been appointed to Africa, but they, too, consented to engage in the Oregon work. Rev. A. B. Smith, of Connecticut, and his wife were also secured. Mr. Gray made Miss Mary A. Dix, of Champlain, N. Y., his wife. They were joined at Cincinnati

by Mr. Cornelius Rogers, a young man who went as an independent missionary, but after his arrival in Oregon was appointed an assistant missionary. Thus the missionary band for that year was complete.

On March 6, the day after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Eells began their bridal tour, which was not completed for more than a year, until the last of April, 1839. Then they were ready to receive callers in their own home or log huts or pens.

The account of this journey is obtained from the journal of Mrs. Eells and from Dr. Eells' recollections more than fifty years afterwards.

Mrs. Eells' first item is in reference to parting at home: —

"March 5, 1838. My Affectionate Parents: However uninteresting such a memorandum may be to others, it may sometime give you satisfaction to read a few hasty sketches from an absent and far distant daughter; to you, therefore, they are most cheerfully devoted.

March 6. "Left home and all who are near and dear by nature and affection with the expectation of never seeing them again in this world." [She never did.]

From the 6th until the 17th the time was spent in visiting and traveling to New York city. From Holden to Worcester they were taken in the snow on runners, and from Worcester to East Windsor

in the mud — a very different method from that in use forty-five years later when Dr. Eells made the same trip easily in the cars.

At Hartford they met Julia Brace, who was deaf, dumb, and blind, and yet they saw her place a needle on her tongue and the thread in her mouth, and in a few seconds the needle was threaded. She would also distinguish by feeling between two different silk handkerchiefs from the same web, so near alike that other persons could not do the same when seeing them.

At New York they met, for the first time, Rev. E. Walker and wife, who had been married on the same day as themselves, and who were to be their companions and associates for ten years, as well as trusted friends through life. On the Sabbath, the 18th, the two couples received their instructions as missionaries from Secretary Greene, of the Board, at the Brick Presbyterian Church of which Gardiner Spring, D.D., was pastor. The instructions were followed by remarks from Dr. Spring. The concluding prayer was made by Secretary Armstrong. The next day, having been delayed, Rev. A. B. Smith and wife who were also to be their associates, arrived.

On the afternoon of the 20th they left the East, "after receiving the advice and counsel of many friends in New York." Mrs. Eells wrote: "Mr.

Armstrong commended us to God as our only Preserver and Protector, praying that our lives and health might be spared and that we might be abundantly blessed among the heathen and finally receive the welcome plaudit of our divine Master, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' Mr. W. W. Chester, Mr. S. V. S. Wilder, Mr. Armstrong and others accompanied us to the boat, where we had a solemn parting."

Steamers and cars took them rapidly to Chambersburg in Pennsylvania, where they found a stage to Pittsburg. This part of the journey, which occupied more than three days and nights, was trying. The driver had promised to take them to Pittsburg before the Sabbath, but Saturday night found them still thirty miles from the place. The question arose, Should they stop or go on? The regular stage was full and went on. The missionary party and one other gentleman with his wife occupied an extra stage. Its driver was willing to abide by the will of the majority. If they should stay, it would cost five dollars a couple; if they should reach Pittsburg, friends would care for them gratis. It was decided to stop. This very much offended the gentleman and wife, although they said they were Christians and were going West to do good. To appease him the

missionaries paid his hotel bill. On Monday they overtook the regular stage, which had broken down, and they reached Pittsburg first.

At Cincinnati the question of traveling on the Sabbath, while crossing the continent, came seriously before them. The advice of Dr. Lyman Beecher was asked. He said substantially that if he were in a ship on the ocean when Saturday night should come, he should not jump into the sea.

Though they were obliged to travel with the Fur Company on the Sabbath until they reached the Rocky Mountains, it caused Mrs. Eells many sorrowful thoughts. She could not see how it was right to break one of God's commandments in order to fulfill another.

At the same place Mr. Eells saw an article which he had never seen before and of the use of which he had no idea. He stopped and looked at it but asked no questions. At Independence a pile of these articles for the missionary party greeted him. It consisted of pack-saddles, to which he became as much accustomed during the next twelve years as he had been to the Greek language.

In Missouri they saw more of slavery than ever before. Mrs. Eells wrote: —

"Our chambermaid is a slave. She is owned by the captain of the boat. She can neither read nor

write. She says that her master treats her kindly. We saw nothing to the contrary. See many poor slaves along the banks of the river, who to human appearances are degraded beyond description."

The next day she again wrote: —

"To-day I have had my feelings moved almost to indignation on account of the wretchedness of slavery. I believe that it is a curse to the owner as well as to the slave. Our hearts are made to bleed for the misery of the poor slave. Oh, when will slavery come to an end!"

Between St. Louis and Independence they had an opportunity to see log houses with chimneys on the outside, which then seemed very strange, but to which in after years they became even more accustomed than they did to pack-saddles, for they lived in such for years.

At Independence they met Mr. Gray and his wife. The band now consisted of five men and four women. Here they began their horseback riding, and at Westport, twelve miles farther west, they found the American Fur Company, their escort to the Rocky Mountains. Mrs. Eells' first introduction to this mode of travel was after dark on a horse which a woman had never before ridden.

Packing now began. It was not easy to put the pack-saddles on Spanish mules, which were not very

tame. Then followed putting on the loads. There were eight trunks, bedding, tents, tent poles, food, medicines, and all the paraphernalia of four young families about to start on a land journey of nineteen hundred miles to an unknown home. Says Mr. Eells: —

"At the commencement the laboring oar was emphatically with Mr. Gray. Three novices with willing hearts offered ready hands, but their awkward doings were not invariably and entirely helpful. Slowly the loads of the pack animals, the one small wagon, and riding animals were placed in position. There was a forward movement in the direction of Westport. The caravan had not gone far before there was a derangement of packs. The unwelcome disclosure was made that the horse attached to the wagon was unreliable. This load must be improved, that modified. The call was for Mr. Gray here, Mr. Gray there, Mr. Gray everywhere.

"In an attempt to ascend a hill the wagon-horse refused to pull. With all my might I lifted at the rear end of the wagon. This was oft repeated. The disobedient animal was stubborn, and the vehicle was thereby demoralized. My strength was exhausted. The next day another horse and wagon were procured at Westport."

Mr. Walker gave out at an early date. As he lay

on the ground he said to Mr. Eells: "You must have more help or you won't have me." Accordingly a large, strong man, named Stevens, was employed as packer. He served until the party reached Walla Walla. They also hired another man as hunter, whose name was Richardson.

As Mrs. Eells realized more and more that she was getting far away from home, new thoughts would come into her mind. She recorded the following: —

"I can hardly suppress my feelings when I think of the many precious seasons spent at my own happy home. I now realize some of the privileges I once enjoyed; but I am happy in the choice I have made in relation to spending the remainder of my days among the heathen. I love to feel that I am making a little sacrifice, if such it may be called, for the cause of Christ. If I am the means of bringing but one soul into the kingdom of Christ, I shall be abundantly paid for all my privations. . . .

"Westport, Sabbath, April 22. How unlike the Sabbaths at home! Hold a short season of prayer; go to church. A Methodist missionary among the Kansas Indians preached in the morning. Feel it a privilege to find a few Christian brethren and an unfinished log church here in this part of the country. Mr. Eells preached in the afternoon. The truth is the same here as in a civilized land. This is probably

the last Sabbath this side of the mountains where we can have public worship. Am I prepared to live without the ordinances of the gospel?"

As the Fur Company started from that place on that day, the missionary party preferred to remain and start the next day, Monday. They did not overtake the company until the next Saturday night.

Dr. Chute, a missionary residing there, accompanied them until May 2. He was a good man, and apparently went out of sincere friendship. He was of essential service during that first part of the journey. When he left them they bought his horse to take the place in part of some which were stolen during the first week by the Indians. When asked how he would get home to Westport, he said: "I can dig out a canoe."

Extracts from Mrs. Eells' diary are as follows: —

"26th. I am too tired to help get or eat supper.

"27th. Last night we were disturbed by the prowling wolves, and we imagined Indians. To-day we have sufficient proof of it. Three of our best horses are not to be found."

They hunted for them a good share of the day but could not find them. They afterwards heard from them, with some Indians on them.

On the 28th they overtook the company at the Kansas River. Says Mrs. Eells: —

"Almost as soon as our tents were pitched Captain Drips and Stevens called on us and had a social talk. The former had command of the caravan, and the latter was an English gentleman traveling for pleasure. We gave them some biscuit and cheese. They appeared pleasant, though they said we had better travel by ourselves, either before or behind camp, as they should keep their animals guarded nights, and it might not be convenient for our men to stand guard. Mr. Gray told them that his men expected to stand guard. They seemed to think each company had better take care of their own horses. This gives us to understand that they do not want us to travel with them. However, Mr. Gray did not mean to take the hint, as he knew it would not be safe for us to travel alone; and he insisted on a due proportion of the guarding being assigned to us.

"Indians are on every side of us. They come around our tent to watch us like great dogs. Our dog grabbed one who was nearly naked. Mr. Eells called him off, whipped him, and then tied him.

"Will God give me grace, wisdom, knowledge, and strength equal to my day; make me useful in life, happy in death and in eternity? Mr. Eells is so tired that he says a bed of stones would feel soft."

The American Fur Company had its headquarters at St. Louis and sent a caravan to the Rocky Mountains

every year to gather the furs obtained by their trappers and to buy others from free trappers and Indians. This was as far as they were allowed to go, the Hudson's Bay Company having complete control of the fur trade west of those mountains. To pay for these furs, the company carried out goods which consisted principally of blankets, garments, whiskey, and tobacco. This year they had about two hundred horses and mules and seventeen carts, each drawn by two mules tandem, except the cart of Captain Drips, the commander, which was drawn by three mules. Captain Stewart had a six-mule wagon. The missionaries had twenty-two horses and mules, and for a time one wagon. This was taken so that for the first part of the way the ladies might ride in it at times, and rest from horseback riding until thoroughly accustomed to it. In the whole procession were about sixty men. The wagons were all covered with dark oilcloth.

During the night five men were on guard and five were on guard during the day. To make it easy, the night guard changed three times in the night, which gave about two hours and a half to each man, and each man was on guard every fourth night and one day in every twelve. At night the wagons were arranged in a circle into which all the horses and mules were brought and picketed. At half-past three they were

let loose to feed outside the circle until six, when they were harnessed and packed for traveling. This took half or three quarters of an hour. Every man had to know and do his own work. Mr. Walker had one horse for himself and one for his wife to ride, and one to pack. Mr. Rogers had three, one to ride and two to pack. Mr. Gray had three, two for riding and one for the wagon of which he had charge. Mr. Stevens, the packer, had four, one for riding and three for packing, and Mr. Eells four, two for riding and two for packing. These they were to catch, morning, noon, and night. Before starting every man put on his belt, powder flask, knife, and the like, and took his gun on his horse before him. This done, they rode from three to six hours. Once they rode nine hours without stopping. The wagons moved first, then the pack animals and cattle, the missionaries taking twelve of the latter. The ladies rode sometimes behind all and sometimes between the wagons and pack animals. Messrs. Walker and Smith drove the cattle; Messrs. Stevens, Rogers, and Eells the mules, and Mr. Gray the wagon. Mrs. Eells wrote: —

"We generally stop about two hours at noon, turn out the animals, get our dinners and eat; then we wash the dishes again, the men catch the animals and pack them. We mount our horses and are riding over rolling prairies, over high bluffs, through deep ravines

and rivers, but through no woods. At night, when our animals are unpacked, the gentlemen pitch our tents. We spread our buffalo skins first, and then a piece of oilcloth for our floor. Then we neatly arrange our saddles and other loose baggage around the inside of our house. For our chairs we fold our blankets and lay them around, leaving a circle in the center upon which we spread a tablecloth when we eat. In the morning we get up at half-past three, turn the animals out to eat; then we get our breakfast, eat, and have worship. After this we wash and pack our dishes, our husbands catch the animals, saddle the horses, and pack the mules. When we are fairly on our way we have much the appearance of a large funeral procession. I suppose the company reaches half a mile."

As the horses and mules were gathered, preparatory to being driven into the Kansas River to swim across, the order came: "Tie up the trail ropes." Mr. Eells obeyed. Ignorantly he wound the rope around the neck of his wife's riding animal, which was rather treacherous. When it landed on the opposite side it realized its liberty and refused to be caught. After fruitless attempts to catch it, as a last resort application was made to the hunter for help. He proposed the plan of "nicking" it, that is, of shooting a rifle ball through the upper part of the neck in such a

manner as to stun and drop the animal for a few minutes but not to injure it. When the two however found the animal, which by that time had gone out of sight and quite a distance from the rest, to their surprise it was quite willing to be caught. The rope had become so tight around the neck as to tame it. The unskillful manner in which it had been wound around had turned to good account, and Mr. Eells felt that "the lot was cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord"; for the loss of that animal at that time would have been very embarrassing.

Mr. Gray had estimated that four hundred miles would bring them to the buffalo country, and food, especially flour, was taken accordingly; but the buffalo were not found as expected and the rations became short, so short that when they were found not much food was left, only flour enough for gravy. It was buffalo, buffalo, buffalo all the time. The sudden change to green buffalo meat, morning, noon, and night, did not, however, agree with Mr. Eells. It soon sickened him. When he was at East Windsor planning for the journey, his kind pupils had said: "Now what can we do for you?" He replied: "Please make two rich cakes, so rich and nice that I can put them in my trunk and carry them across the continent and keep them until I shall need them." This was done. When he was suffering from so much

buffalo meat he would dissolve a little of that cake in water and drink it. This was the only food for which he had any relish for a long time. For this he was more grateful than words could express, and with unwonted emotion he wrote: "God bless those young persons who prepared those cakes."

The party had tin plates for eating purposes, but some had small earthen cups for drinking. When Mr. Ermatinger, of the Hudson's Bay Company, saw these during the latter part of the journey, he said: "Take away your little earthen cups. They gave me one of the little things and I swallowed it right down with its contents." He wanted a tin cup that would hold several times as much as the earthen ones.

There was a fright or two from Indians; that is, Indians were discovered, and everybody was required to have their rifles ready. Mr. Eells never loaded his, though it was loaded once or twice for him by others. There were no encounters, however, nor serious trouble with them.

Mrs. Eells' journal says: —

"May 9. All is hubbub and confusion. Camp wants to move early; horses bad to catch; dishes not packed in season. Oh, how much patience one needs to sustain him in this life!

"May 12. It rains so hard that notwithstanding we have a good fire we cannot dry our clothes at all.

Obliged to sleep in our blankets wet as when taken from our horses. Our bed and bedding consist of a buffalo robe, a piece of oilcloth, our blankets and saddles. Our tents are our houses. Our sheets are our partitions between us and Mr. Gray. When it rains they are spread over the tents.

"13th. Sabbath. Arise this morning, put on our clothes wet as when we took them off, and prepare for a long ride. I am so strongly reminded of bygone days that I cannot refrain from weeping.

"21st. Have seen dangers on every side of us — deep ravines to go through, loose horses taking fright so as to put us in danger of our lives if they come near us.

"24th. Mr. Eells and myself hardly able to sit up, but obliged to eat, drink, and work as though we were well. Think it is trying.

"29th. Husband faint and weak, in consequence of not having such food as he can relish. I would gladly exchange appetites with him, because he is obliged to work so hard. It is true that nothing but the restraining grace of God can carry us through. I trust we both have this grace.

"June 2. Ride into Fort William. It is a large hewed-log building with an opening in the center and partitions for various objects. It compares very well with the walls of the Connecticut state prison."

At the crossing of the North Fork of the Platte it was necessary to make boats out of buffalo skins. The hunters brought in the skins, and others brought willows and made a kind of basket, somewhat like a deep boat, and then they were turned up to dry. As it was raining very hard it took some time for them to dry. As there were only two boats it took quite a while to put everything over, for all the carts and wagons had to be taken to pieces and, with the baggage, taken across in them, while the animals swam over. As the snow was on the surrounding mountains, the water was very cold. Mr. Eells was not lazy; he did his share in driving the cattle in, and was wet up to his waist for a long time. He became so cold that he suffered severely, and thought that if he should ever feel the genial warmth of the sun again, he would be more thankful than he had ever been before.

It rained so much that the camp was flooded, and they were obliged to pile their baggage well up in their tents to keep it from injury. Mrs. Walker was strong, vigorous, and cheerful, with a pleasant word for almost everybody; but this was too much for her. She went into her tent, climbed on top of a pile of goods, sat down and began to cry. Mrs. Smith said to her: "Why, Mrs. Walker, what is the matter?" The reply was: "I am thinking how comfortable my father's hogs are!"

The journal continues: —

"13th. Mrs. Gray and myself hold a short season of prayer for ourselves and husbands.

"15th. We crossed the Sweetwater. I rode along the bank, saw the carts cross, and thought it was about three feet deep, though many of the loose horses were swimming. I felt a little afraid, and said to Mr. Gray, 'We will stop until our husbands have taken the mules across and return for us,' as Mr. Eells had gone to lead the way for the pack animals, and the other gentlemen to drive them. Mr. Gray, the last after the mules, said: 'The ladies come directly after us.' Mrs. Gray went first and I followed her. My horse mired, entering the river. I somehow managed to dismount and wade through the water and mud on to the bank again, but saw no one coming to my assistance. As soon as I could I went back and tried to help my horse out, but he struggled so that I could not reach his bridle. Then Mr. Smith came to my help. As soon as we were both out I saw Mr. Eells and myself covered with mud, and found my strength nearly gone. Mr. Eells asked me if I was hurt. I said I thought only frightened. By this time the company were all over and gone, and we must not stop. Mr. Eells had a tin cup fastened to his belt, and he rinsed the mud off my cloak, and then set me on my horse again and we went safely across.

We then rode four and a half hours without getting off our horses. By this time the upper side of my clothes was nearly dry, while the under side was as wet as when we came from the river. At noon I changed my shoes and stockings, dried my other clothes on me as well as I could, and in the afternoon rode three and a half hours again. This to me was a pretty sorrowful day, though I had great reason to be thankful that I was not hurt; neither did I take cold.[1]

"19th. Mr. Eells and myself renewedly consecrate ourselves to the God of missions."

On the twenty-third of June they arrived at the American Rendezvous, and there they remained for nearly three weeks.

"24th. Sabbath. To-day for the first time since we left Westport we have a Sabbath of rest. Mr. Walker preached in the forenoon, from 2 Peter 3 : 7. Mr. Eells preached in the afternoon from Psalm 66 : 13. Trust it has been a profitable day to us. Hope some good may result from the sermons. Some eight or ten men came from the company to attend worship."

The Fourth of July was spent there, but with no especial appropriate ceremonies. Captain Drips, Walker, and Robbins took dinner with them. But

[1] Eells' Indian Missions, p. 36.

during the night they were troubled exceedingly by drunken white men, who came to their tent and wanted to settle accounts with Mr. Gray. Mr. Eells talked with them as best he could. Mr. Gray stayed inside and loaded a gun, and Mrs. Eells and Mrs. Gray, who were both in the same tent, made preparations for escape. But after a time they went off, and there was no further trouble from them. Of the next day she says: —

"Captain Bridger came in about ten o'clock with drums and firing, an apology for a scalp dance. After they had given Captain Drips' company a salute, fifteen or twenty mountain men and Indians came to our tent with drumming, firing, and dancing. If I might make the comparison, I should think they looked like the emissaries of the devil, worshiping their own master. They had the scalp of a Blackfoot Indian, which they carried for a color, all rejoicing in the fate of the Blackfeet in consequence of the smallpox. The dog, being frightened, took the trail, crossed the river, and howled so that we knew him and called him back. When he came he went to each tent to see if we were all safe."

On the following day she again says: —

"Last night twelve white men came, dressed and painted in Indian style, and gave us a dance. No pen can describe the horrible scene they presented.

I could not imagine that white men, brought up in a civilized land, can appear so much to imitate the devil."

The prices of things at that place were given as follows: flour, two dollars a pound; sugar, coffee, and tea, a dollar a pint; calico, worth in the States twenty or twenty-five cents, was five dollars; a shirt, five dollars; tobacco, three to five dollars a pound; whiskey, thirty dollars a gallon, and yet on some days nearly the whole camp of the trading companies was unfit for business because of its use.

About this time Mrs. Eells wrote: —

"There is much more danger attending the journey than we supposed. Since we left the States we have found the horseback riding in imagination and in reality two different things. During a considerable part of our journey we are liable to be met by war parties of wild Indians, and if we are not sufficiently strong, our animals may be taken and we left to wander in the wilderness. The first week after we left Independence three of our best horses were stolen, which cost us two hundred dollars. We often speak of the journey as going to sea on land. I believe we all agree that no pen can fully paint the reality of it so that one will understand it who has not tried it. We have had very few whole days in camp since we left Missouri. I think one day in crossing

the Kansas River, two in crossing the North Fork of the Platte, which we did in boats made of skins, and two at Fort William, are the only days we have not traveled some distance. Before reaching Rendezvous we had to travel eleven hundred miles west of the western boundary of Missouri. Camp means any place where the company stops. Fort means a place prepared by the company to stop and recruit animals and exchange if necessary. Fort William is about halfway between the States and Rendezvous. Fort Hall is about halfway between Rendezvous and Walla Walla. Rendezvous is any place where the companies meet to trade with the Indians and with each other. It is generally, if not always, in the Rocky Mountains.

"Our Sabbaths have always been the hardest day's work. This has led me very much to question the duty of going to the heathen in this way. I cannot tell how it is consistent for us to break one of God's positive commands to obey another. This you see we must do to go with the company. To stop would not be safe. We have now traveled eleven hundred miles and have not seen anything like a house but once."

Washing was done in kettles for tubs, and they heated water, washed, boiled, and rinsed the clothes in the same kettle.

The missionary tour came near being stopped at this place. It was the intention to come this far with the American Fur Company, then at this rendezvous to meet the Hudson's Bay Company, who were to escort them the rest of the way. But that year the Fur Company had become vexed at the Hudson's Bay Company, and instead of meeting them as usual, went to a new place a hundred and fifty miles north. This usual rendezvous was on Green River, a branch of the Colorado; but this year it was on the Popoazua, a branch of Wind River.

In passing east the year before, Mr. Gray had said to Mr. F. Ermatinger, of the Hudson's Bay Company, that he expected to bring a party out the next year; and as Mr. Gray had favored Mr. Ermatinger, the latter intended to meet the party at the old rendezvous. But when Mr. Ermatinger arrived no party or trace of one was to be found. The American Fur Company were about through with trading, and were ready to return east in a day or two. It was unsafe for the missionaries to proceed alone. They found a party of trappers going to California. They must either return east or go with this party to California and attempt to make their way thence to Oregon. They had about half determined on the latter course when Providence favored them. Some one who was somewhat friendly to the missionaries, either Dr. Robert Newell, an inde-

pendent trapper, or a halfbreed named Black Harris, who had learned of this rendezvous of the American Fur Company, had with charcoal written on the old storehouse door: "Come to Popoazua on Wind River and you will find plenty trade, whiskey, and white women." The words "white women," told them what was meant, and Mr. Ermatinger went immediately there, arriving only four days before the company was ready to start on their return to the States. With him were Rev. Jason Lee and Mr. P. L. Edwards, of the Methodist Mission, who were on their return east for reinforcements. They brought the welcome intelligence that Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding had sent fresh horses and provisions to Fort Hall for them. "This," Mrs. Eells wrote, "at first almost overcame us. We felt that the God of missions had foreseen our wants and seasonably supplied them beyond our expectations."

As to their provisions she wrote at the same time: —

"When we leave we expect to find buffalo meat for twenty or twenty-five days. After that we shall find no game for ourselves. Our meat is to be cut thin, dried over a slow fire, and packed for the last part of our route. We cannot say we have suffered for food, though coarse has been our fare, and sometimes short. The change from vegetable to animal food was so great that for many days some of our company could not

eat enough to keep them comfortable. Mr. Eells and Mr. Walker have suffered the most. We took from Independence provisions to last to the buffalo country four weeks. Since that time we have made our meals of tea, coffee, and buffalo meat. We have the milk of two cows, which, with a little flour, makes us a good gravy with our meat. When we left Independence we had a hundred and sixty pounds of flour, fifty-seven pounds of rice, twenty or twenty-five pounds of sugar, a little pepper and salt — but our salt is almost gone, and we cannot buy it at any price here. Mr. Gray has just been out and bought a pint of tea for three dollars. Coffee and sugar are all the same now. These we expect to be our luxuries to Fort Hall. From there we have supplies from Messrs. Spalding and Whitman."

The twelfth of July they started from this rendezvous with a company of about twenty men. On the next day in crossing a ravine, which was deep and narrow, so much so that her horse refused to carry her, Mrs. Eells got off, the horse jumped through, and she climbed through on her hands and knees. On the 14th they were on the backbone of America; scenery romantic, mountains of red sandstone piled on mountains on every side, so steep that they could only go up and down them sideways. On another day they rode an hour and a half on the side of a mountain the angle

of which was judged to be forty-five degrees, and no path but what they made. Had the horses made one misstep they must have been precipitated about a hundred and twenty-five feet. On the nineteenth of July the ground was covered with flowers, but snow was all around them.

"July 22, Sabbath. The Indians are about our tents before we are up, and stay about all day. Think they are the most filthy Indians we have seen. Some of them have a buffalo skin around them. Mr. Walker read a sermon, and although they could not understand a word, they were still and paid good attention. They appeared amused with our singing."

On the 27th they reached Fort Hall, where they stayed two days, being received very kindly by Mr. McKay, the chief factor. Here through inducements held out by the company and statements made by Mr. Ermatinger, they left their cattle, American ones, and afterward received in exchange Spanish ones at Fort Colville. On the ninth of August they passed Salmon Falls, and on the 14th arrived at Fort Boisé, where they feasted on milk, butter, turnips, pumpkins, and salmon. Here they stayed two days, Mr. Gray and wife leaving the rest of the company and hurrying on to Walla Walla. But one night is described here as a restless one. "The dogs bark, the wolves prowl, the horses take fright and break loose, some of the men

about the fort have a spree, the winds blow our tent over, and the Indians are about watching for an opportunity to take what they can get." On the 23d three of their horses were stolen by the Indians. Two days afterward as they came into the Grand Ronde Valley, Mrs. Conner, an Indian woman, was taken sick. Mr. Conner, Mr. Smith and wife stayed with her, and they did not get into camp that night. The next day being the Sabbath, the main party rested, and about ten o'clock the others arrived, Mrs. Conner bringing an infant daughter. She had ridden about fifteen miles that day and twenty-five the day previous.

On the 27th Mr. Rogers was thrown from his horse and hurt badly. He tried to go on, but could not, and was bled. Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Conner stayed with him, while the others moved on. The next night while on the Blue Mountains they were cheered by meeting a white man who had been sent by Dr. Whitman with fresh saddle horses.

Wednesday, August 29, the journal has the following entry: —

"Rode seven hours, thirty miles; arrived at Dr. Whitman's. Met Mr. Spalding and wife, with Dr. Whitman and wife, anxiously awaiting our arrival. They all appear friendly and treat us with great hospitality. Dr. Whitman's house is on the Walla Walla

River, twenty-five miles east of Fort Walla Walla [now Wallula]. It is built of adobe, mud dried in the form of brick, only larger. I cannot describe its appearance, as I cannot compare it with anything I ever saw. There are doors and windows, but they are of the roughest material, the boards being sawed by hand and put together by no carpenter, but by one who knows nothing about the work. There are a number of wheat, corn, and potato fields about the house, besides a garden of melons and all kinds of vegetables common to a garden. There are no fences, there being no timber of which to make them. The furniture is very primitive; the bedsteads are boards nailed to the side of the house, sink-fashion; then some blankets and husks make the bed; but it is good compared with traveling accommodations."

The next day Messrs. Smith, Rogers, and Conner arrived, and the day following they settled with their hired help.

The long journey of one hundred and twenty-nine days from the Missouri River, and one hundred and seventy-seven from the starting place in Massachusetts, was ended, and the distance between the Missouri and Walla Walla had been traveled a second time by women.

CHAPTER III.

OREGON IN 1838.

THE Oregon of 1838 was very different from the Oregon of 1893, when Dr. Eells died. Not alone Oregon, but Washington, Idaho, and a small part of Montana and of Wyoming were then called Oregon. It had not been decided, however, that it belonged to the United States. The treaty between Great Britain and the United States which settled that controversy was not signed until Dr. Eells had been in the country eight years. Even the provisional government for Oregon formed by the Americans for their own protection, independent of the United States until one government or the other should assume control, was not formed until 1843. Indeed, in 1838 there were not enough Americans in the whole country even to wish to form such a government. Previous to the arrival of this missionary reinforcement of 1838 there were, as nearly as can now be ascertained, only fifty-one Americans in Oregon, thirty of whom were connected with the Methodist Missionary Society and the American Board, and hence expected to govern themselves, leaving only twenty-one who needed further government.

In fact the Hudson's Bay Company ruled the country. It of course governed its own employés, but it also did much more. It located the missionaries, placing the Methodists in the Willamette valley, although they had planned to settle east of the Cascades, because the company thought that region too far inland for easily protecting them. It located the missionaries of the American Board, who had expected to work west of the Cascades, east of those mountains, because the Methodists were there when they arrived. The company had about the only goods in the country. Everybody was dependent on it for support. It managed the Indians, and generally quite well, as it was for its interest so to do. Although by treaty between the United States and Great Britain Americans had as many rights in the country as Englishmen, yet the company drove out every American trading company, at least eleven of which attempted to enter the region previous to 1838. This it was its interest to do. The company told the missionaries what articles they might trade to the Indians and fixed a price for each. When it said, "Do not touch beaver skins," the missionaries obeyed. If they did not obey, they must perish or leave the country. From about 1821, when the company established itself in the country, until after 1838 it was "monarch of all it surveyed." The factors were,

however, kind to the missionaries, and assisted them in all reasonable ways, as long as they attended to their proper business.

At that time in Oregon, which in 1892 contained about 900,000 inhabitants,[1] there were only thirteen settlements: the mission stations of Dr. Whitman at Waiilatpu in the Walla Walla valley, of Mr. Spalding at Lapwai among the Nez Perces, of the Methodists at The Dalles and near Salem; and the Hudson's Bay Company's forts at Walla Walla (now Wallula), Colville, Hall, Boisé, Vancouver, Nisqually, Umpqua, and Okanogan, and the settlement at Astoria.

Neither California, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, nor Alaska belonged to the United States, all the people over whom our country had direct control in the region now covered by all these states and territories being comprised in the above-mentioned fifty-one Americans. This was even then so much of a foreign country that it was necessary for the missionaries to procure passports from the secretary of war.[2]

[1] In 1890 Washington had a population of 349,390; Oregon, 313,767; Idaho, 84,385; five counties in southwestern Montana, and one in northeastern Wyoming, which were in the Oregon of 1878, 65,862; total, 813,404. In 1892 the population of Washington had increased to 395,589. It has been impossible for the writer to obtain the figures in regard to the rest of the region above specified for 1892, but if it increased as rapidly as Washington, the total population would have been 932,469.

[2] The following is a copy of the passport of Mr. Eells, which was given in duplicate:—

At that time, in fact, the whole United States contained less than seventeen million people, only about one quarter of what it did at the time of Dr. Eells' death. The cities too had changed as much or more. Pittsburg, with its quarter of a million, had only twenty thousand people when his party gave up the privilege of spending a part of the Sabbath in it, that they might "remember the day to keep it holy." Cincinnati, where he saw his first pack saddle, has increased during those years from about forty thousand to three hundred thousand. The St. Louis of to-day, with nearly a half a million, was then a border town of about fifteen thousand. Chicago, now the second city in the United States, with its million and a half of inhabitants, had not previous to 1838 been of sufficient size to have a United States census taken of it, and had only 4,470 people two years later. New York, with her more than a million and a half, had only about two hundred and ninety thousand when

The Rev. Cushing Eells, Missionary and Teacher of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, having signified to this Department his desire to pass through the Indian country to the Columbia River, and requested the permission required by law to enable him so to do, such permission is hereby granted; and he is commended to the friendly attentions of Civil and Military Agents and Officers, and of Citizens, and, if at any time it shall be necessary, to their protection.

{SEAL} Given under my hand and the seal of the War Department this 27th day of February, 1838.

J. R. POINSETT,
Secretary of War.

the missionary band of 1838 received their instructions there.

West of the Mississippi River were then only three states, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, and these with Iowa, which, however, was not even an organized territory when Mr. Eells left Massachusetts, had, two years later, only a population of 876,799. There were in 1838 less people west of the Mississippi than there were in 1893 in what was formerly Oregon.

The railroad engine had not been west of the Alleghenies, and only thirteen years anywhere in the United States, and the telegraph was not fairly born until six years after Mr. Eells arrived in Oregon.

Oregon itself was held by learned men in Congress to be the mere offscouring of creation — a Botany Bay for rogues and scoundrels if ever the United States should need such a place, while the idea of a railroad across the continent was ridiculed in Congress like the lamp of Aladdin.

Wagons did not reach the Columbia River until 1840. The wagon road was not opened until 1843. While there were probably a few home-made carts about the Hudson's Bay Company's forts, yet the pack saddle occupied the place of the freight car, the mule and cayuse pony that of the steam engine, and the canoe and batteau that of the steamer.

The houses were log cabins, or of adobe — sun-burnt brick. That of Mr. Eells at Tshimakain had at first only earth for a floor and pine boughs for a roof. As that did not protect from rain, some earth was thrown upon the boughs. Still the rain came through, so a bearskin was put over the bed to keep the occupants dry, while the boughs were laid upon the earth beneath, and when they became too dry were exchanged for new ones. This was for years the carpet for the mission mansion.

A cooking stove was unknown at Tshimakain during the whole ten years of the mission. Window glass was at first as scarce. Cotton cloth was used as a substitute, next undressed deerskin, oiled. After a while a few panes of glass were sent from Massachusetts, and still later a small box of glass was obtained.

They had one chair during the ten years. For a table three boards, each three feet long, were packed a hundred and fifty miles, and a center table made by driving four stakes into the ground and placing the boards on them. Timber split and hewn was used for other articles.

Hotels indeed were numerous everywhere a person wished to camp. They were larger than the Tacoma Hotel and Hotel Portland, though not as expensive per day; they were as large as all outdoors. About 1839 Mr. Eells said: "I am pleased with the taverns of

Oregon." Really he enjoyed them as long as he lived. Camping out was ever attractive to him.

The reason why they did not use lumber was that there was almost none. The country bounded by California, the Rocky Mountains, British Columbia, and the Pacific Ocean, which now produces over two billion feet of lumber annually,[1] had, possibly, one sawmill; if so, it was at Fort Vancouver, about four hundred miles from Mr. Eells' station, too far to transport lumber by the railroads and steamers of that day. All their lumber was sawed by hand with a pit saw.

The flour mills were somewhat more numerous. There was one at Vancouver and one at Colville. Flour brought to Dr. Whitman's was twenty-four dollars a barrel. When, however, Mr. Eells located among the Spokanes, he was conveniently near the one at Colville, for it was only seventy miles distant, and they could go and return in five days. The soil was plowed with a homemade plow, the singletrees had rawhide instead of iron, and the wheat was cut for nine years with old-fashioned sickles.

At Dr. Whitman's at first a small baking of bread was indulged in once a week. It was generally gone

[1] The editor of The Puget Sound Lumberman gives the product of lumber for 1892 as follows: Washington, 1,164,425,880 feet; Oregon, 608,600,200; Idaho, 200,000,000; five counties in southwestern Idaho, 250,000,000.

by the third day, and then wheat and corn cooked whole were used the rest of the time. Such were the conditions in the great agricultural region which a year before Dr. Eells' death produced over twenty-nine million bushels of wheat.[1]

The flour sacks were of buckskin, for it was cheaper than cloth, as well as more enduring. One has been kept by the pioneer missionary. By its side is a valise of the same material, though no stranger would recognize it as such. The overalls and pantaloons combined were made of the same material, with a leather apron for packing, and sinew was a common thread.

The beef neither chewed the cud nor parted the hoof. It was made out of the Indian pony. Cattle were very scarce. The Hudson's Bay Company owned all in the country, except what the missionaries had brought. Neither love nor money could procure one from the company. About half a dozen horses were killed for beef at Dr. Whitman's during the winter of 1838–39, and for several years Mr. Eells was accustomed to salt one down every winter. They were fattened on the rich bunch grass and with few exceptions were eaten with a relish, even by the fastidious.

Mrs. Eells once wrote: "I had the luxury of eating

[1] The wheat product, from the best statistics I have been able to obtain, is: Oregon (1892), 15,000,000; Washington (1891), 12,216,000; Idaho (1891), 1,811,000 bushels.

a piece of the first cow that was driven into the country." In 1818 a pair of calves were taken by boat from Vancouver to Fort Walla Walla (Wallula). In 1838 one of them was the ancestor of all kine between the Cascade and Blue Mountains. She was twenty years old, with not a tooth in her head, and about useless to keep alive. But though toothless she had been so fattened that she was believed to be good beef. She was killed and a liberal portion sent to Dr. Whitman, the first winter after Mr. Eells arrived, and she was the best beef ever eaten in the Walla Walla valley. Before Dr. Eells died this whole region produced nearly eight hundred thousand cattle, and was exporting beef to all parts of the United States.[1]

Matches were made of stone, iron, and rotten wood, — flint, with sometimes the striking part of iron, and punk, — with occasionally a homemade affair of sulphur.

The post offices were as scarce as the mails were infrequent. Usually the latter came twice a year, in the Hudson's Bay Company's vessels, by way of Cape Horn and the Sandwich Islands to Vancouver, which was the distributing office. Mail for the missions east of the Cascades was taken up the Columbia to Fort Walla Walla. On learning of its arrival

[1] In 1892 Oregon had 388,619 cattle; Washington, 224,723; Idaho, 177,825.

Mr. Eells would start with pack animals and a helper, go to the post office two hundred miles distant, and return in two weeks. The newest papers were six months and sometimes twelve months old.

In January, 1844, Mrs. Eells wrote to her sister in Massachusetts: "Your letter dated September, 1841, I received July, 1843, a long time sure enough, but, as the Indians say, 'I am thankful to get a letter of any date.'" In April, 1847, she wrote to the same sister: "I have just been reading your sisterly letter of December, 1844, and although it was written more than two years ago, yet since it is the last I have heard from you, it is like reviving conversation and talking of past events. You said that it had been two years a short time previous since you had heard from us." In October, 1847, she wrote about a letter received the previous July: "I am sorry to delay answering so good a letter so long, but have not known of an opportunity to send letters to the United States." Even as late as November, 1850, she wrote from Forest Grove to a friend in Africa: "If I remember right, your letter of 1848 was received last June."

Information as to the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, made June 15, 1846, was received at Fort Vancouver about November 3 of the same year, via the Sandwich Islands, four months and a half, and later was sent east of the Cascades. This

was telegraphic communication of the most important kind.

For the missionaries at Tshimakain Fort Colville was occasionally a way station or letter box. Dr. Eells gives the following account of one trip to that place to deposit mail: —

"With our limited facilities the annual autumnal passage of the brigade of the Hudson's Bay Company from east of the mountains down the Columbia was an important event. Its arrival at Fort Colville was to be prepared for. Thus an opportunity was afforded for the conveyance of letters to Vancouver, and thence via the Sandwich Islands to Boston. I had written and had arranged with an Indian to accompany and assist me in conveying the mails, and in conveying supplies from the fort. In vain I looked for the arrival, according to promise, of the needed helper. The morning hours passed. According to our measurement 11 A.M. was nearing. The idea of not forwarding what I had prepared was unendurable. On a riding horse, with pack mule carrying tent, bedding, food, I started. The moon was at its full. After a ride of forty miles I camped. Seasonably the next morning I was traveling. The distance, thirty miles to the post, was passed. The boats had not arrived. My mail was left and I returned twenty miles.

"The fifty miles for the next day should be com-

menced early, as the last fifteen miles were darkened with timber. The moon would not rise till more than two hours after sunset, and it was cloudy. With such facts in mind I encamped. I slept, I awoke; my first thought was, It is daylight. The moon was concealed behind the clouds. Hurriedly I struck tent, saddled, packed, and was off. After riding an indefinite length of time the location of the moon was discernible. Judging thus, it was not far from midnight. After a nocturnal ride of ten miles I lay down again and slept without fear of being benighted in dark timber. The distance traveled was one hundred and forty miles; length of time, a little in excess of two days and a half, with object obtained and mail taken to post office."[1]

The goods were largely in England. At the forts were supplies used in the Indian trade, but not for civilized families; consequently their bills for a year's supply had to be made out a year beforehand, forwarded through the Hudson's Bay Company to London, and then brought back.

These were paid for by drafts on Boston. The currency of the country was beaver, with tobacco and clothes for change. Money was almost unknown. In ten years Mr. Eells used two and a half dollars in cash. A gold piece of this amount he gave to Dr. Whitman for filling a tooth.

[1] Walla Walla Watchman, March 27, 1885.

Mrs. Eells' impressions of the country are given in a letter written from Dr. Whitman's station, October 4, 1838. She says: —

"We had a long, hard horseback journey, but suppose that we are the better qualified to live in this country, as there is no other mode of conveyance here. Instead of finding everything necessary for a livelihood, we find we are dependent on the mission for everything at present.

"The country is large and there are comparatively few inhabitants in it. The Hudson's Bay Company has a number of trading posts which are generally about three hundred miles apart. Mr. Spalding and Dr. Whitman have each a station about a hundred and twenty-five miles apart. The Methodists have two stations — one a hundred and fifty miles and the other four hundred miles from here. Besides these settlements there are no others in this great territory. Of course the people of each settlement must raise their own provisions, make their own furniture, farming utensils, houses, and barns. There are a few cattle at each missionary station, a large number at Vancouver, and some at most of the other forts. Everything of cloth is brought from some foreign port. There is nothing yet to make cloth of, and if there were, there is no way to manufacture it. Had I known there was not a [spinning] wheel in this whole

country I should have been exceedingly anxious to have had one sent with my other things. There are very few sheep here, and more have been sent for from California. Dr. Whitman has raised a little flax, though not much, for want of seed.

"Had it not been for the bedding, books, clothing, etc., that were kindly furnished me at home, I must have been in great want. The Hudson's Bay Company has furnished Mr. Spalding and Dr. Whitman with many of the necessaries of life, which the agents consider as a great favor, for they only bring what they want for their own use and to trade with the Indians. There never having been any white women here before the missionaries, there has been no call for anything but Indian articles of trade. The men wear striped cotton or calico shirts, sleep in Indian blankets and buffalo skins, and of course have had no need for white cotton cloth, and have none. The Indians wear moccasins, so there has been no want of shoes except for their own use. What things they have that are not in present use are kept at Vancouver, and there is generally a full supply for this country.

"Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding have obtained some earthen dishes, but think it is doubtful whether we can have any others until we order them from England or the States. Perhaps you will wonder what we shall eat with. We have the dishes we used on the

way, which we have divided so that we shall each have a tin dish and a spoon, each a knife, fork, and plate. I expect we can get tinware at Vancouver. I believe there is a tinner there. We must be contented with what books we have until ours come [around Cape Horn]. Dr. Whitman has gone to Vancouver to get what he can for us and make arrangements for them to send our things to us when they shall come. We do not expect them before another season.

"The Indians are numerous, but they live a wandering life. They live upon game, fish, and roots, which are found in many different places. They have no houses, but live in lodges made of sticks set in a circle in the ground and drawn together at the top and fastened with a string, leaving a place at the top for the smoke to pass out. Over this frame they throw skins, grass, willows, and the like, which make their covering. They build their fire upon the ground, in the center, around which they sit and sleep. They generally have one kettle in which they boil their fish, meat, corn, and potatoes, if they have any. None of them have corn and potatoes except what they get from some of the above-named settlements. Not many of them have any dishes, knives or forks or spoons of any kind. They eat standing, with the kettle in the middle, their hands supplying the place of all dishes. They will often perform a long journey

for a knife or a blanket. They dress in skins. Some of them get blankets for their services to the whites, which they value highly. They have no written language, and I believe no two tribes speak the same language, though there is some similarity.

"It is not known that they worship idols, though it is supposed that they worship something. Formerly when one died, owning horses, some of the relatives killed them, saying he would want them in another world. When they are sick they have a kind of jugglery. I have just been to see one of their performances. The woman who was sick was standing about half bent, beating upon a bit of board with a stick, giving herself the hardest of exercise, all the while sighing and sobbing as if her heart were broken, and sweating profusely. Five or six old women were sitting around her, keeping perfect time with all her gestures by drumming upon something with a stone. When the sick one is too feeble to perform, or too young, some one performs for her. We tried to tell them it was bad, and she left off and lay down while we were there, but as soon as we were away they were drumming again.

"They say they are glad we have come to teach them; that their mind is dark, that they know but little, and that their children will know more. There are a great many children, though very many die quite

young. It is thought they are decreasing, notwithstanding some of them have a large number of wives. The more wives they have the richer they are. The women perform all the drudgery and do all the work. They are a very imitative people; what they see us do they try to do. They are very strict in their morning and evening devotions and the observance of the Sabbath and the like. They do it because they have seen us do it, and not from any sense of duty.

"They have learned of Mr. Spalding and Dr. Whitman some Scripture history and some hymns, which they sing. They have not yet had much time to teach them, being obliged to do most of their own work. It is true the Indians help them some, but they cannot be depended upon. They are here to-day and to-morrow they are somewhere else. Besides, if they think you are depending on them, they will not work, unless they are driven to it by hunger. Some of them are beginning to sow little patches of corn, wheat, and potatoes for themselves. This the men have done and are proud of it; but if a man works for us, they call him a slave and a fool. Three or four have given evidence of a change of heart.

"We feel that we are a small band of missionaries in a heathen land, far removed from the luxuries and many of the comforts of life, and we feel more keenly the absence of civilized and Christian society; but we

trust we have been sent here on errands of mercy, that we are and shall be sustained in every trial by the same Almighty arm as in a Christian land. It is true that the field is large and but few laborers are in it, yet we pray that we may do, and do cheerfully, what we have to do to bring the heathen to Christ, knowing that our reward will be great if we are faithful.

"I do not regret that I have come to labor for the Indians. I only regret that I am not better qualified for my work. I feel that I have come from a land of plenty to a destitute heathen people. I often fear that I shall lack that wisdom which is profitable to direct. I am sure no one ought to come here until he has counted well the cost."

As to the number of Indians at that time in Oregon there is very little reliable data. Rev. S. Parker, in 1835 and 1836, traveled over a considerable part of the country and obtained all the information he could on this subject from the Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company. His estimate was about 100,000, nearly equally divided by the Cascade Mountains: 8,780 were in the Willamette Valley, 17,000 between it and California, and about 25,000 north of the Columbia and west of the Cascades. He estimates 10,000 Snakes, 2,500 Nez Perces, 2,000 Cayuses, 500 Walla Wallas, 300 Palouses, 800 each of the Spo-

kanes and Flatheads, 700 Cœur d'Alenes, 2,200 Pen d'Oreilles, 1,000 Kootenays, the same number of Okanogans, 500 Colvilles, and 700 Yakimas.

Some of these estimates were evidently very near the truth, especially those where there had been a good opportunity for observation. Others were probably too large.

But they have dwindled away. Intemperance, licentiousness, smallpox, measles, and kindred vices and diseases have cut them off with great rapidity. The report of the Commissioners of Indian Affairs for 1892 gives the number in the region covered by Mr. Parker's estimate as 21,057.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSION ESTABLISHED.

1838–48.

THE main party arrived at Dr. Whitman's August 29, 1838, and the rest the next day. On Friday they settled with their help, talked about the mission outlook, and held a service of prayer for guidance. On Saturday the whole mission began business, and in their business meeting assigned Mr. Smith to Dr. Whitman's station, Messrs. Gray and Rogers to Mr. Spalding's, and voted to establish one new station in the Flathead country to be occupied by Messrs. Walker and Eells. The new arrivals also joined the temperance society.

On the Sabbath they had one service in English, one in Indian, and observed the Lord's Supper. The new missionaries united with the mission church, then composed of seven members, making sixteen in all. This church, according to Dr. Whitman, was Presbyterian in name but Congregational in practice, being connected with no presbytery. Mr. Spalding was pastor and Dr. Whitman ruling elder.

Mr. Smith, after wintering at Dr. Whitman's, opened

a new station the next spring among the Nez Perces at Kamiah. There he remained until 1841, when chiefly on account of the alarming condition of Mrs. Smith's health, his own being also impaired, and partly also because he did not altogether agree with some of the brethren in regard to the management of the mission, he resigned and went to the Sandwich Islands. There he labored as a missionary until 1845, when his health failed and he returned to the United States.[1]

Mr. C. Rogers taught school at Mr. Spalding's the next winter, and spent considerable time at that place and Dr. Whitman's until 1841, journeying with the Indians to Fort Hall in 1839 and to the Willamette and Puget Sound in 1840. In 1841 he too became somewhat dissatisfied, and resigned, going to the Willamette valley. He was an excellent linguist.[2]

Mr. Gray spent the winter of 1838–39 at Mr. Spalding's, and after that explored, and lived at Mr. Spalding's and finally at Dr. Whitman's until 1842, when he resigned for the same reason that caused

[1] The rest of his life until 1883 was spent in Massachusetts and Connecticut, when he went to Sherwood, Tenn., where he organized a Congregational church, of which he was pastor until his death there, February 10, 1886, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Mrs. Smith died of consumption at Buckland, Mass., in May, 1855, aged forty-one.

[2] He married Miss Satira, eldest daughter of Rev. D. Leslie, of the Methodist Mission, and very soon after, with her and four others, was, in February, 1843, accidentally carried over the Willamette Falls at Oregon City and drowned.

Mr. Rogers to do so, and moved to the Willamette valley.[1]

Mr. Spalding remained at his post until after the Whitman massacre in 1847. Then he went to the Willamette, and remained chiefly in the Halapooya region until 1859. After that he returned east of the Cascade Mountains, towards his former field, and was among the Nez Perces or in their neighborhood (the government excluded him from the reservation a large share of the time) until his death, August 3, 1874, at the age of nearly seventy-one. During the last few years of his life he gathered much fruit among the Nez Perces from his early seed sowing. Mrs. Spalding died January 7, 1851, her death having been hastened through the troubles incident to the Whitman massacre.

Mr. Walker stayed in his mission field until 1848, when the danger from the hostile Cayuses drove him and Mr. Eells from their field. He first went to Oregon City, but the next year moved to Forest Grove, where he died November 21, 1877, aged seventy-two. His life was spent in ministerial work.

[1] In 1846 he moved to Clatsop, then to Astoria, and after that to British Columbia, then to Okanogan, and again to Astoria. He died at Portland, November 4, 1889, aged seventy-nine. He was the author of a History of Oregon. He was also a considerable part of his life engaged in steamboating and left four sons who have been steamboat captains. Mrs. Gray died at Clatsop, December 8, 1881, aged seventy-one.

Yours Truly

Myra F. Eells

Of all that missionary band Mrs. Walker alone survives. Five of the eight children have been engaged in work among the Indians, and another is a missionary to China.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitman fell at their post by the hands of the Cayuses November 29, 1847, he at the age of forty-five and she thirty-nine.

Messrs. Walker and Eells, having been appointed to begin a new station among the Spokane Indians, started north September 10, 1838, to locate that station. They spent the first Sabbath among the Spokane Indians at Chewelah (always pronounced by the Indians *chu-welah*). Thence they pushed on to Fort Colville, forty miles further north, to consult with Mr. Archibald McDonald, chief factor in charge, as to the best location. As they rode over a hill, in fair sight of fort and valley, they saw a sight which could not be duplicated east of the Cascade Mountains. It was the most important farming establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company in all the upper country.[1] It produced annually about four thousand bushels of wheat, besides considerable corn and vegetables. There was also a large herd of cattle, then invaluable. The buildings, domestic animals, planta-

[1] In those days "upper country" was a common term and meant all the region east of the Cascades and drained by the waters of the Upper Columbia, while "lower country" meant the Willamette valley.

tion, and farming operations were very attractive, and caused Mr. Walker to remark: "A city under a hill."

They were received very kindly. Mr. McDonald was an intelligent Scotchman, and exceedingly kind to the missionaries as long as he remained in charge, which was for several years. His wife was a native of the country, but, according to Mr. Eells, was a jewel of rare excellence, intelligent, and her numerous children were a living testimony to her maternal efficiency.

For three or four nights Messrs. Walker and Eells remained there and discussed matters of importance. Mr. McDonald recommended as their station a place called Tshimakain, now Walker's Prairie, six miles north of the Spokane River, on the road between Colville and Walla Walla. He however suggested as worthy of consideration a place on the Pen d'Oreille Lake, and advised them to look at it before deciding. They did so. Going there first, they next visited Tshimakain, "the plain of springs." They decided on the latter place, as it was the home of the chief. They remained there some time to do what they could in preparing a home. Having nothing but a hatchet they sent to Colville for two Canadian axes, and with these and Indian help they cut logs about twelve inches in diameter and fourteen feet long, and built two log pens about twenty feet apart for their future

homes. As winter was approaching they did not stay to cover them, but returned to Walla Walla by way of Lapwai, having been absent about six weeks.

At Dr. Whitman's during that winter was a community of fifteen persons: Dr. Whitman and wife, and daughter Alice; Messrs. Smith, Walker, Eells, and their wives, Margaret McKay, and five natives of the Sandwich Islands, then in the employ of Dr. Whitman. Joseph and his wife Maria, Jack, Mungo, and Havia. The first two were members of the Sandwich Island church. There, too, December 7, 1838, Cyrus Hamlin Walker was added to their number, believed to be the first American white boy born in Oregon, as it then was. During that winter at Dr. Whitman's considerable time was spent in studying the Flathead language, which the Spokane Indians used, under the noted Nez Perce chief, Lawyer, who was acquainted with it as well as with Nez Perce.

In the autumn of 1838, when Messrs. Walker and Eells left Tshimakain, they made arrangements with some Spokane Indians to come to Dr. Whitman's early the next spring to assist them in moving. Late in February came the chief with four men and four women. On March 5, exactly one year after each couple had been married, they started again to finish their bridal tour. In the journey they went up the west side of the Palouse River, where the scenery is

grand, almost frightful. On the right was the stream generally flowing rapidly but at one place falling about a hundred and sixty feet, and at another, about twelve miles from its mouth, where the trail leaves the river, dropping ten or twelve feet. On their left the basaltic bluffs towered hundreds of feet almost perpendicularly, while on the other side sometimes the bluff below was as far between them and the river, and sometimes the river was at their feet. In passing this region they were detained one day by snow and another because of a kick which Mr. Walker received. On the 20th they were at Tshimakain. They pitched their tents expecting to remain, but as they were nearly out of provisions they sent to Fort Colville for more. With the food an urgent invitation also came from Mr. McDonald requesting the ladies and baby to partake of the hospitalities of the fort until the men should make the buildings more comfortable. They did so, and it was not until the last of April that they returned and began housekeeping, and were ready to receive bridal calls, nearly fourteen months after marriage. These houses have been described in the previous chapter.

It was also necessary for gardens to be made. The roughest kind of a homemade plow was used with a harness as rough, but still something was done. Yet of all that they planted their wheat and potatoes

alone ripened, their corn having been frost killed on August 18. Only about once in three years could they raise corn and tender vegetables, some years there having been frost every month.

It was also necessary to learn the language. They had studied it some at Dr. Whitman's, but their knowledge was very imperfect. Two words they found exceedingly useful: *Stem skwest* (What name)? This language they had also to reduce to writing. They did so, following Pickering's rules.

The Spokane language is harsh and guttural. One person on hearing it said: "It makes me think of persons husking corn." In this respect it is very unlike the adjoining Nez Perce, which is soft and musical. It is also unlike the Nez Perce in its use of prepositions, the former having many and the latter almost none, their places being supplied by the inflections of the verb.

A few nouns form their plural by reduplication, and some are irregular. For example, the word for man, *skul-tu-mi-hu*, becomes in the plural *skul-skul-tu-mi-hu;* hand, *kal-lish*, is *kil-kal-lish;* and mountain, *ets-im-mo-ko*, is *ets-im mo-ko-mo-ko;* but woman, *sem-ain*, is *pal-pil-kwi* in the plural; and tree, *sa-at-kl*, is *sil-a-sil*. The plural for Indian, *skai-lu*, is the same, and that of boy is expressed by a numeral.

There are no comparatives or superlatives among

the adjectives. If two horses are placed side by side, one is bad and the other is good; but if the better of the two is compared with another still better, it becomes bad and the latter is called good.

No inflections or changes were discovered to indicate person, number, mood, or tense among the verbs. The words for I, you, he, and the like were used to distinguish person.

Phrases are very common, but not compounded according to rule. It was necessary to learn them by the power of memory, and these in a great measure take the place of grammar. In these phrases many contractions take place, and occasional changes of letters evidently for the sake of euphony.

The language of the Spokanes is said to be the veritable Flathead language, and belongs to the Salishan family, spoken by many Indians, though not by all between the Pacific Ocean and the Rocky Mountains extending south of the Columbia and north a little beyond its sources. The geography of this Salishan family covers the greater portion of Washington, southern Idaho, and much of British Columbia, though other families, as the Sahaptian, including the Nez Perces and Yakima, the Waiilatpuan, Chinookian, Chimakuan, Athapascan, and Wakashan, spoken at Neah Bay, are also used by the Indians of the state. The five latter families are, however, each

used by a very limited number of Indians in the state. The Spokane language seems to have less regularity and grammar than many others belonging to the Salishan family, especially those on Puget Sound, as the Nisqually, Twana, and Clallam.

Mr. Eells gives the following statement about the flattening of the skull which gave rise to the term Flathead: "The artificial form was regarded as beautiful, and the aristocracy were distinguished by having such artificially formed heads, while in reproach the natural form was called 'turnip head.'"

A school was also kept in Indian, the lessons being prepared on paper, hung up on the side of the house and read and recited in concert. Much interest was taken in the school for a time, the Indians going through the same lessons afterward by themselves with one of their own number as teacher. About 1842 a small book of sixteen pages was published by the mission press at Lapwai which aided the school materially.

Packing occupied considerable time — more than could well be spared, but it was imperative to have food, clothes, and the like, to go to mill and get the mail. They tried to substitute Indian help in this work, but when left alone the Indians were so careless that they destroyed too much property, and that method was abandoned. Even with some one to watch

them there was sometimes sad breakage. Some of Mr. Eells' kind scholars in the East sent him a portable writing desk and bookcase. It came around Cape Horn and by water up the Columbia to Wallula with a bass viol and other articles. In taking it from Wallula one stopping place was Little Palouse Falls. An Indian used these articles as a hitching post while packing. The mule was restless and ran away, taking the desk with him. Against the rocks it went thump, thump, thump! until it was demolished. It seemed unreasonable to rebuke the Indian sharply for such a ruinous act when unintentional. Moreover Mr. Eells was too sad to say much. He simply remarked, "*Tia*" (it is bad), and gathered up the fragments.

The large amount of time spent in manual labor was not, however, all lost. It helped the missionaries to become acquainted with Indian ways, which was very necessary. It also gave the Indians examples of industry and aided in civilizing and elevating them.

Religious instruction was given through an interpreter. A simple passage of the Bible was explained to one of the more intellectual and teachable Indians beforehand. In public worship he acted as rehearser, speaking after the teacher and improving on his language.

In a few years this branch of the mission, while showing less that was encouraging, also showed less

of a discouraging nature than any other station. It moved more evenly. Lapwai had congregations of one or two thousands, a great revival, and a school of several hundred, and yet Rev. A. B. Smith abandoned Kamiah partly because of ill treatment from the Indians. Mr. Spalding also was greatly troubled by them. At last an order even was issued by the Board to discontinue the stations at Lapwai and Waiilatpu, though the order was countermanded when Dr. Whitman went East in 1842.

Of the Indians here and the labor among them, Mr. Eells, under date of February 25, 1840, gives the following account:[1]

"We are advancing slowly in the acquisition of the language, though as yet our knowledge of it is very limited. Respecting the question, What language is it expedient to make use of as a medium of communication? we have but one opinion since learning the result of efforts to teach English to the Nez Perces. It is perhaps absolutely impossible to give this people a correct knowledge of the English language. If it were necessary, I would adduce facts to prove this point. The Flathead and the Nez Perces languages are distinct. Their philological construction is wholly unlike. We have not been able to find any one word common to both languages.

[1] Missionary Herald, 1840, p. 437.

"Your letter to Dr. Whitman, together with Mr. Pickering's essay respecting the orthography of Indian languages, has been our guide in preparing an alphabet. We have found no occasion to deviate from our instructions in this particular.

"Taking this place as the center of a circle whose radius shall not exceed sixty miles, it will include a population of near two thousand souls, nine tenths of whom rarely, if ever, leave the above-specified ground for a length of time, unless it be for a few weeks in the spring. There are five or six bands, each of which has particular lands which they call theirs, and where they pass a portion of each year. So far as I can learn they are somewhat regular in their removings. If in this respect the last year be a fair specimen, we shall have no great difficulty, at almost any time, in knowing where to find a good collection.

"In April a large number met in one plain to dig a root called *popo*. In May they returned to this place, and after remaining a few weeks moved to a large *camass* plain, ten miles from us. The camass is their most substantial root. It remains good from May till the next March. In June salmon begin to go up the Spokane River, which passes within six miles of our house. At first a barrier was constructed near some falls, ten miles from this place and perhaps fifteen miles from the camass grounds. At that place salmon were

taken only during high water, and then not in large quantities, as the barrier extended only a part of the way across the river. While the men and boys were employed at the salmon, the women were digging and preparing camass, and daily horses passed between the two places, loaded both ways, so that all could share in both kinds of food. As the water fell another barrier was built farther down, extending across the entire river; and when completed men, women, and children made a general move to the place. If I judged correctly, I saw there at one time near one thousand persons, and the number was rapidly increasing. From four to eight hundred salmon were taken in a day, weighing variously from ten to forty pounds apiece. When they ceased to take salmon, about the first of August, they returned to the camass ground, where they remained till October, and then began to make preparations for taking the poor salmon as they went down the river. During this month they were very much scattered, though not very remote from each other. In November they went to their wintering places.

"From March to November our congregations varied from thirty to one hundred, not more than one half of whom usually remained with us during the week. They often came ten, fifteen, and sometimes thirty miles on Saturday and returned again on Monday. Since November nearly two hundred have remained

with us almost constantly. In addition to those just mentioned, there have been frequent visitors from neighboring bands, coming in various numbers, from three or four to sixty at a time. They usually spend one or two weeks and then return.

"We have habitually conducted worship with them morning and evening, when we read a portion of Scriptures and, so far as we are able, explain it, sing, and pray. On the Sabbath we have had three services. While the weather continued warm, the place for worship was under some pine trees; but as it became cold a house was prepared entirely by the people, expressly for worship. It resembles somewhat in form the roof of a house in New England, making the angle at the top much smaller than that of most modern houses. The frame is made of poles four or five inches in diameter, and covered with rush mats. Most of the Indian houses here are made in the same way.

"For want of a thorough acquaintance with the language, much of the instruction communicated has related to Scripture history, though I think we have not failed to give them some correct ideas respecting the character of God, the fallen state of man, the doctrine of the atonement and regeneration, and the necessity of repentance and faith in Christ to secure salvation. It is strictly true that they must have 'line upon line'; every new idea must be repeated many

times. The nearer our teaching approaches to Sabbath-school instruction, appropriate for small children, the better it is understood. This people are slow to believe that the religion we teach extends farther than to the external conduct. They wish to believe that to abstain from gross sin and attend to a form of worship is all that is necessary to fit them for heaven.

"There has usually been good attention during the time of worship. At first the appearance seemed to indicate a desire to hear something new. Of late I have perceived what I thought to be a little change, approximating toward a disposition to listen as to important truth, though I am obliged to say as yet the word spoken appears to fall powerless, producing no deep and permanent effect upon the inward man. I have not been able to learn that they have any realizing sense of the odious nature of sin, or of moral obligation.

"During the last week in November a school was opened. At first it was composed of little more than thirty members, but has been gradually increasing so that it now numbers more than eighty. The attendance is very regular. The schoolhouse and house for worship are the same. Progress in teaching must necessarily be slow till a better knowledge of the language shall be obtained and books be prepared. As yet all the printing has been done with the pen.

"The method of teaching resembles somewhat that practiced by Mr. Mason, of Boston, with his juvenile class in music. There is certainly no want of ability to learn. The interest and pleasure manifested in this exercise are truly commendable. Probably much of it should be attributed to novelty. My opinion is that our chief efforts should be with the children. What the result of teaching will be we are utterly unable to predict. It can hardly be expected that the present desire to be taught will remain unabated. We hope with trembling. Judging from the past it would not be strange if our hopes respecting the school should be suddenly blasted.

"Respecting the Indian character I will only say that I think a missionary on his first acquaintance with them will be inclined to judge quite too favorably, and give an extravagant account of their readiness to receive the gospel. That error in this respect has been committed is very evident, but it should not be thought strange; for so great is the danger of being deceived that I am almost afraid to say anything on this point, even after having been among them more than a year.

"In relation to the future prospects of the mission I do not feel competent to express an opinion. I consider it very unfortunate that so much precipitancy has characterized some of its proceedings, but hope we shall learn wisdom for the future.

"Some itinerant labor ought to be performed. It is vain to expect that the habits of these natives to a great extent will be suddenly changed. Agricultural pursuits should be encouraged, but years must elapse before they can become general. I hazard nothing in saying that if abundance of corn and potatoes were furnished them, they would not be satisfied without some of their accustomed roots. Attempts at cultivating have been made by some of the Indians near us, but the last season was particularly unfavorable. There was frost on the morning of the fifteenth of May, and again on August 20. The drouth was so severe that the potato crop failed almost entirely. The nights during the summer were generally cold. Sometimes there were fifty degrees difference between the temperature of the day and the night. There are places near us where there is frost in midsummer. The extremes of heat and cold have been 98° above and 5° below zero. Snow or rain has fallen during almost every week since the first of November. I think not one day in four has been pleasant weather. Our poor houses have been hardly sufficient to protect us from the storms, though our health has not materially suffered from this exposure."

The next winter Mr. Eells lost much by fire. His own account of it, dated March 8, 1840, is as follows:[1]

[1] Missionary Herald, 1841, p. 435.

"On the morning of January 11 we met with a heavy loss. While engaged in family worship our house took fire, and being mostly lined with rush mats and having no inside doors, except cloths hung up, the flame spread so rapidly that it went through every part of the building before an article was removed. After the first flash had passed such things as were in boxes were mostly saved. But before anything was taken out the greater part of the more valuable property which the house contained was nearly destroyed, such as library, writing desks, clock, watch, two beds and bedding, much personal clothing, a quantity of Indian goods, tinware, riding and pack saddles, traveling apparatus, etc. Our food was mostly saved. The walls of the house, built of rough logs, were not essentially injured, except in being badly charred upon the inside.

"You will not understand me as saying that all which I have specified was wholly consumed. Some things were only half burned, though in many cases what was saved is of little or no value. A few articles may be repaired. The greater loss is the library. A relic of almost every book is left. Little more than the covers of a few are essentially injured, while of others there is not an entire page remaining.

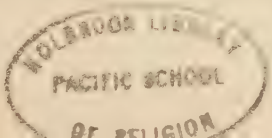
"At the time that the fire commenced the mercury in the thermometer stood at $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below zero. The

conduct of the natives on this occasion was very commendable. As soon as the alarm was given almost the whole camp came to our assistance, and considering that it was the first fire of the kind they ever saw, they did admirably well. Generally the honesty exhibited in restoring small articles which might have been easily concealed was very pleasing.

"Mr. McDonald, who is in charge at Fort Colville, on hearing of our misfortune, unasked dispatched four men immediately, who soon made our house habitable. Two gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company, Messrs. McLean and McPherson, volunteered their services to assist in whatever was necessary to be done, and came at the same time with the men, or rather led the march. All camped upon the ground when the mercury must have been not less than 10° below zero, and the snow from six inches to one foot in depth. This is but a specimen of the unvaried kindness shown us by the gentlemen of the company with which we have had no particular intercourse or connection."

As to mission prospects Mr. Eells added: —

"During the past winter nearly two hundred and fifty Indians have been encamped by us. As has been usual since we first came here so now there is good external attention to religious worship. If we judge correctly, there has been a marked increase in the


PACIFIC SCHOOL

knowledge of divine truth. This is especially true of the chief mentioned in the Herald by the name of Big Head. It has been a rather general impression among the best-informed Indians that thieves, gamblers, Sabbath breakers, and such like will go to a place of misery when they die, but that such as are not guilty of open vices, and attend to a form of worship, will go above. We have labored much to correct this and kindred errors, and unless we greatly mistake, our labor has not been in vain. The language of the chief is: 'I formerly thought my heart was good, but I now see it is not.' Respecting the wickedness of the heart his expressions are at times forcible. He says to his people: 'We are full of all manner of wickedness — are covered up in our sins. They hold us like strong cords. One thing must be done. Our hearts must be changed or we shall go below when we die.' Some are respectful and attentive to our instructions, evidently with the hope of obtaining from us some pecuniary reward.

"The school has been taught fourteen weeks. It commenced the last of November. The whole number of pupils who have attended has not varied much from seventy, though the average number, I think, has been about fifty. As was expected novelty had its influence in causing some to attend for a time who have since fallen off. A few of the older members have been

necessarily absent so much that they have fallen behind those much younger than themselves, and, as I suppose on account of shame, have ceased to attend. The manifest interest in the school, both among the parents and children, is as great as can reasonably be expected. Instruction has been given in reading, spelling, arithmetic, and music. The proficiency generally made by the school has been quite satisfactory to the teachers. I have been agreeably surprised at the readiness with which correct answers have been given to questions relating to numbers. They are passionately fond of music. This has occupied only a secondary place in teaching, though my own opinion is that it may be made use of as a powerful instrument in the moral training of the children. One thing is certain; they will spend much time in singing and it is very desirable that the lewd songs now in use should be exchanged as speedily as possible for those of a different character."

The above letter speaks of music. It may be added that a blackboard for teaching music was made by pasting strips of paper on the board to indicate the five lines of the staff; a blacking made of soot and skim-milk was applied to the board, the paper was torn off, and the board was complete. Thus they were taught to sing by note.

The first attempt to guide them in sacred song was

in the use of the doxology. Their compass of voice was such that they were able to sing it in three octaves in the key of F. Then Mr. Eells made the following hymn and tune, the only religious one in that language so far as the writer knows.

Lam - a - lem, on - a - we Je - ho - vah,
Thanks . . thee . . . Je - ho - vah.
Kain - pe - la tas ka - leel, kait - si - ah
We . . . . . not . . dead, We . . all
wheel - a - wheel. Kain - pe - la
a - - live. We . . . . . .
ets - in - ko - nam kaits - chow.
sing . . . . . We . . . pray.

This has been very popular and is still sung with earnestness by those Indians. Mr. McLean, of the Hudson's Bay Company, said that he had heard the Indians singing it on the tops of the Rocky Mountains.

The next winter was so severe that only about fifty

Indians remained near the station. What could be done was done to teach the few children there. Public worship was conducted three times each Sabbath and twice during the week. There was respectful attention to religious instruction. Many knew their duty, but did it not.

During the year ending March 1, 1841, Mr. Eells traveled for the station twelve hundred miles on horseback, work which took him from home fifty-seven days. He also went more than four hundred miles to teach the Indians, which took him from home twenty-three days more. On some of these trips sick Indians thronged him, appearing to think he had medicine to cure every ill. At last he was obliged to tell them that white people were sick and died, notwithstanding the fact that they were attended by skillful physicians. This confession obtained a respite from their entreaties. A few Indians were seen wearing the papal cross.[1]

During that winter besides the school at the station, which numbered only eleven, another was kept up five miles distant which had twenty-two scholars, and was visited by some one from the mission almost daily.[2]

After this the school continued, but seldom numbered more than fifteen; yet progress was made.

[1] Missionary Herald, 1843, p. 81.
[2] Annual Report A. B. C. F. M., 1843, p. 171.

1843 a German botanist was traveling with employés of the Hudson's Bay Company, and, having had some knowledge of mining operations in Germany, he expressed to his fellow travelers the opinion that precious metals existed in a designated locality. He was particularly interrogated as to the reasons for such an opinion; and when they were satisfied that it was an intelligent conclusion they replied: 'We know such to be the case from actual investigation.' But while the resources of the country were measurably appreciated, special effort was made to produce the impression that the country was of small value and that much of it was worthless.'

"Previous to 1843, Mrs. McDonald, at Fort Colville, had a collection of mineral specimens, a portion of which she presented to Mrs. Eells. These were shown to Dr. Whitman on his return in 1843. They attracted considerable attention, but there were no means at hand to ascertain their value.

"In entire accordance with such representations, Chief Factor A. McDonald expressed himself distinctly and fully to me. He also gave it as his opinion that if England should obtain the desired portion of Oregon (then including Washington Territory), it would be made over to the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1842, if I mistake not, the same gentleman asked me who, fifty years hence, would probably compose

the inhabitants of this country. He answered the question himself by saying substantially, 'The descendants of the Hudson's Bay Company.' Dr. Whitman said, with reference to the same class of persons (of mixed blood) : 'Fifty years hence they will not be found.' Dr. Whitman understood, with a good degree of correctness, apparently, that it was the plan of the Hudson's Bay Company to secure this country to the English government. Undoubtedly he felt strongly in reference to this subject. At that time his missionary associates judged that he was disturbed to an unwarrantable degree. The result has furnished accumulative evidence that there was sufficient reason for determined earnestness on his part.

"An unyielding purpose was formed by Dr. Whitman to go East. The mission was called together to consider whether or not its approval could be given to the proposed undertaking. Mr. Walker and myself were decidedly opposed, and we yielded only when it became evident that he would go, even if he had to become disconnected from the mission in order to do so. According to the understanding of the members of the mission, the single object of Dr. Whitman in attempting to cross the continent in the winter of 1842–43, amid mighty peril and suffering, was to make a desperate effort to save this country to the United States.

"On reaching Washington he learned that representations had been made there corresponding to those which had been often repeated on this coast. 'Oregon,' it was said, 'would most likely be unimportant to the United States. It was difficult of access. A wagon road thither was an impossibility.' By such statements Governor Simpson (the territorial governor of the Hudson's Bay Company) had well-nigh succeeded in accomplishing his object of purchasing this country, not for a mess of pottage, but a cod-fishery! Dr. Whitman was barely able to obtain from President Tyler the promise that negotiations should be suspended.

"His next object was to expose the falsity of the statement that the Rocky and Blue Mountains could not be passed by immigrant wagons. It soon became known, to some extent, that Dr. Whitman would accompany those who would attempt to go to the Columbia that season in this manner. The fact induced numbers to decide to go who would not otherwise have done so. If I judge correctly, the testimony has been unvarying and abundant that the success of the expedition depended upon the knowledge, skill, energy, and perseverance of Dr. Whitman. Extravagant language has been used, expressive of the confidence of the emigrants of 1843 in his ability to conduct them successfully through difficulties which,

in the estimation of many, were regarded as utter impossibilities. The fording of the Platte with such a train was an untried and in some respects a perilous undertaking; and yet it was signally successful.

"In 1839 Rev. J. S. Griffin and his missionary associates traveled from the western frontier to Fort Hall with wagons. They were there told by agents of the Hudson's Bay Company that it was impracticable, if not impossible, to take their wagons to Walla Walla. Consequently teams and wagons were exchanged for pack animals and fixtures. In 1840 Rev. H. Clarke and other missionary laborers performed the same journey in like manner. At Fort Hall they were induced to leave their wagons. In 1843 this game was tried again, and at the opportune moment when Dr. Whitman was absent from camp. On his return he found some weeping, others much disturbed. He at once comprehended the plot, and then and there is said to have addressed them as follows: 'My countrymen, you have trusted me thus far; believe me now, and I will take your wagons to the Columbia River.'

"I may not be able to furnish evidence entirely satisfactory to others, but in view of all the past relating to this subject, of which I have been an eye and ear witness since August, 1838, I am prepared to say that to my mind there is not the shadow of a doubt that

Dr. Whitman, by his efforts with President Tyler and Secretary Webster, in 1843, and his agency during the same year in conducting an immigrant train from the western frontier to the Columbia River, was instrumental in saving a valuable portion of the Northwest to the United States. Am I extravagant in adding that the importance of this service to our country will not be likely to be overestimated? When the iron track of the Northern Pacific Railroad shall have the two oceans for its termini, and the commerce of the world shall move over the most direct route, and when the latent resources of this vast region shall have been fully developed, there will be a theme worthy of the best endeavors of the statesman and orator."

Dr. Treat made public use of this statement in the autumn of 1866, at the meeting of the American Board, and it was copied far and wide by the eastern and western press.

About 1880 these facts began to be questioned, then denied, by such persons as Hon. Elwood Evans, Mrs. F. F. Victor, Judge M. P. Deady, and others. It was denied that Dr. Whitman went East with any political intent whatever, that he did anything politically while there, that any meeting of the mission was held authorizing him to go, and even that he went to Washington at all. The discussion which followed, often called the Whitman Controversy, was long and volu-

minous, especially in 1884–85. Dr. Eells followed it with the greatest interest, though he let others do most of the writing. At times he almost feared that from Dr. Whitman, from the cause of missions, from the cause of Christ would be snatched the honors which he believed belong to them. Among other statements made during this controversy the following was made by Dr. Eells: —

"September, 1842, a letter written by Dr. Whitman, addressed to Rev. Messrs. E. Walker and C. Eells at Tshimakain, reached its destination and was received by the persons to whom it was written. By the contents of said letter a meeting of the Oregon Mission of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was invited to be held at Waiilatpu. The object of said meeting, as stated in the letter named, was to approve of a purpose formed by Dr. Whitman, that he go East on behalf of Oregon as related to the United States. In the judgment of Mr. Walker and myself that object was foreign to our assigned work. With troubled thoughts we anticipated the proposed meeting. On the following day, Wednesday, we started, and on Saturday afternoon camped on the Touchet, at the ford near the Mullan bridge. We were pleased with the prospect of enjoying a period of rest, reflection, and prayer — needful preparation for the antagonism of opposing ideas. We never moved camp

on the Lord's Day. On Monday morning we arrived at Waiilatpu and met the two resident families of Messrs. Whitman and Gray. Rev. H. H. Spalding was there. All the male members of the mission were thus together. In the discussion the opinion of Mr. Walker and myself remained unchanged. The purpose of Dr. Whitman was fixed. In his estimation the saving of Oregon to the United States was of paramount importance, and he would make the attempt to do so, even if he had to withdraw from the mission in order to accomplish his purpose. In reply to considerations intended to hold Dr. Whitman to his assigned work, he said: 'I am not expatriated by becoming a missionary.' The idea of his withdrawal could not be entertained, therefore to retain him in the mission a vote to approve of his making the perilous endeavor prevailed. He had a cherished object for the accomplishment of which he desired consultation with Rev. David Greene, secretary of correspondence with the mission at Boston, Mass., but I have no recollection that it was named in the meeting. A part of two days was spent in consultation. Record of the date and acts of the meeting was made. The book containing the same was in the keeping of the Whitman family. At the time of their massacre, November 29, 1847, it disappeared.

"The fifth day of October following was desig-

nated as the day on which Dr. Whitman would expect to start from Waiilatpu. Accordingly, letters, of which he was to be the bearer, were required to be furnished him at his station in accordance therewith. Mr. Walker and myself returned to Tshimakain, prepared letters and forwarded them seasonably to Waiilatpu. By the return of the courier information was received that Dr. Whitman started on the third of October. It is possible that transpirings at old Fort Walla Walla hastened his departure two days.

"Soon after his return to this coast Dr. Whitman said to me he wished he could return East immediately, as he believed he could accomplish more than he had done, as I understood him to mean, to save this country to the United States. I asked him why he could not go. He said: 'I cannot go without seeing Mrs. Whitman.' She was then in the Willamette valley.

"I solemnly affirm that the foregoing statements are true and correct, according to the best of my knowledge and belief. So help me God.

(Signed) "CUSHING EELLS.

"Sworn and subscribed to before me this twenty-third day of August, 1883.

(Signed) "L. E. KELLOGG,

"*Notary Public, Spokane County, Washington Territory.*"

The journal of Mr. Walker afterwards discovered

confirmed Mr. Eells' statement about the meeting being held and its date, by writings made at the time, and the unearthing by Dr. S. J. Parker, of Ithaca, N. Y., in 1891, of a letter of Dr. Whitman's in Washington, D. C., written by him in 1843 to James M. Porter, secretary of war, and by another writing made at the time, proved beyond possibility of dispute that he went to Washington with political intent. Dr. Eells had the satisfaction of living to see the facts so thoroughly believed that they were published not only by the missionary and religious press and Gray's "History of Oregon," which might be accused of bias in their favor, but by Barrows' "Oregon," Butterworth's "Log Schoolhouse on the Columbia," Gilbert's "Historic Sketches of Walla Walla, Whitman, Columbia, and Garfield Counties of Washington, and Umatilla County of Oregon," Lang's "History of the Willamette Valley," Brown's "Political History of Oregon," and Scudder's "History of the United States, for Schools and Academies." When Dr. Eells was presented with a copy of the latter work, which contains also a picture of Dr. Whitman leaving his station for Washington, it was most plain that the truth learned by the school children had been fostered by God and would be scattered so far and wide and deep that no combination of learned men or human reasoning could successfully oppose it.

Although at first Dr. Eells was decidedly opposed to Dr. Whitman's going East, and only yielded when the reasons seemed sufficient, yet he afterwards said that the little he had to do as a member of the meeting which authorized Dr. Whitman to go at that time gave him great satisfaction as one of the best episodes of his life.

A letter written by Mrs. Eells to her sister in Massachusetts gives the following items: —

"Our Indians were never more about us than now. Some three or four are at work for Mr. Eells preparing timber for a new house to be put up in the spring if prospered. Besides we try to employ a number of boys and girls for the threefold purpose of keeping them out of idleness, encouraging industry, and furnishing them food. Mr. Walker employs about as many. The Indians are quiet and very submissive at present but do not seem inclined to seek the one thing needful. They spend a great deal of time in gambling and jugglery. If we could see them embracing the truth in the love of it, our hearts would leap for joy. If I was sure I had not run before I was sent, I would on no condition leave them, though I may never in this life be permitted to see much fruit of our labor.

"Mrs. Walker and myself observe the last Wednesday afternoon of each month in concert with the other

members of the missions as a season of prayer for our children. There is quite a large maternal association, of which perhaps I may tell you I am president. I have never seen half of the members and probably never shall. . . .

"We observed last Monday as a day of fasting and prayer in connection with the churches at home for the conversion of the world. We observe the monthly concert and our Tuesday evening meetings, though we seldom have more than our own little number, four. I think there have never been more than six professors of religion present at any one time, and never more than three men."

The maternal association mentioned in this letter was probably the first on the coast, and was organized September 3, 1838, at Dr. Whitman's. It then consisted of the six women connected with the mission. By 1842 seven others had joined it, two of whom were the wives of persons connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, and the other five were the wives of men who came to the country as independent missionaries. The preamble says: —

"Sensible of the evils that beset the young mind in a heathen land, and confident that no arm but God's can secure our children or those committed to our care from the dangers that surround them and bring them early into the fold of Christ and fit them

for usefulness here and glory hereafter, we the subscribers agree to form ourselves into an association for the purpose of adopting such rules as are best calculated to assist us in the right performance of our maternal duties."

Its name was the Columbia Maternal Association.

Thus affairs went on without much change until the winter of 1846–47. This season was very severe. Mrs. Eells wrote: —

"The past winter has been the most severe in the memory of the oldest Indians. The snow began to fall about the middle of November; about the middle of December it was not far from two feet deep and it continued to increase to the first of March. For more than five months the earth was clothed in a robe of white; for more than three months we were literally buried in snow; all the west side of our house was banked to the roof and would have been dark only that the snow was shoveled from the windows. Our meetinghouse was not opened from the seventeenth of January till the last Sabbath in March, and then Mr. Eells went on snowshoes. Several Indians went to worship on the first Sabbath of April, but Mr. Eells went on horseback; sometimes it was so cold that the air cut like a knife and about the first of March we could not keep ourselves comfortable. From the middle of December until some time

in April, men, women, and children traveled on snow-shoes — everywhere outside of the everyday beaten path. The extent of Mr. Eells' and Mr. Walker's traveling was to the Indian lodges and about a quarter of a mile to feed their horses and cattle; it was only by unwearied labor and the greatest economy in feeding that enough of our cattle and horses were saved for present use. Only one horse has died, but we have lost twelve cattle. We have, however, had an abundance of the necessaries of life, and more of its luxuries than has sometimes fallen to our lot.

"The fore part of the winter, both Indian men and women spent a great part of their time and strength digging away the snow so that their horses could get grass. Sometimes they would cut long grass and feed them; but almost all died before the last of January. The old chief says he had seventy horses and thirty cattle but before the close of April he had no horse and only two cattle. The Indians generally had from one to ten horses, some more, some less, some not any, but all alike are now on foot. I do not know of half a dozen live ones in all this region belonging to the Indians. They had nearly forty cattle which they had obtained through our instrumentality; there are only three or four left. A band of sixteen cattle belonging to the Bay Indians was sent to the Spokane River to winter; only one of them is now alive.

"At Colville the Hudson's Bay Company had two hundred and seventy horses; by April only three were alive. Every one of another band of eighty horses belonging to a single man is dead. The horses of the Indians in that region and also of the Bay Indians farther north are all dead. At Colville some of the cattle froze to death standing."

In April, 1847, she writes about shoes which were sent from the East to her children, who were then about three and a half and five and a half years old: —

"They have many thanks to send their little cousins for their contributions (though they never saw but one pair of shoes), which are certainly very valuable in this country where the snow lies on the ground four or five months in a year. They usually wear moccasins and are obliged to stay in the house or have wet feet."

About the same time she wrote about a shawl which had been sent in a box from the Eastern States. She says: —

"Mrs. Walker and I had each our red merino shawls that we wore in the States (nine years previous) and our plaids are pretty good, though they have been washed several times, and we concluded it was best to send the shawl to Mrs. Whitman, as we were pretty sure she had none. She has since sent back many thanks, as she was destitute."

Their experience in making cheese is given in this way: —

"Last year and the year before we had milk, so that we made a few small cheeses. Just to prove how necessity can invent new ways when old ones are not at hand, I will tell you how we went to work. At first, I believe, Mrs. McDonald, of Fort Colville, gave us a little rennet, but we could bring no curd with it. Then Dr. Whitman gave us a little beef's rennet, but we succeeded no better with it. At last Mrs. Walker thought that perhaps young deer's rennet would do, so after a while an Indian brought us one which we tried, and it did well. But perhaps you will say, Why did you not have calves' rennet? Because a general feeling has prevailed that calves must not be killed.

"Now for the cheese basket and tongs, and something to dress it in and with. The first named utensils we did without. We succeeded in getting a two-gallon keg sawed in two, which served for hoops, and at first we pressed with stones and bags of musket balls. Last year Mrs. Walker made herself a lever which saved her strength some, but I did not try anything new."

About the same time, March, 1847, she wrote her mother a letter which shows her filial affection.

"My dear father, he is gone! I shall never more see or hear from him. O death, thou hast done thy

work for my dear father! My dear mother, a very dear mother! — I know that she has lived to a good old age; and I know too that sickness, care, and anxiety must have made a great change, both in her physical and mental powers. I know that the aged must die. Is my dear mother coming down to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe? Oh, happy thought! Am I preparing to follow her? I, as well you know, am past the meridian of life. How much we have to praise the Redeemer for, if we shall be permitted to meet at his right hand! I often pray that we, with all my dear brothers and sisters, may be so unspeakably happy as to meet in heaven with our father and all the redeemed saints, forever to celebrate the love of Jesus.

"Edwin and Myron think very much of the books sent them last fall; I think they learn books very well, but they can never know the noble, exhilarating feeling there is connected with going to worship in a good meetinghouse where they can understand what is said, or to a good school with others of their own age. But I have no doubt the Lord will take care of them if we do our duty.

"It is true that we have passed a long and dreary winter, and we are still in it; but if we could see the perishing Indians taking the milk and honey, we should feel amply repaid for all our privations.

"We have been here almost nine years and have

not yet been permitted to hear the cries of one penitent or the songs of one redeemed soul. We often ask ourselves, Why is it? Yet we labor on, hoping and waiting, and expecting that the seed though long buried will spring up and bear fruit. We feel increasingly interested in our work, and though we do not see the immediate fruit of our labor, yet we cannot find it in our hearts to leave the people. We cannot say that they have persecuted us so that we should be authorized to 'flee to another city.' They listen to the Word respectfully, but it appears to produce no saving effect."

CHAPTER V.

THE MISSION BROKEN UP.

IN 1847 occurred the saddest event in the history of missions on the Pacific slope and one of the saddest in the entire history of the coast. Dr. Whitman, his wife, and eight others were massacred at his station on November 29, and four others soon after, making fourteen in all. The result was the entire breaking up of the missions of the American Board, never to be resumed as such. The history of this, like that of Dr. Whitman's journey to Washington, belongs to the history of Oregon or the life of Dr. Whitman. Only such bearings on it as relate to the life and work of Mr. Eells require record here.

Twice it was the intention of Mr. Eells to be at Dr. Whitman's at the time of the massacre, and twice his purpose was thwarted as plainly as was his going to Africa.

The long cold winter at Tshimakain, and especially that of 1846–47, together with the apparent want of success in inducing the Indians to become Christians, had been very trying to health, especially to that of Mr. Eells. Four children at that station were old enough

to go to school, three of Mr. Walker's and one of Mr. Eells', and more soon would be.

The large number of immigrants, many of whom came by way of Dr. Whitman's and some of whom stopped there, made the importance of that station greater than that of the others. Dr. Whitman was breaking down under his work. He greatly felt the need of more help, especially that of an ordained minister. The Methodists were closing their missions in Oregon. They offered their station at The Dalles for sale. Dr. Whitman considered it a very important point. Here had been the most successful mission of the Methodists among the Indians, and here for a long time to come the Indians would congregate in large numbers on account of its fisheries. It would also be an important point among the whites, the gateway between eastern and western Oregon. Dr. Whitman was looking out for the religious and educational interests of the whites as well as of the Indians, and was urging the Home Missionary and Tract societies to send laborers into the field. His idea was that a college should be located at The Dalles. Consequently that station was bought, and at the annual meeting of the mission in the summer of 1847 it was decided that Mr. Walker was to move there and have charge of it; Mr. Eells was to move to Dr. Whitman's, spending his winters for the benefit of the

whites, and his summers in itinerating with the Indians. Mr. Spalding also was to move there. Thus man in his wisdom proposes; God in his higher wisdom disposes differently.

Mrs. Walker's health was such in the fall that they thought it unwise to move, and it seemed decidedly better for Mr. Eells to remain with them. For some reason now unknown Mr. Spalding also did not move as contemplated. It became necessary to send Dr. Whitman's nephew, Perin B. Whitman, from his station to The Dalles, and he and Mr. A. Hinman were to have charge of it for the winter, the latter having taught school at Dr. Whitman's. Thus P. B. Whitman and the families of Messrs. Spalding and Eells were kept away from Dr. Whitman's at the time of the massacre.

Again, during several weeks previous to the massacre, an artist, J. M. Stanley, had been busy at the mission stations and posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, making drawings and pictures of various scenes and of whites and Indians. About the middle of November he was at Tshimakain, and the time was very near when he intended to return to Dr. Whitman's. Mr. Eells proposed to accompany him. Mr. Stanley had gone with Mr. Walker to Fort Colville. On the first night out from Colville they encamped at a specially favorable place for preventing their animals

from straying. Nearly the entire band of horses and mules was there. They were properly hobbled; yet not one of them was found the next morning. An ineffectual search was made for them during the day. To human view this disappointment could not be understood; but Mr. Walker believed that

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

and said to Mr. Stanley: "This means something." It did. It meant the saving of Mr. Eells' life.

The delay was such and so much snow began to fall that Mr. Eells questioned the advisability of his making the journey as proposed. In prayer he decided not to go. Had he gone as at first planned he would have been ready to leave Dr. Whitman's on the morning of the massacre. Whether he would have been killed there is not certain, but he always felt that, if not killed then, he would have been followed and killed before he could have escaped.

Mr. Eells tells the following incident about Mr. Walker: In the early years of the mission the latter went to Mr. Spalding's for flour with two Indians. When they reached the North Palouse in returning they found that stream so swollen with rains that it could not be forded. A raft was made. One Indian attempted to convey Mr. Walker across. He did not make the landing and jumped ashore, intending to

take hold of the raft and pull it ashore; but in jumping he pushed it farther out into the stream. Mr. Walker was borne rapidly down the current. The Indians ran to note the place where he would be drowned. But Providence grounded the raft just before it reached the fatal spot, and he was saved. In reply to a question from Mr. Eells as to his feelings, when alone on that doubtful ride, Mr. Walker did not immediately reply, but said that on subsequent reflection he had concluded that his work was not yet done. The same was undoubtedly true of Mr. Eells. His work, as shown during the next forty-five years, was not yet done.

As Mr. Eells did not go with Mr. Stanley, an Indian named Solomon went with him. When they reached Dry Creek, a few miles from Dr. Whitman's, they learned of the massacre and turned and went to Fort Walla Walla (Wallula). Solomon returned, and through him Mr. Stanley reported the essential facts of the massacre and added that the Cayuse Indians intended to send a party to kill those at Tshimakain. Mr. Eells did not believe it, though the others were disturbed by the assertion, and Mrs. Eells spoke of the fitness of being prepared for a sudden death.

Another announcement a little later, however, did disturb Mr. Eells. Indians from that region were accustomed to go to the Willamette valley for

employment by the whites. About sixty were there at the time of the massacre. The Cayuses sent word to the Spokanes that in retaliation for the death of those at Dr. Whitman's the Americans had killed these Indians on the Willamette. The statement was made to induce the Spokanes to join the hostile Indians. As it was in accord with Indian practice the Cayuses expected the Spokanes to believe it. Mr. Eells understood the whole plot quickly and said: "The rumor is false and of mischievous tendency." The chief believed him, as he also saw through it; but the great difficulty lay in inducing all the Indians to believe him. The chief, however, sent runners in all directions with the words: "Believe not the message. It is not the way the Americans do." He said to the missionaries: "Avoid being out after dark; make the door fast; place a strong shutter over the window. If there be a call for admittance, delay; make inquiry. By the dialect of the applicant may be determined from what band he comes — whether from those well or evil disposed."

It was, however, reasonable to believe that Messrs. Walker and Eells would be the especial objects of attack. They were compelled to look death squarely in the face, and in case it should occur make provision for widow and orphans. "Never," says Mr. Eells, "has this right hand so reluctantly guided a pen as

when it wrote to Mr. Lewes, then in charge of Fort Colville, that in the event of my meeting a violent death, he would have the kindness to take charge of those thus bereaved, conduct them down the river to Fort Vancouver, see them safe upon a Hudson's Bay Company's vessel for conveyance to the Sandwich Islands, to the care of the mission of the American Board there." But He who had twice kept Mr. Eells from death now kept death from him.

Soon after the massacre the government of Oregon raised volunteers, chiefly in the Willamette valley, who chastised the Cayuses, built Fort Waters at Dr. Whitman's station, and drove the Indians out of their own country nearly halfway to Tshimakain. This brought the enemy so near that there seemed to be more danger than before. Mr. Walker went to Fort Colville about the first of March to consult in regard to their safety. Mr. Lewes said: "Remain quiet at the mission as long as you can. If you shall be convinced of real danger, come to my fort, and I will protect you equally with myself and family."

The Spokane Indians were now showing great friendliness. They saw the strong probability of losing their teachers. This made them all the more friendly. On one Sabbath, about the first of March, the chief, on being invited to speak, so exalted the excellence of the glorious gospel that Mr. Eells said

that he would have given five dollars to have had an exact copy of the speech.

But the hostile camp was now only about sixty miles from Tshimakain. It began to seem unsafe to stay any longer. Mr. Walker and Mrs. Eells were constitutionally timid and wished to leave. Mrs. Walker had strong nerves, but her six children made her cautious. She was on an even poise. Mr. Eells was not satisfied that there was danger enough to render it necessary to move; but he alone anchored the fourteen persons there, and the responsibility was too great. It was decided to leave for Fort Colville. So happy were the timid ones at this that notwithstanding that it rained when they started and their first camp was in the snow, and they did not reach Colville until the fourth day, yet the move was made without a murmur.

The next week Messrs. Walker and Eells and Edwin Eells, then six years old, returned to Tshimakain to look after what was left.

There they spent the Sabbath. Towards night a war whoop was heard in the timber not far distant. It was enough to startle a brave heart, for it proceeded from a band of Indians mounted on horses, who were rapidly coming nearer. It was impossible to do anything except to await the result and learn whether they were foes or friends.

They cast about for means of protection. These were slight. As calmly as possible they awaited the result. Mr. Walker in after years never could forget how that war whoop sounded in his ears — as if death by hostile Indians were at hand. As the Indians came nearer Mr. Eells first was able to distinguish the horses and then the friendly Spokanes.

The chief and a large part of his people had moved westward from Tshimakain twenty-five miles across the Spokane River. From his camp an Indian went to hunt strayed horses. In his hunt he stopped at the camp of the Cayuse murderers. He found that a few of the Cayuses were gone, but could not learn where. He suspected that it was to Tshimakain. If so, he was certain that it was to murder those there. Consequently he returned to his people. On his way he came upon fresh horse tracks which so strengthened his suspicions that he walked all night, reaching camp about noon. Quickly he told the chief, who immediately said: "Young men, catch your horses; hasten to Tshimakain and see how it is with our teachers."

Twenty-one did so, and with the few weapons at hand commenced the ride of twenty-five miles. They rushed down the steep hill south of the Spokane so rapidly that they left hoof tracks plainly seen several days afterward. After they had crossed the river they watched closely, expecting to see some woman

or child in flight. When about two miles from the station they became satisfied that no one had been killed, although they believed that hostile Cayuses were in the region. Those in the van waited for those farther behind; then they shouted with joy that "their teachers were safe," and at the same time to let the enemy know, if lurking around, that they must let these teachers alone.

As they suspected that spies were near the mission, horses were placed in a pen and locked up, fires were kept burning, and a watch during the night. One of these Indians, named Charles, was more intelligent and less excitable than many. When asked what they would have done if they had met the Cayuses with evil intent at Tshimakain he replied: "We would have fought them." Such acts and statements, with others like them, showed evidence of sincere regard by those Indians for their teachers.

The Indians then asked Messrs. Walker and Eells to go to their camp to hold a council. The decision was, however, that it was better for them first to go to Colville, consult with Mr. Lewes, and then return for the council. Accordingly the next day they started, guarded through the prairie by the Indians. Most of these returned by another route after a short time, a rather secret route, so that the enemy might be led to believe that the teachers were well

guarded, but a few of them kept guard all the way to Colville.

It was then decided that Mr. Walker should remain at the fort while Mr. Eells should go to the council, as Mr. Walker was five years older, considerably more infirm, much heavier, and would be a hindrance if they should be hard pushed and attempt to flee. Mr. Lewes objected to the plan, still it was adopted. A sufficient guard of Indians was, however, procured, not one who was asked declining.

True they were now all safe together at the fort, where they could remain until it should be safe to go elsewhere. But they were not looking out for themselves alone. The work now was to keep the Spokanes and as many of the neighboring bands as possible from joining the enemy, for lying rumors had been so spread abroad that even the Indians about Fort Colville had become so hostile that Mr. Lewes had at one time during the winter kept his fort guarded night and day for two weeks.

When Mr. Eells reached Tshimakain all was quiet with no evidence of devastation. From this place one half-breed turned back, afraid to go further. He was willingly allowed to depart. Such a person would be of no use.

The next afternoon Mr. Eells was at the appointed camp. There was a large gathering and all the bands

were represented. Suc-a-tal-ka-ku-sam, the father of the present Moses, was there.

When Mr. Eells asked whether it was wise for him to pitch his tent the reply was, "Yes; the Cayuses are afraid of us."

That night the largest lodge was closely packed. When Mr. Eells asked what they wished their reply was: "We are loyal to the Americans. We are ready to make proof of what we say. We are scantily supplied with arms and ammunition. We wish you to write our words to the white chiefs — those wise in heart, great in war, and powerful in speech."

Mr. Eells took a Testament from his pocket and asked Ce-lim-klim-a-lak-a-lah and Suk-a-tal-ka-ku-sam to place their hands on it, and in the presence of Him whose book it was, to speak truly and faithfully. Their faces showed that they knew the meaning of the act and words.

The letter was written and three trusty Indians went with it on foot, first westward across the Columbia, then south to Fort Walla Walla (now Wallula) where they recrossed, and Ah-ma-mel-i-kan, one of their number, afterwards the patriarchal leader and preacher, took it to Fort Waters at Dr. Whitman's station. At that place orders had been given to shoot every Indian approaching the place unless he had a white flag. The sentinel saw the Indian coming without a flag, as he

did not know of the order or custom. The apparent fearlessness and innocence of the Indian stayed the shot.

A kind Providence preserved him, but he was told that when he should come again on peaceful errands he must show a white flag.

When he returned, though by a less circuitous road, Mr. Eells was there again to receive the package. For two months communications passed constantly between him and the military. His work was to correct false rumors, quiet fears, and keep the army and those at Fort Colville posted. He was mostly on the move. When the families had been at Fort Colville ten weeks he had been there ten nights. All this time he never went armed, believing that he was safer without arms. He was counseling for peace. He had, however, a swift horse, which no Indian could catch, and a pack mule which could scent an Indian half a mile or more. In camping he selected some secluded place, hobbled his horse and staked the mule. If any Indians came within smelling distance, the mule would snort and tear, awaken his master and warn him of the approach.

Only two or three times did he feel alarmed. On his last trip but one, when at Tshimakain, and ready to start for Colville he was induced by Indians, chiefly Palouse, to go southward in an opposite direction fifty

miles to near where Sprague now is. The result was favorable, for he was enabled to send nine Indians and a white man direct to Fort Waters through the midst of the enemy's country. In returning he and Edwin were alone. He wished for an Indian helper, but his Indian goods, with which he had been accustomed to remunerate them for services while with him, had run low. He also thought he would test them, as he was now working for them. The result was he and his son were alone. While resting at noon an Indian with a gun came along. The thought was, Has he come to kill us? Each caught a horse as a shield; but they were not harmed.

On reaching the Spokane they found the only canoe on their side while all the Indians were on the other side. Mr. Eells was not accustomed to paddling a canoe and the stream was very swift. They drove their horses into the river and the animals swam across. Mr. Eells then put baggage and saddles with his son into the canoe, took it some distance up, and started across. The current was so swift that they were carried down an alarming distance only to land on the same side from which they had started. Another attempt was made; again they were carried fearfully near the rapids. The Indians saw their danger and shouted; at last when very near the rapids they came so close to the banks that Edwin grasped

a pole which an Indian stretched out and they were saved. They caught their riding horses and pack mule. While Mr. Eells was saddling one the boy held the other two. The mule and then the horse started to join other horses near. The boy held on well; the horse kicked, the boy fell. When he was picked up his head was very near a rock, which it had barely missed, and the foot of the horse had barely missed him; so no bones were broken.

This journey had, however, delayed them five days beyond the time for reaching Colville; consequently those there became so anxious that they sent to learn about their safety. After Mr. Eells met this messenger they rode rapidly, for the son had said: "Let us whip up; mother is anxious."

The reply came to the last letter which Mr. Eells had written to Fort Waters. To meet it Mr. Eells made one more trip. The delegation from several Indian bands was welcomed by the soldiers. That was the consummation of what Mr. Eells had endeavored to do. Boldly he had said: "The troops will not harm those Indians who do not join the Cayuses." He was relieved.

Then he discharged his Indian helper, as all danger was over, and went alone from Tshimakain to Fort Colville. There was no occasion for haste, no call for courage or energy; and then his spirits sank to

the lowest ebb. He imagined himself dogged by one taking advantage of his lone condition. Timidly he sought a camp in a secluded place, near Chewelah, not even pitching his small tent, but tying his faithful horse and mule near his head. He slept soundly and his courage revived.

Mr. Eells went on to the fort, where he arrived May 26. During the preceding ten weeks he had traveled about fourteen hundred miles. Chief Factor John Lee Lewes furnished him a paper, unsolicited, giving his testimony to his Christian perseverance and praiseworthy assiduity amid much personal risk as well as bodily fatigue.[1]

On May 28 two Indians brought two letters to the fort. One was from Colonel H. A. G. Lee, in command of the volunteers. These forces had chased the Cayuses north of Snake River and so far out of the country that it seemed useless to pursue them farther, although the avengers had not captured and punished the murderers as they wished. Colonel Lee wrote: —

"When we found that it was not expedient to pursue the flying Indians farther, we halted. The question was asked: Shall we go back to the Willamette and leave the two mission families of Rev. Messrs. Walker and Eells? That could not be thought of. They could not look Americans in the face and

[1] Annual Report A. B. C. F. M., 1849, p. 203.

say: 'We have left two missionary families in the Indian country in these times.' Volunteers were asked for to bring away those families and sixty responded. Major Joseph Magone was placed in charge."

The other letter was from Major Magone, who stated that he would be at Tshimakain on Sunday, May 28, — the day the letter was received at Fort Colville, — ready to take them out "bag and baggage," provided it was best to go. On consultation it was thought best. Mr. Lewes had protected them when there was no other way, but now he was of the opinion it was best to go.

The next morning Messrs. Walker, Eells, and a son of Mr. Lewes went to Tshimakain, where they arrived before sunset — seventy miles. Consultation was had until the next day at noon. The Spokane Indians were decidedly opposed to their leaving. When the fleeing Cayuses had come towards their country the Spokanes had sent word that they must not come to their lands. The Cayuses replied: "We shall not regard what you say." Then the Spokanes had prepared to fight, though this did not prove necessary. Now they said they could protect the mission families. They were told that if these families should remain and mischief should befall them, their people might be involved in trouble. They said that if necessary they would take the families with them, even to where they

should dig roots. One Indian, opening his blanket. said he would protect them as a mother does her child under her blanket.

The gentlemen started on Tuesday afternoon for Colville, where they arrived Wednesday noon. By Thursday noon all were ready to leave, and they reached Tshimakain on Saturday. The opposition from the Spokanes, however, continued to be so strong that the missionaries changed their plans of remaining there over the Sabbath, crossed the Spokane that night, and spent the Sabbath on its south side. June 3, 1848, they said good-by to the station which had been the home of the adults for more than nine years, and the birthplace of the two children of Mr. Eells, and five of Mr. Walker. Good-by it was forever for most of them, Mr. Eells and his youngest son being the only ones of that number who have ever revisited it.

The following lines, written by Mrs. Mary Walker for her children, are very appropriately inserted here:

Tshimakain! Oh, how fine
Fruits and flowers abounding;
And the breeze through the trees
Life and health conferring.

And the rill, near the hill,
With its sparkling water;
Lowing herds and prancing steeds
Around it used to gather.

And the Sabbath was so quiet,
And the log-house chapel,
Where the Indians used to gather
In their robes and blankets.

Now it stands, alas! forsaken:
No one with the Bible
Comes to teach the tawny Skailu[1]
Of Kai-kó-len-só-tin.[2]

Other spots on earth may be
To other hearts as dear;
But not to me; the reason why
It was the place that bore me.

On the Sabbath there was a service in the forenoon for the whites, the families sitting upon bales, the soldiers on logs. Towards evening Indians came about, and Qual-qual-a-hive-tsa said: "We do not know when we shall hear you again. Will you not have a service for us?" It was held. The Scripture applied, "The people departed, sorrowing most of all that they might see our face no more."

That week took them to Dr. Whitman's station. Two Indians, out of affectionate regard, went with them to Snake River, and there Charles said to Mrs. Eells: "Our hearts weep to see you go, but we acquiesce." The next week took them to The Dalles. From this place Mr. Eells took the animals and went over the Cascade Mountains by the Barlow route to Oregon City, accompanied by the volunteers. The rest went

[1] People. [2] God.

down the river by water and reached Oregon City June 22. Mr. Eells arrived two days later, and all were ready to listen on the following Sabbath to the preaching of Rev. G. H. Atkinson, the first person sent by the American Home Missionary Society to Oregon. It was his first sermon at that place, he having arrived during that very week. Colonel Lee then declared the upper country closed to American settlers, as the government could not protect them. Thus it remained, until opened by military proclamation in 1859.

The missions of the American Board in Oregon were broken up. Could they be resumed? The only mission in regard to which there was any hope was that among the Spokanes. Hoping that the way would open for their return, Messrs. Walker and Eells did not formally sever their connection with the Board for five years.

The Indians were very anxious to have them return, and in 1851 journeyed four hundred and fifty miles to Oregon City to obtain teachers. Dr. Dart, superintendent of Indian affairs, did what he could to aid them, but after thoroughly weighing the matter neither Mr. Walker nor Mr. Eells could feel it his duty to return; for, first, there was no adequate protection at Tshimakain, and, second, the cost of resuming and sustaining operations was very great, owing largely to the high prices resulting from the discovery

of gold in California. Mr. Eells calculated that transportation would cost ten times as much as previously; indeed, procuring supplies would occupy so much time and strength that little would be left for missionary operations. Hence in 1855 their connection as missionaries with the Board was formally dissolved. "This step," wrote Mrs. Eells, "has been very trying to my feelings, but I have acquiesced in it, as not seeing any other way to do." Yet although thus outwardly released, their hearts were still in the work. Mr. Eells made visits to the Spokanes when he could, and Mrs. Eells as long as she lived prayed for "the aborigines of the country for whom they had labored."

To bring this whole subject together it may be well to anticipate and record later facts about these Indians and the results of the missionary work.

The Indians had been left by their teachers, and the question was, Would they return to their former practices? Instead of retrogression came advance. If not members of the visible church, — and not one had been thought fit for church membership, — some showed that they were members of the invisible one. Several, as if divinely called, took position as leaders and teachers. There were public Sabbath services and daily worship in their lodges. If the head man were absent, another took his place. If the praying men were all away, the praying women took their places.

Annually some of these Indians were accustomed to go to the Willamette, especially to Oregon City, the metropolis, for work. Their constancy and apparently devout manner of attendance on public worship were noticeable. They asked persistently to be supplied with religious teachers.

In the spring of 1850 or 1851, when about to return home, they asked with especial earnestness of Dr. A. G. Dart, superintendent of Indian affairs, for such teachers. He was expecting to visit their region, and when they knew this he said: "They would not leave without a promise that one of their former teachers would accompany me." Mr. Walker decided to do so.

Notwithstanding all the commotion about Tshimakain in the spring of 1848 the wheat had been sown in hope that it might be needed. When the missionaries left in June Mr. Eells gave the Indians the two sickles and they were instructed to cut it when it was ripe and put it in the barn, and if the missionaries did not return before the snow should fall, they might thresh and eat it. It was harvested, but the chief said it must be kept for the use of their teachers on their return. It was used in time of need for seed, but was replaced. When they expected Mr. Walker to visit them they carried it to Colville, had it ground, and brought it back for the use of the party.

Dr. Dart and Mr. Walker started according to expectation, but were overtaken by a messenger, who informed them that Dr. Dart was needed in southern Oregon to look after the Indians there, and the trip was necessarily abandoned. To the Indians this was a great disappointment.

In 1855 Mr. Eells was living near Hillsborough, Oregon. About that time the Colville mines were discovered. Among those who went was William H. Bennet, one of Mr. Eells' neighbors. When he and his party reached the Spokane River they at first found no way of crossing. Looking down the river they found some Indians, who assisted them. Mr. Bennet told them that he was acquainted with Messrs. Walker and Eells. Then the Indians' faces brightened and they worked with delight. After crossing it was time to eat. The whites said that since the Indians had been so kind they ought to ask the chief to eat with them. They did so. When they were seated the chief looked as if he were waiting for something, the white men could not tell what. When they had almost, or quite, begun eating the chief bowed his head and asked a blessing. The whites were rebuked. When one of them told Mr. Eells about it afterwards the narrator said: "Those Indians were better Christians than we were."

The Yakima war of 1855–56 followed, which

extended from Rogue River in southern Oregon to the Spokanes on the north; but with them it stopped. One of them made himself especially useful to the whites in the Indian attack on the Cascades.

In the war of 1858, which resulted in the defeat of Colonel E. J. Steptoe and the campaign of Colonel George Wright, the main body of the Spokanes were engaged, together with the Palouses, Yakimas, Cœur d'Alenes, and Pen d'Oreilles. When the Spokane council was held, in which it was decided to unite with the other hostiles, Big Star, the chief of that band, among whom missionary labor had been mainly spent, opposed it as long as he could. When the decision was made he drew off with his band, saying that he would not fight against the whites.[1] Kip, in his "Army Life on the Pacific," speaks twice of Big Star and says that he talked peace.

Major P. Lugenbeel was in command of Fort Colville, that is, the new United States fort, for years. He also acted as Indian agent. In 1861 he said to Mr. Eells: "Those Indians of yours are the best Indians I ever saw. I wish you would go back and resume missionary operations among them."

From 1860 to 1872 Mr. Eells was in the Walla Walla valley. In 1862 he revisited Tshimakain for the first time and spent a Sabbath there. A large number

[1] Eells' Indian Missions, p. 236.

came from within fifteen miles to meet him. Of that visit he says: "I made note of the evidence of increasing good fruits of mission work. Those who had experienced the saving power of the truth and Spirit of God were distinguishable. By word and deed they showed forth the praises of Him who had called them out of darkness into his wonderful light."

During the time he was at Walla Walla a number of them came to that region, especially to the Touchet and Walla Walla valleys, and worked for farmers. Many often attended the Congregational church at Walla Walla. They could not understand the services in English, yet they came to be present even at these, for they said that they liked to be there, as they knew that God was being talked about. After church they remained at Sabbath-school, where Mr. Eells gathered them into his class and taught them in Indian. This class varied in numbers, the highest being thirty-six.

A pamphlet called "Scripture Cuts," full of Bible pictures, was given to them during the early missionary period. It was very helpful in assisting them to remember the Bible. This they carefully preserved and often when they had an opportunity asked to have these pictures again explained. To help them to remember dates a simple chronological chart was

made, a long line representing a hundred years, a shorter one ten years, and a still shorter one a year. Thus the time from the creation to the deluge, to the time of Christ, and to the present dates could be illustrated. This was kept until May 21, 1868. The next day they were to leave Walla Walla. After a talk with ten of them at Sabbath-school until four o'clock Mr. Eells went home, six miles; but that evening three walked to his house for further instruction, and A-ma-mel-i-kan presented that paper, saying, "*Tem-e-walsh*" (It has come to pieces). By constant use it was literally worn out. A new one was prepared and given to them.

In 1872 Mr. Eells moved to Skokomish, on Puget Sound. Before this Rev. H. H. Spalding had returned to his work among the Nez Perces, and the years from 1871 to 1874 were his most successful ones there. When these Spokanes knew not where else to turn for instruction they applied to him. He went among them in 1874 and without organizing any church baptized two hundred and fifty-three. Over a hundred more were baptized after his death; not that these were all professing Christians, though many were. Another reason brought others to this step.

In 1871, when President Grant adopted the peace policy, the Spokanes were assigned to the Colville Agency, which was under the Catholics. There was

much effort to induce them to become Catholics, especially to be baptized. Some years previous a Catholic mission was established about forty miles above Tshimakain and a number of converts were made; but the Protestant portion would not accept Catholic teachings, and to save themselves from constant importunity by Catholics some who were not real Christians asked for and received baptism. When this was done that importunity ceased. Still many new ones became Christians, for Mr. Spalding had preached earnestly and had also some Nez Perce helpers, who assisted him.

At the Congregational Association of Oregon and Washington, held at Olympia, Deacon J. J. McFarland, of Salem, who as millwright had helped to build the first sawmill at Spokane Falls the year before, spoke of these Indians. Some of them encamped near that place and morning and evening had daily called the people together for worship and also for two public Sabbath services. William Three Mountains, or Auts-kai-ope-lea, was their leader.

Mr. Eells heard this; he heard something of Mr. Spalding's work, and he was drawn as by a magnet towards them. So on July 15, 1874, he left Skokomish on his horse Le Blau, crossed the Cascade Mountains, walking about one third of the way, the horse carrying his food and bedding. He went by

way of Walla Walla and Colfax. When across the Spokane River he saw a lodge of Indians; he said: "Do you know me?" "Yes! yes! Mr. Leels!" was the reply, for that was as correctly as they could pronounce his name.

Soon he met others, and it was arranged that he should hold services at Chewelah the following Sabbath. While one of them, called Abraham, was riding with him, he said: "I think the book of God is like a torchlight," this being used by them in the dark; an expression very nearly like the Scripture: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Two services were held on the Sabbath with these Indians, two more with the whites, and all within six hours. After this Mr. Eells went to Fort Colville to see the Indian agent, J. A. Simms, then came back to the Spokane River, where he conducted more services, and finally visited the embryo town of Spokane, where he met Rev. H. T. Cowley, their missionary and teacher. This mission had, in connection with that among the Nez Perces, been taken up by the Presbyterians, and they had recently sent Mr. Cowley there. It has since been continued by them. After that Mr. Eells returned in the same way to Skokomish.

In the summer of 1875 Mr. Eells made a similar trip, leaving Skokomish April 29, going on horseback

to the Columbia River, near Monticello, thence by steamer to Portland, and then again by steamer to The Dalles. From this place he went by land, preaching on the Sabbaths until he arrived at Old Fort Colville, ten miles north of the present town, and then started on his return. Both going and returning he spent considerable time with the Spokanes, holding twenty-four public services with them. Leaving his horse east of the Cascades he returned home from Wallula by steamer and cars by way of Portland, arriving at home August 27.

One Sabbath in connection with Mr. Cowley the Lord's Supper was administered. Three hundred and sixty persons were present at the services, the communicants numbering sixty. Mr. Eells says: "I made note of the propriety of language used in prayer."

Mr. Cowley said that at a late communion service one hundred and eight partook of the emblems of Christ's body and blood.

At that time he was requested to give the communion to an Indian dying with consumption. To questions with reference to his views and feelings his replies were intelligent and gratifying; his feelings were tender, tears flowed. He said: "I am a sinner, but it is to no purpose that I am a sinner, since there is One by whom we may live."

The change was noted by many. The date was noticeable. It was about 1864, sixteen years after the mission families had left, ten years before the great reviving under Mr. Spalding. From 1864 to 1883 he was an exemplary Christian, a "burning and shining light," earnest in his endeavor to elevate, civilize, Christianize his people. He was fearless and faithful. Then because he rebuked a drunken half-breed he was shot by the latter and died from the wound.

At the present time there are one hundred and twenty-nine of these Spokanes who are members of the Presbyterian Church. They are organized into two churches, one of which is at Chief Lot's settlement, about seven miles from Walker's Prairie, and the other is near the mouth of the Spokane. Each organization has a house of worship. Native Nez Perce ministers have preached to them mainly during the past five years.

It is at least certainly true, as Dr. Eells wrote in his centennial sketch of the Oregon missions of the American Board — even truer *now* than in 1876: "The earlier and the latter sowing of the seed of gospel truth among the Spokane Indians has produced abundant harvest."

Rev. L. H. Hallock, in his sermon at the funeral of Dr. Eells, said: "Old Indians gathered round him on his visit last September, and almost worshiped his

venerable form. With them beside a fallen tree he knelt in prayer, with them he ate a frugal meal upon which they had asked God's blessing, as he taught them long years ago, and with them he will sing in the eternal life unto which he has gone and they will come."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

1848–60.

MR. EELLS was now safe in the Willamette valley, but that valley in 1848 was very different from the same valley in 1893. A large population had indeed come since 1838; the first regular immigration arriving in 1842, the first with wagons in 1843. After that the immigrants came by the thousands; still the United States had not taken possession of the country in full. A provisional government, temporary until the United States should assume control, had been organized in 1843, and the territory was still under it. True, the treaty which settled the Oregon question had been made in June, 1846, but the question of slavery in the territories had delayed the organization of the territory of Oregon. On account of the Whitman massacre Colonel J. L. Meek had been sent to Washington early in 1848, but it was not until August 14 of that year that his efforts, with those of Judge J. Q. Thornton, were successful. Then the territory was organized, and General Joseph Lane was appointed governor. He arrived in Oregon in 1849.

The entire population, except a very few who had strayed to Puget Sound after 1845, was in the Willamette valley. There were five counties in all Oregon, Washington, and Idaho — Clackamas, Champoeg, Tualitin, Yamhill, and Polk — with a voting population of 1,306. Even in June, 1849, the census gave Oregon a population of only 9,083.

Portland, which now has a population of ninety thousand, had then one store, one wharf, and a few log houses. East Portland was abandoned as worthless about that time by Hon. D. Shelton, who had taken it as a donation claim. Even as late as 1850 Portland was known as "a place twelve miles below Oregon City." This latter place, known as the Willamette Falls, with five or six hundred people, was in 1848 the social, political, and commercial center of the whole region west of the Rocky Mountains, and its supremacy extended to San Francisco, then only a straggling adobe village.

Astoria, with half a dozen log houses, as many sheds, and a pigsty or two; Plymouth, at the mouth of the Willamette; Muttnomah and Robin's Nest, opposite Oregon City; and Salem, were the other towns of Oregon.[1]

The news of the discovery of gold in California,

[1] These are the ones mentioned by Thornton in his "Oregon and California."

which had been made in January, 1848, did not reach Oregon until the August after the missionaries had reached Oregon City. Money was very scarce, and wheat was the common currency.

There were three Congregational ministers in the valley besides Messrs. Walker and Eells: Rev. J. S. Griffin, who had come in 1839 as an independent missionary to the Indians, but had found the work impracticable and had settled near Hillsborough; Rev. Harvey Clark, who had arrived in 1840, with the same purpose as Mr. Griffin and with the same result, and had settled at Forest Grove; and Rev. G. H. Atkinson, whose arrival in 1848 has already been mentioned. There were also two Presbyterian missionaries, Rev. Lewis Thompson and Rev. H. H. Spalding; there were two Congregational churches west of the Rocky Mountains, one at Hillsborough, organized in 1842, Rev. J. S. Griffin, pastor; and one at Forest Grove, organized in 1845. The membership of both was probably not over twenty. The one at Oregon City had been organized in 1844, by Mr. Clark, but by vote of its members was Presbyterian. In 1849 it became Congregational. It then had a membership of seven. The only church building which all of these churches then had was a log house at Forest Grove, which was also used for a schoolhouse — for Pacific University in embryo.

The Beginnings of Pacific University.

This was the net total of Congregationalism west of the Rocky Mountains in June, 1848; in fact, all there was of it west of the Mississippi, with the exception of twenty-four churches in Iowa and one in Nebraska, unless a few had been organized which have since disbanded. When Mr. Eells left the Missouri for Oregon in April, 1838, there was not a Congregational church among the whites west of that river, the first one having been organized at Denmark, Iowa, the following May. The church among the Indians at the Santee Agency in Nebraska is the only existing one which dates its organization previous to that time, it having been organized in 1836. When Dr. Eells died there were 46 Congregational churches in Oregon with a membership of 2,962; 99 in Washington with a membership of 4,085; or 153, including 8 in Idaho, in the then Oregon, with 7,299 members; and 3,592 west of the Mississippi River, with a membership of 98,610. In fact, previous to 1825, the year of Mr. Eells' conversion, there was not a Congregational church west of Ohio, and of the 3,592 such churches which now exist west of New England only 63 date their organization before 1810, the year of Mr. Eells' birth, of which 53 are in New York, 7 in Ohio, 2 in Pennsylvania, and 1 in New Jersey.

On their arrival in the Willamette valley Mr. Eells went to the Aberqua to live until some employment

could be found. This was about fifteen miles north of Salem. The house was of logs with a puncheon floor, — that is, logs split in two and hewed on the split side, — without one article of furniture, and so filthy that Mrs. Eells wept when she saw its cheerless condition ; but, on account of the newness of the country, it was the best that could be had. Mrs. Eells, however, soon chased her tears away, went energetically to work, and cleansed it. One bale placed upon another and the bass viol box thereon formed a table. While there they had only a limited supply of utensils with which to keep house. Their largest dish was a tin wash basin, and in this Mrs. Eells made bread, washed dishes, hands, and the like. The largest kettle held about four quarts. In this she baked bread, covering it up in the ashes. They had neither bed, bedstead, nor chair, only simply their personal clothing and bedding, a few small tin dishes, half a dozen tin plates, knives, forks, and the like.

The Methodists, a few years previous, had begun the Oregon Institute at Salem, which had developed out of the Indian school of their early missions, and has since grown into Willamette University. After Mr. Eells had been at the Aberqua about four weeks Revs. J. H. Wilbur, William Roberts, and A. F. Waller, trustees of that institution, invited him to take charge of it for six months. As he was waiting

for further developments in the Indian country and had been a successful teacher in the East he thought it best to accept the offer. He went there in the fall of 1848, being engaged for six months. Mrs. Eells assisted in teaching.

"Here," says Rev. G. Hines in his "History of Oregon and its Institutions," "they exerted an excellent influence, and contributed much while they remained to give character and stability to the school."[1]

These were the hard times for the family. While they had been connected with the Board they had received no salary. Their expenses alone were paid. They had tried to be economical for its sake, and hence they found themselves with almost nothing.

About August, 1848, the news of the discovery of gold in California reached Oregon. Prices became very high and living very expensive. While at Salem it was often bread and molasses for breakfast, black New Orleans molasses at that, molasses and bread for dinner, and bread and molasses for supper. The Board finally gave them the personal property which they held for it, such as horses and mules, but it was fully a year after their arrival in the Willamette valley before they could live comfortably.

While they were teaching, the Congregationalists, mainly through the efforts of Rev. H. Clark and

[1] Page 228.

Rev. G. H. Atkinson, were laying the foundations of Tualitin Academy and Pacific University. The Congregational brethren thought that Mr. Eells ought to labor in his own denomination. They urged him to take charge of this school at Forest Grove, saying that it must go down unless he should do so. He finally consented, and in 1849 removed to that place, remaining there about two years. Mrs. Eells assisted in the schoolhouse one third of the time.

A school had been begun at this place by Mrs. Tabitha Brown as an orphan asylum. At the first annual meeting of the Congregational and Presbyterian Association, held at Oregon City, September, 1848, it had been voted to found an academy under their patronage, and it had been located at Forest Grove. It had absorbed the orphan asylum, which had grown to quite a size on account of the exit of a large number of men to the gold mines of California, whose children were left here. It was incorporated in 1849, as Tualitin Academy. April 4 of that year the school began under Mr. Eells in a log house twenty by thirty feet, and twelve feet high, with puncheon seats and desks. A log was split in two, the split side was hewed as smoothly as possible, one half being used for the seat, and the other half fastened to the wall as a desk. The floor also consisted of puncheons, but with large cracks between

them, one of them at least so large that the writer, then a small boy, was able to put his foot through. It had a batten door, and the logs were so cut away as to receive a few panes of glass for windows. Thus they helped to lay the foundations of what is now Pacific University. There were then about fifty scholars there.

Mr. Eells thought of preaching, but such was the condition of the country that, as Mrs. Eells wrote, "a common laboring man could obtain about twice as much for a day's work as an educated man could for teaching, and a minister must get his raiment by the sweat of his brow almost as much as if he had no calling. This was owing partly to the distance the people lived from each other, partly to the gold fever which took off a great proportion of all classes of men, and partly to the want of proper appreciation of the worth of education and ministerial labor." The only way in which he could have engaged directly in ministerial labor and have been supported was to enter the service of the American Home Missionary Society. But this would have necessitated severing his connection with the Board, and he was still waiting to see if that were wise.

Wages and prices at this time were about as follows: The men who built Tualitin Academy received from five to ten dollars a day. A mere boy could get three or four dollars a day. Cotton sheeting

was twenty or twenty-five cents a yard; inferior calico twenty-five cents; wheat in the field a dollar and a half a bushel; flour eight to ten dollars a hundred; potatoes three dollars a bushel; onions fifty cents a dozen; apples the same, and dried apples from sixty-two to seventy-five cents a pound. For teaching Mr. Eells received six dollars a scholar per term of three months, thus obtaining about six hundred dollars a year, and from it he gave during three years forty, fifty, and one hundred dollars a year for preaching. He also superintended a flourishing Sabbath-school of fifty scholars.

After he had taught nearly two years such difficulties arose that he resigned; but soon an earnest request came from Rev. J. S. Griffin to teach in his neighborhood, about eight miles from Forest Grove. Mr. Griffin had just completed a good schoolhouse, the best local schoolhouse in the region, and for several years a model for others built in the surrounding country. This invitation was accepted, and for four years that was the scene of his labors. In August, 1851, he moved into a part of Mr. Griffin's house and lived there for fifteen months. Then finding a donation claim of six hundred and forty acres for sale near by, and wishing a home of his own, he bought it for fifteen hundred dollars. This was his home for nearly five years.

In 1855 Mr. Eells received dismissal from the American Board. It had authorized him and Mr. Walker to return to Tshimakain if the way should seem open, without further correspondence, though they said they did not wish to *break* it open. It had urged Mr. Eells to go as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. He would have done so willingly had he been a few years younger, but he felt that at his age it was not wise to try to learn a new language. In the judgment of his ministerial brethren he could do more good by remaining in Oregon and laboring for the whites than by entering any foreign field.

Of spiritual privileges Mrs. Eells wrote, November, 1856: "I think we can truly say we hunger and thirst after righteousness, but we do not sit under the droppings of the sanctuary. There are many transient preachers, but very few places where a stated ministry is enjoyed. A large proportion of the people are from the Western States, and do not know the worth of a settled ministry. They somehow seem to feel that once a month is as often as they wish to hear any one man, be he ever so good a preacher."

Having taught in Mr. Griffin's schoolhouse for four years, he afterwards taught at Hillsborough, and in the North Tualitin plain for two years more. At the same time he preached, as he found opportunity,

within eight miles' radius, two, three, and sometimes four times a month. He rarely, however, received pay for so doing. For several years five dollars given him by Elder Weston, a Baptist minister, was all that he received for these services.

While thus engaged an earnest call came for him to return to Forest Grove as principal of Tualitin Academy. That school, rechartered in 1854, as Tualitin Academy and Pacific University, after various vicissitudes, felt that he could serve it better than any one else who could be obtained. He deemed it wise to accept the offer, and removed again to Forest Grove in 1857 and began teaching about November 1. The engagement was for three years, either party having the privilege of terminating by giving a few months' notice. The school received new life, and flourished more than it had for a long time. His relations with the professors were cordial, his church privileges abundant, and the family ever looked back to the place as in reality a home, because of the congeniality of spirit in those with whom they were associated; Mr. Walker and family, their old associates in the Indian work, President S. H. Marsh, and Professor H. Lyman being among them.

As a teacher Mr. Eells was considered quite strict, and very watchful even when his back was turned, so that his pupils sometimes said that he had eyes in the

Pacific University — Marsh Memorial Hall.

back of his head. On this point Miss S. I. Lyman gives the following in The Pacific: —

"Many incidents survive of Dr. Eells' teaching days. One I will relate which was told to me by the chief actor herself, a pupil in his school at Forest Grove. Said she: 'I remember how Mr. Eells got ahead of me once. We were required to write compositions every two weeks. As I was a fluent writer I was often called upon to get up compositions for the duller ones, all this being unknown to any one but myself and the one helped. I adapted my writing as far as possible to the supposed ability of the one I assisted, and so escaped detection. There was a very dull girl in the school, who really could not write an essay to save herself. She came to me for help, and I good-naturedly complied, writing as nearly as I could the way she would write, which was not very well. The time came and K—— arose to read her essay. She was about halfway through when Mr. Eells stopped her, and with that stern, measured voice said, "K——, did you write that composition?" "No, sir," said poor K—— in a trembling voice. "Who did write it?" "C—— M——," replied K——, pointing to me. "C—— M——! Well, you read your composition," said Mr. Eells, fixing his eyes on me. With burning face and faltering tongue I arose, and amid the laughter of my schoolmates read a

composition of very inferior quality. It is needless to say that I never ventured to help any one again to the extent of writing her compositions.'"

During this time the Congregational church was erected at that place, at a cost of about seven thousand dollars, the membership being forty. Before it was finished Mr. Eells had given nine hundred dollars, including the lots on which it stands. A debt remained. It was desired to dedicate it free of debt. The proposition was made to as many as felt inclined to pay this debt, according to the taxable property of each member. A few were ready, Mr. Eells being one of them; with what Mrs. Eells gave their total donation for the erection of this church was eleven hundred and fifty dollars.

Mrs. Eells also worked hard for the same object. The builder said that the pulpit ought to be furnished with sofa, carpet, plush velvet for a cushion, and trimming around the stand. He told Mrs. Eells that it would fall to her share to obtain this. Mr. Eells said that the purses had already been so severely taxed that he thought it would be hard to obtain the fifty dollars needed; for four men had already given about four thousand dollars for the building. Some said they must go without sofa and carpet; some said one thing, and some another. In two days' canvassing Mrs. Eells obtained thirty-two dollars from the

Pacific University. — Ladies' Hall.

ladies. Mr. Eells added ten more, and with her eldest son Mrs. Eells went to Portland, twenty-two miles distant, with provender for their horses and lunch for themselves for three days. Through rain and mud they traveled until they reached their destination. Mrs. Eells, almost fifty years old, was so tired she could hardly walk straight. The required articles were obtained for the forty-two dollars.

At this time Mrs. Eells desired deeply to lay the foundation of a professorship in Pacific University, and proposed to give fifty acres of her share of the donation claim near Hillborough for this purpose. Mr. Eells thought it might not be wise to divide the claim in the way it might be necessary to do were the fifty acres thus given. He took the land and gave a block in Forest Grove in its stead, worth at that time much more. It was so given that the income should not be used until, by compound interest, it should amount to enough to support a professorship. The property has been carefully handled, and at the time of Dr. Eells death it was worth about twelve thousand dollars. When given it was valued at five hundred dollars; in 1893, one fourth remained unsold and that was valued at about three thousand dollars.

CHAPTER VII.

WHITMAN SEMINARY.

1860–82.

He who plants, or aids in planting, a *Christian School of Learning*, may be sure that his agency shall yield beneficent fruits, ever more accumulating, till the knowledge of Christ shall be complete in the hearts of men. — HAMMOND.[1]

WHILE thus at work Mr. Eells felt as if the Willamette were not his home. His eyes continually turned east of the Cascade Mountains, a region to which he had given his life. The Yakima war had occurred in 1855–56; other troubles were quelled in 1858, and in 1859 a military proclamation opened the country to settlers. During all this time the American Board owned stations at Waiilatpu, Lapwai, and Tshimakain, and Messrs. Walker and Eells held a power of attorney to attend to its business with reference to these places. When the country was declared open Mr. Eells turned his eyes thither and in 1859 he made a vacation journey there, partly to attend to the interests of the Board and partly because his own wish drew him. At Walla Walla he visited the old mission station and the great grave which contained the remains

[1] Found on a Drury College map of Missouri, which was among Dr. Eells' papers after his death.

of Dr. Whitman, his wife, and nine others. Mr. Eells thought of all the work among the Indians and how it had terminated; he remembered what Dr. Whitman had done to save the country to the United States; the past, the then present, and the future came to mind. He afterwards said: "I believe that the power of the Highest came upon me."

He felt that something ought to be done in honor of the martyrs. However much he believed that a monument of stone ought to be erected, yet he felt that if Dr. Whitman were alive, he would prefer the monument to be a high school for the benefit of the youth of both sexes of the region. He had previously thought of this. Now by that grave he solemnly promised that he would do what he could for that object. He determined to move to the place.

While there he preached the first Protestant sermon utterred in Walla Walla City, and on his way home assisted Rev. W. A. Tenney in organizing the Congregational church at The Dalles, the first one east of the Cascade Mountains.

On reaching home he sought the advice of the Congregational Association. Its approval was given in these words: "In the judgment of this Association the contemplated purpose of Brother C. Eells to remove to Wai-i-lat-pu to establish a Christian school at that place, to be called the Whitman Seminary, in memory

of the noble deeds and great worth, and in fulfillment of the benevolent plans, of the lamented Dr. Whitman and wife; and his further purpose to act as a home missionary in the Walla Walla valley, meet our cordial approbation, and shall receive our earnest support."

Dr. Eells gave the necessary notice for the termination, about the first of March, 1860, of the agreement between himself and the Trustees of Tualitin Academy, about eight months previous to the end of his three years. He taught through the winter.

His hope was that while waiting and working for the seminary he might do ministerial work in the Walla Walla valley. Application was accordingly made to the American Home Missionary Society for a commission and support. But that society declined, stating that there were not funds to support so expensive a mission; that its business was to foster preaching and to build up churches, and not to build seminaries and colleges, and they must not do indirectly what they could not do directly.

Mrs. Eells said: "Are you not released from your obligation in view of that disappointment?" He replied: "I have not done what I can." He did not abandon the work, but he changed the plan. He saw no other means for the accomplishment of his object than to labor with his hands as Paul did, not at tent-making, but at corn-raising and farming. During the

winter of 1859–60, mainly through the efforts of Hon. J. C. Smith, at Mr. Eells' request, a charter was obtained for Whitman Seminary from the Washington Territorial Legislature. Mr. Eells had offered to the American Board a thousand dollars for its station at Waiilatpu, containing six hundred and forty acres, and the offer had been accepted.

Not having much money at hand, as he had given so much to assist in building the church at Forest Grove, he borrowed a yoke of oxen from Dr. William Geiger, and with his own span of horses and wagon he left home for Walla Walla, March 10, 1860, with his older son, then eighteen years of age. They went by steamer to The Dalles, and then hitching the horses ahead of the cattle to the wagon they went to Walla Walla overland, one hundred and seventy-five miles, hauling their farming implements and provisions for the summer. They reached their destination March 26.

In 1860 the Walla Walla region was very thinly populated.

The country had been organized in 1854 and included all Washington between the Cascade and Rocky Mountains, from the forty-sixth to the forty-ninth parallel, except Klikitat and a part of Skamania counties; but that organization availed nothing, as the region was too dangerous for whites. Then came the Yakima war of 1855–56 with the battle of

Walla Walla and Colonel Wright's campaign of 1858, by which the Indians had been so thoroughly conquered that the country was safe.

In January, 1859, county officers had been appointed and the organization took effect.

In 1859 and 1860 a few people, chiefly men with stock, had settled along the streams, though but very few had come to make permanent homes, as the land, except on the streams, was supposed to be worthless for agricultural purposes. There was too no market except at the garrison, as wheat would not pay the expense of raising and shipment. Neither were there any flour mills in running order; flour had to be brought from Portland or else ground by hand in large coffee mills. Walla Walla, which in 1892 had a population of about ten thousand, was then a small village with five families and about a hundred men. It had received its name only during the previous November.

Late in 1860 the gold mines of Orofino in Idaho were discovered, the next year those of Florence; then a great rush into this region occurred, and affairs assumed a different aspect.

The summer of 1860 was spent by Mr. Eells and son alone in a log house fourteen feet square with the ground for a floor, and dirt upon logs for a roof. They worked during the week, and on the

Sabbath Mr. Eells would generally go from five to ten miles and preach at different places in the valley. On one Sabbath while preaching in Walla Walla the noise of teams and freight wagons was so great that he had to suspend the services until they had passed.

That summer the Fourth of July was celebrated for the first time in that valley. Dr. Eells' account is as follows: —

"The Fourth of July, 1860, was approaching. Major Massey said: 'Ought we not to be a little patriotic? Should we not observe the Fourth of July?' That had never been done in the valley. I made no reply. After hearing him I thought it over and concluded to encourage the observance of that day. The following week I made a circuit of the neighborhood and spoke favorably in regard to its proper observance. Not long after as I returned from the field, with hoe in hand, Major Massey arrived at my house. 'You set the ball rolling,' said he, 'and now you must abide the consequences.' 'I beg your pardon,' said I; 'I did not set the ball rolling. I gave it impetus after it was started.'

"There had been a consultation and they agreed that I must be the orator. I was without books or paper, and to prepare a Fourth of July oration seemed to me not easily to be done. Further, my conveniences for writing were not favorable. I borrowed a book

and obtained paper. For a table I used a box three feet in length, eighteen or twenty inches high, and about that width, and for a chair sat upon a block. I wrote an address. Rev. H. H. Spalding was on the Touchet. He was invited to serve as chaplain. The location chosen was a little south of the line dividing Oregon and Washington, near the foot of the Blue Mountains. On the Fourth of July, 1860, a congregation assembled."

The summer's work, chiefly a crop of corn, brought over seven hundred dollars; enough to pay for nearly three fourths of the place. In the fall they returned to Forest Grove, where they wintered.

On December 17, 1860, occurred the first trustees' meeting of Whitman Seminary. The simple record in the journal of Mr. Eells is: "Messrs. Hatch and Atkinson arrived at night. A harmonious meeting of the trustees of Whitman Seminary." Mr. Hatch, however, was not a trustee. There and then the board was organized, and the seminary located at the Whitman Mission. Mr. Eells was chosen President of the board, a position he held until the close of his life, more than thirty-two years.

On account of the scattered condition of the trustees it was very difficult in early days to secure a quorum at any place. Of the original nine trustees two, James Craigie and John C. Smith, were residents

of the Walla Walla valley; Rev. W. A. Tenney was at The Dalles; Deacon E. S. Joslyn was at White Salmon on the Columbia River, about halfway between The Dalles and Cascades: Rev. G. H. Atkinson was at Oregon City, soon afterwards at Portland; Rev. H. H. Spalding at Brownsville, Oregon; Rev. E. Walker and Deacon E. S. Tanner at Forest Grove; and Mr. Eells all along the line from Forest Grove to Walla Walla.

It is not strange that Rev. P. B. Chamberlain, in his address on "The Early History of Whitman Seminary," June 3, 1888, when the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Eells was celebrated at Whitman College, in speaking of the residence of these trustees whose homes extended along three or four hundred miles of difficult and extensive travel, and of those early trustees' meetings said: "Surely no infant ever so sprawled in his most awkward attempts at creeping. The efforts to secure a meeting or even a quorum of a board thus scattered were often trying if not ludicrous. If one or two from here could be induced to go to The Dalles and the one at Portland meet them there with those residing there, a quorum could be secured. If some from The Dalles and some from Forest Grove could be convened at Portland, again a quorum was obtained. Or as a last resort one starting from here and picking up another at The Dalles

and still another at Portland and proceeding to Forest Grove with the two there, a quorum was the result."

In March, 1861, the family again separated as in 1860 for the season, Mrs. Eells and the younger son being left at Forest Grove. That fall Mr. Eells returned to that place, but left his older son to take care of the farm at Walla Walla. A good family, C. H. Adams, wife and five children, and another young man wintered there with him — eight in all — in a house fourteen feet square with the ground for the floor and a dirt roof. It was a severe winter. Snow lay on the ground from December to March; the mercury fell to 29° below zero; almost all cattle died; the ground floor in the house froze and thawed around the fire and made mud; water froze in the drinking cup on the table at meals between drinks; Mr. Eells' son and another young man slept in a large freight wagon all winter, never taking off their clothes for seventy-two nights.

In the spring of 1862 Mr. Eells again went to Walla Walla and on to Lewiston to look after the mission station at Lapwai in the interest of the American Board. Believing, however, that it was best for the whole family to be together, Mr. Eells went down the Columbia and out to Forest Grove for the family. Mrs. Eells yielded with regret. To others the arrangement likewise seemed regrettable,

Professor W. D. Lyman, in speaking of this event after Dr. Eells' death, says: "Well do I remember, though not more than eight years old, the departure of the Eells family for Walla Walla, then a mysterious, far-away region, haunted by savages and mixed up with glowing accounts of fabulous mines and gold bricks and rich diggings. The little town of Forest Grove was all astir with the great event of the departure of Father Eells for the 'upper country.' When everything was packed and ready — and I remember with what activity he hurried about here and there with his boxes and bundles — he looked about on the little company of tearful neighbors — men, women, and wondering children — all of whom had known what the privations of that pioneer life were, and in his slow, solemn manner called on several to lead in prayer and then to sing. It must have seemed to one old enough to understand it almost like the parting of Paul from his disciples when they sorrowed most of all because that they should see his face no more. And indeed it might almost have seemed the same to those from whom Father Eells was then parting. For the sanguinary records of Walla Walla, the deeds of blood that had before driven the missionaries out, made it seem to some of them almost like tempting Providence to go back so soon." [1]

[1] Whitman Collegian, March, 1893.

When they arrived at Walla Walla after a dusty wagon journey of one hundred and seventy-five miles, although a better log house had been built, still the conditions and outlook were anything but satisfactory to Mrs. Eells. She afterward said that if she could then have been permitted to return to Forest Grove, three hundred miles, she would have been tempted to make the journey on foot, yes, on her hands and knees. As long as she stayed there — ten years, from her fifty-seventh to her sixty-seventh year — the life, the lonely farm work, and the want of society were ever uncongenial to her. But her great object in remaining was to aid her husband in his work, for she had the same martyr heroism that he had. They stayed on and did the work which God had for them to do. It was such trials as these which our fathers and mothers have borne to plant Christian institutions in this land.

The way did open immediately for proceeding with Whitman Seminary. The valley was filling up with settlers. The first plan had been to build the Seminary at the Whitman Mission and have a small, retired, but moral, educated, and religious town grow up around it, leaving the bulk of business and population to go to Walla Walla, six miles distant. Mr. Eells could not at first easily give up this idea of having the school near the grave and the scene of the

MARCUS WHITMAN'S BURIAL LOT.

labors of Dr. Whitman. But as the country settled it seemed as if the original idea would not be the wisest plan.

As Mr. Eells had opportunity he continued preaching without recompense and aided in general educational work. He, however, sometimes felt that his abilities as a minister were small, for he realized that his want of ministerial study while busied in missions had prevented him from developing as he could have done had he been engaged in more direct ministerial work. Hence he thought that he could accomplish more by giving moral and pecuniary support to some abler minister than himself. Accordingly he gave largely to induce Rev. P. B. Chamberlain to go to Walla Walla in 1863. For several years he contributed a hundred dollars a year to support him and to build a church there. Himself, his wife, and his older son were three of the seven members of the church when it was organized, January 1, 1865. This was the first Congregational church in Washington Territory, although the territory had then been organized for nearly twelve years, and had a population of about seventeen thousand.[1] When Mr. Chamberlain visited Walla Walla to see whether it would be wise to locate there he was in doubt, but when he was met by Mr. Eells, whose field he half thought he was invading,

[1] In 1860, 11,594 and in 1870 23,955.

with such cordiality and the offer of a hundred dollars a year he decided to come.

Mr. Chamberlain built the first church with his own means, but on July 11, 1868, it was burned, and he was not able to rebuild it without help, nor was it right for him to do so. Consequently subscription papers were circulated, and before everything was finished Mr. Eells had given eight hundred and sixty dollars to it. It was dedicated October 25, 1868.

Those were the days of horse-stealing and vigilance committees, and Mr. Eells lived in their midst. In 1862, when moving to Walla Walla, his sons being with the horses about two miles from The Dalles, about midnight they were awakened by the barking of their dog, and a man rode up. When asked what he wanted, he said plainly that he was hunting horses. Undoubtedly he was, but he concluded that those were not the ones he wanted — just then.

During the summer of 1862 Mr. Eells put the horses in a yard every night and his sons slept by them until fall, when a stable was finished, where the horses could be locked up securely.

In the daytime Mr. Eells intended to keep his horses in sight when they were turned out for grass. One day they went out of sight into the bushes on Mill Creek. He started after them immediately, went where he had last seen them, then on the road, across

the creek, and through all the bushes to the open country beyond, listening for them as he went along. They were neither to be seen nor heard. Returning through the bushes he again listened and at last heard a little rustle, when he turned to the place and found them all and a man on one of them. He had managed to keep them very still when Mr. Eells first passed, and their noise was very slight as he returned. "Is — is this your horse?" said the man. Mr. Eells said it was. "That — that man sent me after them and said they were his," said the man. "What man?" said Mr. Eells; but the thief could not tell. In the meantime he slipped off and went away. Some said Mr. Eells would have done better if he had caught the man and lost the horse, rather than to have lost the man and saved the horse. But Mr. Eells was not armed and the thief motioned as if he were, and Mr. Eells was so glad to get the horses that when alone he did not think it best to make too much effort to capture the rascal.

The Vigilance Committee was at work during 1865 and 1866. Horse-stealing and similar crimes had become so rife that the people could bear no more. Mr. Eells was not a member of it, but only because he was too old. His oldest son was (his youngest son was away at school), and all knew that the father's sympathies were with the committee, for it seemed

that there was no safety in any other resource. Rev. Myron Eells, in "An Old Settler's Story" in The Tacoma Ledger,[1] gives the following items: —

"The first man — a horse thief — was shot in April, 1865, on our place across the Walla Walla River, not much more than half a mile from our house. His name was Sanders. He lived about two miles from us. I heard the shots, but thought nothing of them until afterward when he was found in the bushes. It seemed hard, as he left a family, but he was undoubtedly very guilty, and his brothers-in-law, who were members of the Vigilance Committee, took care to see that their sister did not suffer. The captain, as was supposed, of the whole organization, William Courtney, lived about two miles from us; in fact, we were surrounded by vigilantes, and they were good, brave, determined men. They waited for the law to do what it ought to until long after patience ceased to be a virtue, and then they went to work. The courts would sometimes convict, but the blacklegs elected the sheriff, and if it were winter and the rascals had nothing to live on, they would stay till spring and get out; but if it were summer, they would stay a few weeks in jail and then say good-by. For a time it seemed doubtful whether the vigilantes would win or not, for there were about four hundred on each side, and the blacklegs had

[1] Weekly Ledger, August 12, 1892.

spies among the vigilantes; but after a time a new organization was made by them of men who could be trusted, and they quietly went to work, took one man out of bed and hanged him, then hanged six or eight more, and soon about seventy-five of the worst blacklegs left the valley and it became safe for honest men to walk the streets of Walla Walla in daylight, which had not been the case for some time previous.

"The next summer my brother and I slept with a loaded shotgun on one side of our bed and a loaded revolver under our heads. I well remember the last man that was hanged. It was after my return home. He came to the house and wanted to stay all night, saying that he had been there about the time of the Whitman massacre. My brother was away at that time and father had to go soon after he came, for he had engaged to deliver an address that evening some six miles distant. Only mother and I were left. While I was attending to the chores I gave him some lectures about the massacre, which had been recently delivered by Rev. H. H. Spalding, and he read them. At night we had a long talk about the massacre, for I hoped to get some new items about it, but I learned nothing except what was in those lectures. At night I gave him my room and bed and went upstairs to sleep, but first — I never knew why, except on general

principles, for I did not then mistrust him to be a thief — I went in, locked my trunk, and also took my revolver, leaving, however, the belt and a sheath knife in the belt. The next morning after breakfast I went off to take care of some horses.

"The man went into the room and stayed some time, as my mother told me, and then left before I returned. While I was gone I began to think, and wondered if there were anything there that he could steal, and could think of nothing he would probably take except that knife. As soon as I went home I went and looked to see if it were there, but it was gone, although the belt was left. I missed nothing more until Sunday, when I found that he had taken a silk handkerchief from my Sunday coat. I was lucky to lose so little. I afterward learned that previous to this he had had a row in a camp, stolen some things and burned the camp, and that soon after he stayed with us the vigilantes ordered him to leave the valley, but he would not do so. Then they marched him out, but in a short time he was back again, and the next thing that was known about him was that he was found hanged. He was believed to be a spy, sent by the blacklegs to see whether it were safe for them to return or not. They found it was not."

In November, 1864, the proper time arrived to go forward with the seminary. The original idea of

having it at the Whitman mission was abandoned from force of circumstances, and it was relocated "at or near the city of Walla Walla."

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, in the address already referred to, gives this description of the work: —

"Five years thus passed after the school was chartered before it was permanently located, and even then it was 'only on paper,' if not 'a castle in the air,' for as yet it had no abiding place, no settled habitation. Having broadly located it 'at or near the city of Walla Walla,' then commenced a wearisome, perplexing struggle to find a desirable and obtainable site; for, being only beggars forced to secure grounds as a donation, we could not summarily take our pick according to our real preference. Several different locations came up for consideration and were carefully canvassed by the trustees.

"One was where Judge Lasater's residence now stands and another on Second Street where is now the wood yard. All of these sites were then vacant and desirable, but in each case there were found to be peculiar difficulties involved. Some conditions weighed against the first. The second was upon A. B. Roberts' homestead claim, having still some years to run, and hence at the time could not be deeded to the trustees. The third was upon the claim of Mr. Shauble, whose wife was for some years

mentally disqualified to affix her signature to any legal document. On all sides, therefore, circumstances were adverse; and after almost unlimited planning, waiting, working, possibly worrying, all of these sites were abandoned and the present location finally decided upon and formally adopted in May, 1866. Seven years were thus consumed in sticking the first stake of Whitman Seminary."

This location of four acres was donated by Dr. D. S. Baker, on certain conditions. The gift was afterwards increased to six acres, and the title made secure. Steps were immediately taken to erect a building twenty by forty-six feet, two stories high. It was built during the summer, and so far finished in the fall that the following posters were billed through the town: —

DEDICATION
OF
WHITMAN SEMINARY

On Saturday, October 13, at 1 P.M.

The public are invited to attend.

Rev. P. B. Chamberlain delivered the address. He spoke of monuments in general; that the most ancient were quite rude, but were followed by those of high architectural skill. Of late years, he said, the useful had been combined with the ornamental, as was seen

in the many halls which were being built in the eastern states in honor of our brave soldiers who had fallen in battle. Two things, he said, were necessary for the erection of monuments: past history and permanent population. This valley had the former in the life and labors of Dr. Whitman, and the success of the present enterprise gave proof that many of the settlers intended this valley to be their permanent home.

He then sketched the life and labors of Dr. Whitman and his trip East in the dead of winter. Next he gave his ideas of the free school system, which he favored very strongly even to compulsory education; but the seminary, he added, was a place where those who wished might obtain more knowledge, a step between the common schools and college. He divided education into three parts: that which makes us to be all we can be; to do all we can do; and to enjoy all we can enjoy, physically, intellectually, and morally, dwelling particularly on the cultivation of those faculties which are capable of enjoying the beautiful. He closed by congratulating Mr. Eells for his tireless labors and in seeing his hopes so far completed.

The Walla Walla Statesman of October 19, 1866, also said: "The trustees express their gratitude to the Rev. Mr. Eells for the spirit of benevolence which he has manifested and for his zealous efforts for the ultimate establishment of a respectable educational

institution in the valley, to be reared and perpetuated in memory of Doctor Whitman, who sacrificed his life in the early settlement of this country."

The school began October 15 with Rev. P. B. Chamberlain as principal and Misses M. A. Hodgdon and E. W. Sylvester as assistants. The next March Mr. Chamberlain resigned. Mr. Eells had hoped that his days of teaching were over, but no other suitable teacher could be found. It seemed as if the school must be suspended unless he took charge. April 1, 1867, he assumed control, with the same assistants. He remained in this position until June, 1869.

In the meantime, June, 1867, he had been elected school superintendent for Walla Walla County, then embracing all that is now contained in Walla Walla, Columbia, Asotin, and Garfield counties, with nearly as much more on the east side of the Columbia River. The region was nearly as large as Massachusetts. Some of the school districts were twenty miles long. His ideas were that the common school and the higher Christian institution were not antagonistic, but in harmony, the former furnishing students and the latter furnishing teachers. Hence he labored for both at the same time.

It was severe and strength-taxing toil for him to board at home, six miles distant, or to board himself

at the Seminary, teach school five consecutive days, spend his Saturdays largely in attending to the county school business and his vacations in visiting schools. Yet he did the latter so faithfully that the county commissioners willingly raised his salary from twenty-five dollars a year, his predecessor's pay, to five hundred dollars, the highest legal limit.

For two years he served the county in this manner, and for more than two years he served the Seminary as its principal; but the work was too hard for a man of nearly sixty. His family too had changed. When he began teaching in the Seminary his younger son was taking care of the farm and his older one was teaching a district school. But in the summer of 1868 the younger one had gone to Connecticut to study for the ministry, and the older one had taken his place. But the latter was not satisfied to make that his life work and wished to go to Puget Sound and read law. It seemed as if some one must look after the property. Certainly some one must stay with Mrs. Eells; hence he resigned as principal of the Seminary in June, 1869, and finally withdrew from teaching. Soon after, in August, his older son left for Seattle, and never made Walla Walla his home afterwards, and Mr. and Mrs. Eells were alone, except as they had hired help.

When the Seminary was dedicated in 1866 it had

quite a debt. The cost had exceeded expectations; not all the subscriptions had been paid, and on loans the trustees were paying from one to two per cent interest a month. Mr. Eells had given the Seminary one half the Whitman mission claim of six hundred and forty acres. To pay the debt the trustees had offered this for two thousand dollars, but there was no purchaser. As president of the Board, Mr. Eells had signed all the notes. With such interest financial ruin was staring the institution in the face. It seemed as if the building must soon be sold to pay the debt. Accordingly he went to work to pay those debts. Besides his work in teaching and as superintendent of schools, he farmed, raised stock, sold cord wood, peddled chickens, eggs and the like, and Mrs. Eells, though past fifty-seven, made four hundred pounds of butter, until she said, "I can do so no longer." She was then told to make only so much as was necessary for family use. The proceeds went to pay the debt.

It is hence not strange that William Barrows, D.D., in an article entitled "A Day with a Veteran Forty-five Years in Oregon," said: "As the doctor gave the details, I could not but remember the pecks of corn, and pewter plates and Hebrew Bibles and salt cups and sheep on which Harvard College started. Quincy, in his history of Harvard, wrote at the same time with

surprising accuracy and prophecy of the humble, heroic beginnings of Whitman College, and of Carleton too, and some others, growing to be so noble: 'The poor emigrant, struggling for subsistence, almost houseless, in a manner defenseless, is giving according to his means toward establishing for learning a resting place and for science a fixed habitation on the borders of the wilderness.'"[1]

Nor was it strange that, when Dr. Eells related some of these incidents, at the annual meeting of the American Home Missionary Society at Saratoga in June, 1884, one old gentleman in one of the front seats rose with great eagerness and called for those contribution boxes again, saying, "I want to give that man something;" and so a hundred dollars came for the institution; or that The Congregationalist said that "Mother Eells' churn, with which she made that four hundred pounds of butter, ought to be kept for an honored place in the cabinet of Whitman College."

When Mr. Eells had obtained all these notes, which with accumulated interest amounted to $2,900, he offered to surrender them to the trustees for the land, which had been in the market for two years at two thousand dollars without a purchaser. This was done. Some one, however, made the remark that he would make a good thing out of it. He thought within him-

[1] New York Evangelist, April 3, 1884.

self: "What a pity that somebody else had not sense enough to perceive that they could make a good thing out of it!" and he also said: "I will gag that person, and thus I will do it; whatever shall be the *increase* in the value of that property the school shall have the benefit of it." When he sold the place in 1872 for eight thousand dollars another thousand went to the institution.

From 1869 to 1872 they lived at home on the Whitman mission. On May 28, 1872, in some way, never yet satisfactorily accounted for, their house caught fire about three o'clock in the afternoon, although there had been no fire in it since noon, and after unavailing efforts to save it, it was consumed with the greater part of its contents. Mrs. Eells then said: "We can leave now; we have nothing to leave." They did so. Their older son, who had been appointed Indian agent at Skokomish, on Puget Sound, having seen a notice of the fire, hastened to Walla Walla and took his mother home.

Mr. Eells sold his place for eight thousand dollars, giving a thousand to Whitman Seminary and another thousand to the American Education Society, as a thank offering for its aid to him while obtaining his education. He stayed a little longer to settle his affairs, took a trip to Boisé City, Idaho, to visit his younger son, who was preaching there, then returned

and went across the Cascade Mountains with his horse to Puget Sound, and before winter was with his wife at Skokomish, and their life at Walla Walla was at an end.

After Mr. Eells' departure the Seminary had a very precarious existence for a number of years. Sometimes there was no school in the building. Mr. Eells sometimes felt as if all that he had done might be lost. Still he prayed for it, and gave it the best advice he could. The other trustees never took an important step without consulting him. From 1872 to 1880 no records of the trustees were kept: for they, feeling unable to pay good teachers, adopted the policy of allowing any teacher of standing to use the building for maintaining a school at his own risk and responsibility.

After Mr. Eells' resignation in 1869, the following is a brief sketch of the Seminary and its teachers until 1882: —

During the year 1869–70 the institution was closed. Professor W. W. Freeman taught in 1870–71, about seven eighths of the academic year; Rev. P. B. Chamberlain, 1871–72, about three fourths of the school year; Rev. D. E. Jennings, assisted by his wife, a brief time; Professor Crawford, one season, twenty-five weeks; Miss Simpson, one season, twenty-five weeks; Professor William Marriner, two seasons;

Professor W. K. Grim, two seasons; Professor H. Lyman, succeeded by his son, Professor W. D. Lyman, one season, they being assisted by Rev. H. S. Lyman and Miss Sarah I. Lyman; Professor J. W. Brock, one season; Professor Rodgers, a short season; Professor William Marriner, a very short season, followed by a suspension for two years; Rev. E. R. Beach, assisted by his wife and Miss Gustin, about two thirds of a season, 1881–82.

During these years matters often looked very dark for the Seminary. There was no endowment fund to assure salaries for teachers, and it was impossible for those who taught to carry it on steadily and successfully for the receipts from tuition.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHITMAN COLLEGE.

1882–93.

AT this point it may be advisable to anticipate, and to give an account of Dr. Eells' further labors for the college.

In 1880 Dr. G. H. Atkinson, one of the trustees, while conferring with the officers of the American College and Educational Society in Boston, secured a promise that this institution should be placed on its list as the college in Washington Territory to obtain its patronage as soon as it could fulfill the required conditions of the society as to collegiate classes and the like.

President A. J. Anderson, then at the head of the Washington Territory University, at Seattle, one of the successful educators of the coast, was obtained as its president, his services beginning in September, 1882; forty of the leading citizens of Walla Walla guaranteed three thousand dollars for three years for the salaries of teachers, should funds be needed after all tuition fees were paid; and the institution took a

step forward. In May, 1883, it was formally adopted by the College Society; and in November of the same year the charter was changed by the legislature to allow it to become a college and to exempt its property from taxation.

From 1882 until 1891 Dr. Anderson remained president. His relations with Dr. Eells were very cordial, nor could Dr. Eells reconcile himself to the resignation of President Anderson at that time, for they worked together hand in hand and heart to heart, each putting his whole soul into the work. In 1885 he wrote to Dr. Anderson: "According to my ability I have a grateful appreciation of the service performed by yourself as president of Whitman Seminary and College. The arduousness of the duties incident to the trying position I but partially comprehend. I would that befitting tribute be paid to the voluntary and unpaid service performed by yourself in connection with the erection of the College Hall and Ladies' Hall; also, of Mr. Anderson in the latter. At no former date in your work in Walla Walla have I placed a higher estimate upon your ability, devotion, and efficiency than at the present time. I cordially commend you to the favor of Him whose resources are infinite."

Soon, however, it became evident that more money must be obtained, and that from the East. No college

can succeed without an endowment. Dr. William Barrows, of Massachusetts, a good writer, a firm friend of the college and of Dr. Whitman's work, which he had highly extolled in his "Oregon," was chosen financial agent, and others aided, but they obtained little money.

In June, 1883, with the cordial approval of the College Society, the trustees informally selected Dr. Atkinson to go East as its agent; but as he was then superintendent of Home Missions for Oregon and Washington, he said to Dr. Eells: "I cannot be spared so long; but if you will go with me, I think that we two can do as much or more in six months as one can in twelve months." Dr. Eells could not decline. Dr. Atkinson added, however, that he must obtain the consent of the society at New York and this would require time. Accordingly, the two were elected by the trustees, although one trustee did not vote for Dr. Eells, believing him to be too old, for he was in his seventy-fourth year, and his sons felt that it would be too much for him to do the work, and especially to meet the rebuffs which he would necessarily encounter. At Cheney, in September following, Dr. Atkinson and Dr. Eells met again, and Dr. Eells said: "I do not feel able to go; you, Dr. Atkinson, go on this fall, and I will, if able, expect to meet you in the spring." He had previously planned to obtain

Rev. N. F. Cobleigh to go in his place, but that arrangement had proved impracticable.

"That night," Dr. Eells says, "I went to my lodging and ascended the ladder to my sleeping apartments. I lay down upon my straw bed and slept. I awoke. Heaven and earth seemed to me to be not far apart. Lying upon my back, such were my views and feelings that I almost involuntarily reached up my hands to take hold on God. I took hold on Almighty strength. As spirit communicates with spirit, I believe the divine will was made known unto me. I was required to go East in behalf of Whitman College." The next morning he made known his change of views and feelings to Dr. Atkinson, who heartily approved.

It was then planned that Dr. Eells should go to Detroit, Mich., and attend the Annual Meeting of the American Board, because he had been its missionary, and then proceed to Concord, N. H., to the National Council of the Congregational churches. There he was to meet Dr. Atkinson, both of them being delegates to that body.

Accordingly, on September 25, he left his home at Cheney and went East for the first time in forty-five years. He attended the meeting of the Board, which began October 2, and reached Concord October 11. These gatherings and other similar ones during his

WHITMAN SEMINARY. WHITMAN COLLEGE.

eastern visit he highly enjoyed, as he had been deprived of them nearly all his life. His journal often speaks of them as of a high order, rich in intellectual and spiritual privileges. He was elected assistant moderator of the council. His own idea of this honor is thus expressed : —

"At the organization of the council I was almost stupefied with amazement. To no purpose I made request that my name be withdrawn ; it increased unanimity in the performance of an inexplicable purpose." The Pacific of San Francisco spoke thus of the event : "The brother who seems to have been most appreciated at the late meeting of the National Council was the Rev. Cushing Eells, of Washington Territory. We are accustomed to pay, here in California, some special deference and reverence to the few ministers among us who are able to be called pioneers of thirty-four years' standing. But in what we are thinking of as the New North are pioneers who have seen forty-five years of active service. A man who has worked for that length of time without even a visit to his old eastern home might naturally be excused for taking advantage of the Northern Pacific Railway to look in upon the National Council. It was fitting that he should be one of the moderators and be called with cheers the 'John the Baptist of the Home Missionary Society!'"

One untoward occurrence, however, greatly surprised and disappointed him. This was a letter from Dr. Atkinson, stating that he could not come in October and perhaps not in November. In fact circumstances were such that he did not go at all. Dr. Atkinson had left New England ten years after Dr. Eells, had made several trips back, and so was far more familiar with the people and everything necessary for success, and was nine years younger. Dr. Eells had expected that Dr. Atkinson would be the leader. This disappointment was almost greater than he could bear. He wrote: "To me it is inexplicable. My inquiring thought is: 'Will a benevolent Mind be willing that crushing burdens be placed upon myself?' I have thought that uncomplainingly I could give my life if thereby the essential prosperity of Whitman College could be assured. Maybe this is my infirmity. 'In God we trust.'" A little later he wrote to Dr. Atkinson: "My disappointment in the failure to see you at Concord was seemingly as great as I felt able to bear! This repetition [that Dr. Atkinson could not go at all] is more stunning. It is, however, so manifestly by divine ordering that murmuring must be excluded. Reverently I use the words of another: 'It is just like God.'"

His older son wrote: "Father, give up the undertaking. Do not try to perform it alone." Still he did

not give up. He believed that he had been commissioned by his Maker to perform the work, and he was obedient to the heavenly vision.

He often spoke of this year of soliciting funds as by far the hardest year of his life. To be a public beggar was very unpleasant; to meet rebuffs from Christians was more so; but unkind treatment from pastors was most severe of all. Perhaps nothing will so well give an idea of his feelings and trials as a few extracts from his journal and from letters to his sons: —

"October 9. On awaking my eyes rested upon a card, upon which was printed Isaiah 41 : 10: 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' The words afford me support and comfort."

"November 13. I may be invigorated — I may be nearing the end of my earthly work. I am resigned to either. My thought is, O Lord, 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.'"

"November 18. Though very unwell, I hope in God — trust the divine promises. I have an humbling sense of my unworthiness and frailty. My understanding is that by the Word and Spirit I am encouraged to hope — to believe that I am approved in my work and shall succeed."

"December 10. Whether a delusion or a rational faith, I believe that according to the divine purpose Whitman College will be a glorious success. This is inspired in part by a review of the past. Its inception, its embarrassments, its slow progress, its narrow escapes from failure are just like God. Not long ago my eyes rested upon 2 Chronicles 14 : 11 : 'And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God; let not man prevail against thee.' It opened up to me with new and precious interest. Slowly I repeat the words. I try to grasp their import; to measure their meaning. To me in my present condition their meaning is a perfect fit."

"January 12, 1884. Regarding my work, hope and fear alternate. With all the power of my being I address myself unto prayer."

"January 19. Another week is passed. Seemingly I have accomplished but little. To human view the prospect that I shall obtain pecuniary aid for Whitman College is not encouraging. To the eye of faith there is hope."

"March 1. Work and solicitude in behalf of Whitman College are painfully trying. The thought

is suggested that this may be suffering for Christ's sake. If so, then it may be endured in the spirit of those who rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name. I had hoped to have received a pecuniary donation, but did not. Appearances are discouraging. My faith in God continues."

"March 2. I plead trustfully in behalf of Whitman College. To human view prospects are not bright. A living faith in the divine Word may surmount all difficulties."

"March 30. I have painful solicitude in regard to Whitman College. I pray for its trustees, instructors, pupils, their parents and guardians, its pecuniary supporters and friends, also the community surrounding it, that in every essential feature it may be a success — that in intellectual and moral power it may be colossal. O God of wisdom, knowledge, and might, be pleased to impart to the trustees jointly and severally sound judgment, a coöperative spirit, unfailing energy, and enduring efficiency. May the teachers have comprehensive apprehension of the momentous responsibility of their several positions. With high and holy purpose, hearty consecration, prevailing prayer, and indomitable energy, may they joyously perform their daily work. Give them discretion in the arrangement of plan and executive ability in its execution. Incline the pupils to be courteous,

docile, progressive in self-control, growing in benevolence of disposition and loveliness of character. Grant the inspiration of laudable ambition to excel in the attainment of intellectual culture, knowledge, mental and moral power, and, to crown all, an unchanging purpose to be loyal to truth and duty."

"August 10. During waking moments in the early morning the words were in my mind: 'He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.' I accepted their presentation as the work of the Holy Spirit. My response was: 'Fulfill thy word.' There was pervasive expectation, if not faith, to believe that my toil and suffering for Whitman Seminary and College would be vindicated."

"August 25. On a review of my experience and work since September 18, 1883, I am persuaded that I have been obedient. I have erred in judgment, suffered keenly on account of unkind treatment, largely by pastors, been buffeted by Satan, and in a measure frustrated. In presence of the universe I appeal to the all-knowing One. Thou, Jehovah of hosts, knowest that in integrity and uprightness, with singleness of purpose, I have endeavored to do thy will, according to my understanding of that will. My zeal to subserve the best interests of Whitman College has been sincere, ardent. I have not conferred with flesh and blood. Such has been the intensity of my

devotion that thereby my judgment has been warped. In view of such convictions I exercise a calm trust. I look to a righteous God and ask for a full vindication of my faithfulness. I make request, that, supplemented by his infinite compassion, its efficiency may be satisfactory."

"September 15. On October 6, 1883, I passed East. I am to-day returning West on the same road. The intervening period has been one of earnest work, severe trial, and repeated disappointment. There have been new experiences of divine discipline. Scripture has been opened in a manner before unknown. New views of truth have been afforded. I judge that the work I have done is important."

"October 23. Without ceasing I plead in behalf of Whitman College. I ask that Jehovah will befriend it. To human view pecuniary aid is greatly needed. I think of other gifts of richer value. A cordially united board of trustees, intelligent, earnest workers in its behalf are indispensable; also, a corps of teachers endowed with lofty conceptions of the grandeur of their position and of the possibilities resultant therefrom. Radical improvement of immortal powers demands profound study. To aid in their proportionate culture should be highly satisfying. To train successfully the youthful mind, to inspire it with a hearty purpose to serve its Maker and its generation is

more than satisfying. The idea of adorning, beautifying imperishable powers may well enkindle holy enthusiasm. In the enlightenment of the debased, moral ideas have been specially uplifting. The Christian quality of schools thus distinguished has been productive of the best results. The more thoroughly the doctrines of revealed religion become incorporated into the intellect of students, the better every way. The more complete the Christian culture by teachers of pupils of Whitman College the nearer will the school exemplify the ideal of the original conception thereof."

Notwithstanding all trials he was reasonably successful — far more so than many of his best friends had expected. The officers of the College Society aided him as much as they could. Some persons were as kind as they could be, so that on October 18 he wrote from Boston: "Next to the burden of responsibility inseparable from my special work is the burden of kindness shown me;" and on October 27, when in Hartford at the Theological Seminary, from which he had graduated, he wrote: "I am amazed at the abounding mercy of God. The consideration with which I am treated exceeds my conscious deserts. O Lord, I am all unworthiness, but humbly ask that like success may attend my efforts in behalf of Whitman College."

Mrs. S. C. Warren, the daughter of his old pastor,

Dorus Clarke, D.D., with her husband, S. D. Warren, gave a thousand dollars as a memorial for her father. Hon. Frederick Billings, formerly president of the North Pacific Railroad, gave another thousand; an unknown friend in Cleveland, Ohio, sent another thousand; fifteen hundred were received from the estate of Frederick Marquand, of New York; Deacon Ezra Farnsworth and W. O. Grover, both of Boston, each gave a thousand; old friends of his, Deacon William Hyde and his sister-in-law, Miss Sarah Sage, of Ware, together gave eight hundred; David Whitcomb, of Worcester, gave five hundred, and others in smaller sums down to a "feeble friend," who gave fifty cents. The sums amounted to over twelve thousand dollars.

His reception by Hon. Frederick Billings was among the pleasant events. He had called one day and made his statements. Mr. Billings took them into consideration and asked him to call again. He did so. Dr. Eells says, "By Mr. and Mrs. Billings I was condescendingly heard;" after which Mr. Billings said: "I shall do more than I intended." Subsequently he drew his check for a thousand dollars. Accompanying it was the statement: "Allow me to say that I enjoyed very much your call yesterday, and was exceedingly interested in the glimpses that you gave of your long and eventful life."

Dr. Eells did not, however, obtain as much as he

had hoped. In consequence thereof, July 2 he wrote: "In view of the failure to obtain what in my judgment is greatly needed, I propose to make a new will, whereby all my property, except what is given to relatives, shall be applied to Whitman College. I regard the pecuniary needs of the five Congregational societies,[1] to each of which I have willed a thousand dollars, to be less urgent than those of Whitman College; therefore I shall, if permitted, make a new will corresponding thereto." This will had been made previous to his going East, and after his return he changed it as intended.

Among the incidental pleasures were the meeting with a number of his acquaintances of 1825–38 and the making of many new ones, so that after his return to Washington he read the eastern newspapers with new interest; the privilege of conducting the funeral services of his old pastor, Dr. Dorus Clarke; attendance at the annual meeting of the American Missionary Association at Brooklyn; the May anniversaries of the Congregational societies at Boston; and of the Massachusetts Indian Association in the same city; the meeting with Senator H. L. Dawes to confer on Indian affairs; attending commencement at Williams

[1] The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Home Missionary Society, the American Missionary Association, the College and Education Society, and the Congregational Church Building Society.

College and the anniversary of Hartford Theological Seminary, his Alma Maters; of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance at Hartford, and of the American Home Missionary Society at Saratoga.

His meetings too with his kinsfolk were most enjoyable. Some of them he had previously seen, but most of them never. He found them at Easthampton, Springfield, South Franklin, Holden, and Worcester, Mass.; Windham, Conn.; Oxford, Ohio, and Champaign, Ill. There was quite a reunion at the residence of Mr. J. F. Finch at Easthampton, Mrs. Finch being his niece. Just before leaving Massachusetts he baptized their youngest daughter. His only living brother came from Illinois to meet him. Together they wandered over their native hills and playground at Blandford, and visited their mother's grave; and at Blandford he preached the sermon which he had preached there in October, 1837. He wrote from that place: "Hallowed associations and kind treatment caused rich enjoyment. The atmosphere was invigorating. Such privileges are like unto oases on life's journey. Inexpressible emotion was excited in view of evidence that special prayer in behalf of an individual offered fifty-one years ago had been answered during three generations."

He might have remained East longer, for the secretaries of the College Society gave him the privilege of

the field for another year, but he could no longer endure the strain. He wrote after his return to Washington: "In weariness and painfulness I toiled till strength failed. More than once I sank beneath the load. From exhaustion I narrowly escaped serious consequences." He turned homeward in September, 1884, visiting relatives and resting on the way. November 17 he stepped off the cars at his home at Cheney, from which he had been absent nearly fourteen months. During all this time Dr. Eells paid his own expenses, not wishing to take anything for this purpose from what was given in the East. These amounted to over eight hundred dollars.

About the same time a new college building was erected at a cost of about fifteen thousand dollars, the old one being changed into a ladies' hall at an expense of about seven thousand. For money for the latter work Mrs. N. F. Cobleigh went East, obtaining about sixty-five hundred dollars. The college building was largely paid for by the people of Walla Walla. Dr. Eells gave the institution another thousand dollars at this time.

After this Dr. Eells attended the commencements regularly, and it was often remarked how much he enjoyed the exercises as he sat on the platform.

At the commencement in 1888 the fiftieth anniversary of his coming to the coast was celebrated. His

old friend, Mrs. Mary R. Walker, of Forest Grove, made the journey there, the first time she had been east of the Cascade Mountains for forty years, since they had fled from the Indian country. Dr. G. H. Atkinson was present. Rev. Myron Eells delivered the commencement address, an historical paper on "The Hand of God in the History of the Pacific Coast," and the oldest grandchild, Miss Ida M. Eells, in behalf of the ten grandchildren, came forward with a gift of ten dollars, some of which had been earned by cutting cord wood, to which Dr. Eells promised to add two hundred and fifty as soon as other children not over seventeen years old should increase the original sum to two hundred and fifty dollars. Dr. Atkinson gave five hundred dollars, President Anderson five hundred, and Dr. Eells a thousand more. This was to begin a Missionary Memorial Scholarship Fund, the income of which is to pay the tuition, in whole or in part, of needy, worthy students.

In 1890 a very spirited discussion arose in regard to the denominational relations of the college. When the institution was adopted by the College Society it entered into the agreement with that society which it makes with all colleges aided by it. One article of this contract is that while the college must not be under the control of the State, neither must it be under the control of any presbytery, synod, association, conference,

convention, or other ecclesiastical body, though an additional item was inserted that a majority of the trustees must always be evangelical Congregationalists. But when an appeal was made to the Congregationalists of the State for support some of them were afraid that the college might drift from its moorings. Accordingly the next year a further agreement was made with the society, according to which the president of the college and a majority of its trustees must ever be Congregationalists; else all the money that the college had previously obtained and should obtain through the society should revert to it. The trustees adopted, as one clause of their constitution, an article requesting the Congregational Association of Washington to nominate one third of the trustees, that is, to nominate three persons at each time for one third of the vacancies, one of whom the trustees pledged themselves to elect. This satisfied the churches so that they felt willing to support the college. It satisfied Dr. Eells too.

A few more college entries from his journal may be interesting: —

"May 11, 1885. Day and night I cry for self and favor for Whitman College. With strong desire I importune 'Will the Lord cast off forever?' This is my infirmity. 'I will remember thy works . . . of old.'"

"April 15, 1889. I plead for mercy in behalf of Whitman College."

WHITMAN COLLEGE — LADIES' HALL.

"May 24, 1890. The needs of Whitman College cause serious thought. My conviction has been that in my early and continuous efforts in its behalf I was obedient to what I believed to be the Divine Will."

"June 11. At intervals during the night was exercised in prayer for Whitman College. I am persuaded that my prayers are prevailing."

"April 15, 1891. To myself it seems that the words 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee' must apply with reference to my efforts in behalf of Whitman College. I am afraid that I claim too much. O Lord, do not I desire to be submissive?"

"April 22. In agony I pray for Whitman College."

"May 24. During much of the night I was exercised in prayer in behalf of Whitman College. The promises of the divine Word seem appropriate for myself. If I understand correctly, I may plead them in opposition to all who oppose, in opposition to all discouraging circumstances, in opposition to all opinions of men."

"October 2. Dreamed about Whitman College; awoke; was exercised in wrestling prayer for the college. It seemed the agony was so great that body and spirit would part."

Four times he thus speaks about it in his dreams.

"November 20, 1892. Earnestly I pray for Whitman College. My feelings are changeable."

That is the last entry about the institution, though he often said: "I could die for Whitman College."

In 1891 Rev. J. F. Eaton was elected president and established the Cushing Eells lecture course. Dr. Eells was able to be present at one commencement, June, 1892, under the new president, and that was his last visit to Walla Walla. Before another commencement he had gone to join Dr. Whitman, Mrs. Eells, Fathers Spalding and Walker, and the Saviour for whom he had labored so long.

It was on account of his earlier labors for this college that in 1883, at the suggestion of Dr. Atkinson, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Pacific University.

CHAPTER IX.

HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

1872–81.

"I AM not a home missionary," said Dr. Eells at the annual meeting of the American Home Missionary Society in June, 1884. "I never have been one exactly. You shall decide whether it has been my fault." He then went on to speak of his home missionary work.

If being a home missionary means being under the American Home Missionary Society, or any similar one, then Dr. Eells never was one. The nearest he ever came to being a home missionary was when he made application to become one at the time he wished to go to Walla Walla in 1860 to lay the foundation of Whitman Seminary, and was refused. But if being a home missionary means working for weak churches in our own land, so weak that they are not able to support their pastor and must have help from outside sources, then Dr. Eells was one. He was a self-supporting home missionary, a Home Missionary Society supporting himself, a Church Building Society,

a College Society, and also, for a time, a missionary of the American Missionary Association, as well as that Association itself while at Skokomish.

Dr. Eells came to Puget Sound in 1872, and first looked on the salt water belonging to the Pacific Ocean after he had been on the coast for thirty-four years.

But Puget Sound at that time was largely an unsettled country. Those who lived in its region then are now its pioneers. There was not a railroad, the nearest being a short branch of the line between Portland and Tacoma, which extended from Kalama north about twenty-five miles to Pumphrey's, but ran no passenger train over that distance. The remainder of the road was a stage route to Olympia. Mrs. Eells came that way; her husband came across the Cascade Mountains with his horse.

Seattle, which boasts now of sixty thousand people, taken as donation claims in 1852 and laid out as a town the next year, had, in nineteen years, by a very slow growth, secured about twelve hundred inhabitants.[1] Tacoma with her fifty thousand was not then even selected as the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, this not having been done until the next year. In 1880 it had only seven hundred and twenty inhabitants. Kalama, having previously had a boom

[1] In 1870 it had 1,107, and in 1875 1,512 population.

because there the first grading of the railroad had been done, had suffered from a reaction, and had been dubbed Kalamity.

The entire region in the state west of the Cascade Mountains, which in 1892 had a population of 270,-245, had then about 20,000;[1] and the twelve counties bordering on Puget Sound which in 1892 had 221,725 inhabitants had then about 13,000.[2] Thurston County had in 1870 the most population of any bordering on the Sound, having 2,246 people, 126 more than King County including Seattle, and 835 more than Pierce County including Tacoma.

Mason County, where Dr. Eells went, with its school children now numbering 896 in twenty-seven districts, then had only forty-seven such children, sixteen of whom were on Hood Canal, and four school districts. Being in the backwoods, Mason County has had a slow growth compared with that of many of the neighboring counties.

Nor was the region growing rapidly; for while its counties from 1870 to 1880 about doubled their population, those east of the Cascade Mountains increased theirs more than fivefold, from 6,928 to 36,015.

The whole country was still in expectancy. Old settlers wondered whether the Chinook word *alke*,

[1] 17,059 in 1870 and 34,499 in 1880.
[2] 10, 919 in 1870 and 21,515 in 1880.

meaning "soon," on the territorial seal by the side of the railroads, really would be fulfilled in their day.

There was only one Congregational church on the Sound, that of Seattle, organized in 1870, having as late as June, 1873, only twenty-three members. The one at Olympia was not organized until 1873 and that of Tacoma until 1874, and then the latter was organized in a tent with five members. In Seattle and Tacoma, at both of which cities funeral services were held for Dr. Eells, and where at the time of his death there were ten Congregational churches with 1,443 members, there was in 1872 one church with not over twenty members.

There were two Congregational ministers in the same region, Rev. J. F. Damon at Seattle and Rev. C. A. Huntington at Olympia. That was all of Congregationalism in Washington west of the Cascade Mountains, where fifty-six churches having 2,736 members and forty-eight ministers existed when Dr. Eells entered the church above.

When Dr. Eells removed to Mason County his sons hoped that he would rest, thinking that he needed to do so now that he was a dozen years on the shady side of fifty and had led so laborious a life. But he was too habituated to active life to allow himself to stop; nor did it agree with his health to shut himself up in his room and study day after day. When he

was fifty-seven a friend saw him mount a wild colt and said: "Mr. Eells will find it very hard to grow old." It was true at this time. The next year and nine months he spent on the Skokomish Reservation, again at work among the Indians, yet not confined to them, as he often preached to the whites from ten to thirty miles distant, at Oakland, Kamilchie, Meed Bay, and Olympia, aiding the small, struggling Congregational church at the latter place with money as well as by preaching. His older son had been appointed Indian agent at Skokomish in 1871 under President Grant's peace policy. A Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting had been established the same year and some sermons read by the employés. But the first sermon preached was by Dr. Eells, October 6, 1872. A council house, to be used as a church, was erected in 1874 by the government.

As the outcome of his labors at Skokomish, and that of the other whites on the reservation, a church was organized, June 23, 1874, and Dr. Eells was chosen pastor, a position he retained nearly two years. As this agency had been assigned to the American Missionary Association, under President Grant's policy, he was now its missionary; but as he supported himself he was an association itself. One circumstance, however, troubled him in his work with the Indians: he was too old to learn a new language and

he could not reconcile himself to talking through an interpreter. He thought that this work should be in younger hands.

Previous to the organization of the church he had heard of the remarkable work of grace among the Spokane Indians, under Rev. H. H. Spalding, his former fellow worker and the veteran missionary among the Nez Perces, and under Rev. H. T. Cowley. It was largely too the result of the labors of himself and Mr. Walker between 1838 and 1848. Leaving the work at Skokomish in the hands of his younger son, who had gone there on a visit in June, 1874, he made the journey over the Cascade Mountains to the Spokane country, and in 1875 went there again. The story is narrated in Chapter V.

That year he left his faithful horse, Le Blond (French for sorrel horse), east of the mountains, where he remained until 1888. The horse was born at Walla Walla in 1869. He is first mentioned in his master's journal March 9, 1871. He carried his master three times across the Cascade Mountains, and was his traveling companion from 1874 to 1888 east of the mountains, where he was known almost as far as his master was.

The spring of 1875 brought the seventieth birthday of Mrs. Eells. On the evening of May 26 her friends assembled at the residence of her older son

to congratulate her. Among them were both her sons and their families. Several hymns were sung, including two of her life-loved ones, beginning: —

"God is the refuge of his saints,"

to the tune of Malvern, and

"While thee I seek, protecting power."

to the tune of Brattle Street. Remarks were made by Dr. R. H. Lansdale, congratulating her on her birth and education in Massachusetts; her work among the Spokane Indians, and the recent ripening of the seed then sown; on her social relations, her husband and sons — one being an Indian agent, and the other a missionary among the Indians, and on her arrival at the age of threescore and ten. In her reply she stated that she had made a public profession of religion when thirteen, and that she had never regretted becoming a Christian when so young, as it had been the means of saving her from much temptation and trouble.

Portions of some of her old letters, already given, were read, which were written before the age of envelopes, and which had the old-fashioned "SHIP" stamped on them, and 22 for postage. The good old age of several of the members of the mission

of which she had been a member was remarked, Rev. H. H. Spalding, who had died the year previous, having been seventy-one, and the six others then being between sixty-five and seventy, Mrs. Eells being the oldest. The doxology was sung, Deacon W. Wright led in prayer, the benediction was pronounced, and thus closed an "Interesting Occasion," as it was called by the newspapers. It was somewhat of an impromptu affair, yet one which all present enjoyed, and which the older of her daughters-in-law said she would not have had omitted for anything.

Mr. Eells spent the winter with his family, but received a call to preach the next summer mainly to the whites in the Colville valley. Hence in April, 1876, he resigned his pastorate at Skokomish and labored during the summer as requested, spending some of the intervening weeks and an occasional Sabbath with the Spokane Indians.

That year he was invited to deliver a Fourth of July address at Colville. As it was the centennial year, 1876, the oration was expected to be largely an historical sketch of the valley. Partly from public records, partly from the reminiscences of early settlers, and partly from his own recollection it was prepared. That was the first Fourth of July celebration in the Colville valley. One man, John A. Simms, Indian agent, was present, who had been present when he

delivered the first similar address in the Walla Walla valley sixteen years before.

On his way to Colville he was also asked to prepare an historical sketch of the Walla Walla valley and to read it at their Fourth of July celebration; but as he expected to be in the Colville valley, two hundred and fifty miles distant, he felt unable to make the journey. Hence he prepared the paper and sent it to the celebration, where it was read; and afterwards it was printed.

During the summer of 1876 Mrs. Eells made her last journey to Forest Grove and Hillsborough, in company with her younger son, a visit which she enjoyed very much, as she met with many of her acquaintances of the early days of Oregon. While on a visit at the house of Rev. J. S. Griffin, near Hillsborough, June 9, it was found that eleven grown persons were present, six of whom were pioneers of the country, and the other five were their children. The united age of the six pioneers was 413 years; namely, Rev. E. Walker, aged 70; his wife, 65; Mrs. H. H. Spalding, 68; Mrs. C. Eells, 71; Rev. J. S. Griffin, 68, and his wife, 71. All of these had been missionaries on this coast, and all but Mrs. Spalding, second wife of Rev. H. H. Spalding, had come to the coast previous to 1840, and she had come twenty-four years previous. They had not all met before for about twenty-three years.

Three of the grandchildren of the third generation were also present. The older ladies had a prayer-meeting by themselves as in olden time, and the visit closed with four short prayers, all of the grown persons being professing Christians.

As Mr. Eells traveled over eastern Washington, and saw it filling rapidly with settlers, on account of the interest awakened by the Northern Pacific Railroad, he felt that something must be done for them religiously. True, Puget Sound was also growing. But he was drawn to the eastern part as irresistibly as iron by a magnet. When at Skokomish he made trips through Mason County, into Thurston County, into the rich Chehalis valley, and through Pierce County, and up and down the Puyallup valley, one of the richest in western Washington. Here too were all his children and grandchildren, and his wife, now past threescore and ten, little able to move again. But all these did not attract him as did the eastern part of the State. There had been his first home in Washington, his work among the Indians from 1838 to 1848; there his Indians were still; this had been the scene of his work in memory of Dr. Whitman from 1860 to 1872; and there was his child, Whitman Seminary; there were many of his friends; there he felt at home. It was as difficult to transplant him in old age as to transplant a fruit tree. He planned to

leave everything west of the mountains, except the faithful, loyal, noble helpmeet, who even at seventy was willing to go if Providence favored the undertaking, and to go north of Snake River. Though his Indians were cared for by others; though there was no call to return to the Colville valley, nor any call to any church, he waited for no such calls, for there was not a Congregational church north of Snake River, or even east of the Columbia, except at Walla Walla, where P. B. Chamberlain was pastor. He proposed to call a church; to hunt the scattered sheep and gather them into a fold; to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.

True, the country was not thickly settled. Spokane, now with its thirty thousand inhabitants, had in 1874, when he first visited it after it was laid out as a town (though he had visited the place thirty or more years before), only two women; and for many years afterwards had in Cheney a strong rival, and in 1880 could boast of only about a hundred people. The whole country north of Snake River and east of the Columbia in Washington formed but two counties; that of Whitman, including mainly what is now Whitman, Franklin, and Adams; and that of Stevens, including what is now Stevens, Spokane, Lincoln, and Douglas, and also reaching across the Columbia and taking in Okanogan. The entire district, which

in 1892 had a population of 77,971, had in 1876 only 2,434. There was no railroad. Not until 1883 was the last spike on the Northern Pacific driven. But there was a certainty that it would be built through that region; hence a few had gone there, among them quite a number of Dr. Eells' old acquaintances in the Walla Walla valley.

In early days he often spoke of the rich Palouse country, and so he turned his steps in 1877 to its center, Colfax. August 9, 1874, while passing from Colville to Skokomish, he had preached his first sermon there, the first *preaching* from a Congregational minister in that town. On his trips between the same places in 1875 and 1876 he had stopped some weeks in Whitman County. There had been talk of organizing a church. The first person to speak of it was Mrs. M. R. Stephens, who with her mother, Mrs. Renshaw, were the only known Congregationalists in the region, they having been members of the church at Walla Walla. By 1877 there was evidence that the time had come to organize. Dr. Atkinson was asked to assist. Before he arrived the Presbyterians had proposed to organize, and it was unwise for both denominations to do so. Dr. Eells was in doubt. On the Thursday previous he went out of the place to look for Dr. Atkinson's arrival. As he sat under a pine tree he spread the case before the Lord. During

the summers of 1874–77 he had talked and worked for this organization. Now it seemed as if it might not be best. He felt partly willing that such should be the case, for a great responsibility would be taken from him. He had found at Colville that Rev. H. T. Cowley was supplying the region. So Dr. Eells felt as if his work north of Snake River might soon be closed. When Dr. Atkinson arrived there was considerable consultation. Friday evening it was decided to go forward, though Dr. Eells preferred not to be present, but retired to his room and asked the great Head of the Church to decide, and then slept, calmly, quietly, restfully. On the following Sabbath, July 8, 1877, ten persons entered into the organization. There was evidence of the power of the Spirit. Dr. Eells was chosen pastor, and occupied the position for four years.

That was the first Congregational church north of Snake River, and in his judgment all similar churches in that region are its outgrowth. He felt that the words were applicable: "There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."

He remained at Colfax until November, when he returned to Skokomish and spent the winter with his wife and children. He could not, however, forget his church. Besides a union prayer-meeting in Colfax

on Wednesday evening, the Congregational church there had established a small meeting on Friday evening for its own benefit, and often on Friday evenings while Dr. Eells was at Skokomish he was accustomed to write a letter to some member of the church to be read at those meetings. The following extracts from letters dated December 14 and 21, 1878, are here given: —

"This is Friday evening. I am specially reminded of seasons of rare interest which were enjoyed by Plymouth Church at Colfax, while I was there. More than four weeks have passed since from the eminence on the south I turned and looked upon the village and ejaculated heavenward in behalf of its inhabitants. There is but one record, and that not accessible by mortals, of the inquiring thoughts I have had regarding those in Whitman County whose kind attentions have excited within me emotions of gratitude and joy. I cherish an abiding interest in the welfare of those for whom I have labored in the Lord. Congregations addressed, personal conversations had are distinctly recalled, accompanied with fervent prayer to Him who giveth increase. The ever-present One understands all. I conceive Plymouth Church as forming a sacred enclosure — the members being the enclosing fence, hedge, or wall. If abounding in love, walking circumspectly, cherishing a spirit without guile, abiding

in Christ and he in them, the wall is entire, impregnable. But if one fail, then there is an opening for the entrance of the enemy. God is my record, how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ. And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment, that ye may approve things that are excellent, that ye may be sincere and without offense till the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God."

"The return of Friday evening reminds me of the precious circle at Colfax with whom it was my privilege to meet on this evening of the week. If by riding several miles I could be with them to-night, I should be inclined to do so. Possibly the fact that the gratification of such desire is impossible should check the indulgence thereof. The Master does not require us to attempt to perform impossibilities. 'Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.' According to my understanding it is clearly duty for me to be at this place at this time, therefore I ought cheerfully to accept the conviction and submissively yield to its power. It is accepted according to that a man hath. Our separation imposes no restraint to prayer. The distance intervening between us does not diminish aught of pen, ink,

or paper. If the instrumentalities named shall be faithfully employed, we may mutually become bearers of each other's burdens and helpers of each other's joy."

The following two letters of sympathy written the same winter are also given, for although they have no reference to the church at Colfax, yet they show that he was acting the pastor wherever he could, when he could not be with his church.

The first was dated January 21, 1878, and was written to Dr. D. S. Baker and wife, of Walla Walla, on the death of two children within four days of each other: —

"I take the liberty to do myself the mournful pleasure of expressing sincere sympathy in your double bereavement. Possibly the words which I have used are not strictly correct, rather that I fail to realize their fullness of meaning. You are aware that I have not had experience like to that with which you have of late been exercised. I am unable to appreciate the reality of the void thus made in your family circle.

"Possibly in your lone thoughts has been this: namely, that yourselves were not aware of the strength of attachment to the loved objects which have recently been removed from your sight. I transcribe from J. Cook's Lectures, page 182: 'Gentlemen, there is more

than one soul here besides mine sad with unspeakable bereavement. There are eyes here besides mine which weary the heavens with beseeching glances for one vision of faces snatched from us in fiery chariots of pain.' In a sense, that which has a tendency to revive sorrow may be unwelcome, yet it is said that there is an unwillingness to be divorced from sorrow, an unwillingness to forget those, the remembrance of whom causes pain. There is a great truth contained in the words 'O comfortable sorrows!' There are occasions when old expressions have a freshness of meaning, such as 'Sanctified afflictions are choice mercies.' I may repeat only that with which you are familiar, when I suggest, your dear departed children have been taken from the evil to come. Parents and friends will not again experience pain in witnessing their sufferings — will not again hear their utterance, 'I am sick.' Their battle for life has ceased. They rest. The storms of the world will not disturb their slumber. Evil communications will not corrupt, the strife of tongues will not annoy them. By the bed of the dying, by the grave of the dear departed the true idea of human probation is invested with large importance. A cordial acceptance of revealed truth is then of unspeakable importance."

The other letter, dated January 29, 1878, was to the wife of his brother John, of Oxford, Ohio, who

had been an invalid for more than twenty years from an injury of the spine: —

"If permitted to walk into your residence, I think I should enter the room in which you recline, with exercise of hallowed emotions. In a sense clouds and darkness encompass yourself and your children. In a thick cloud the Lord descended upon Mount Sinai. Cloud and fire were the visible insignia of the divine presence. In your case, though they be less visible, are they less real? The fiery trials through which you have been passing these many years are doubtless under the control of Infinite wisdom and beneficence. The three Hebrew children in the furnace heated sevenfold were not unattended. The form of the fourth was visible. To you, in the furnace, the presence of the invisible is that of the Son of God. Such companionship may render any situation bearable, comfortable, enjoyable. In the crucible the dross is purged, the tin is taken away. 'And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God.'

"I conceive of your experience as far in advance of most of your fellows. The blessedness of the pure is abundant compensation for the pain endured

in the process of separating impurities. Do weariness and pain compel you to ask: 'Why am I a target pierced with the devil's darts? Am I a sinner above others?' 'Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.' In the revolving cycles of the long future there will be a completely satisfactory solution of the, to yourself, dark language of divine discipline. I suggest there may be a reversing of relationships. Your solitariness and sorrow may be exchanged for the occupancy and enjoyment of a choice selection in the mansions and society of our Father's house. Possibly you will be preferred to an honorable position: to the performance of a distinguished part in the oratorio of heaven: in a spiritual concert of the combined worlds and all their inhabitants in the presence of their Creator. But, leaving conjecture for certainty, if your name is written in heaven, in this rejoice. 'For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' 'For we walk by faith, not by sight.'

"Enclosed please note evidence that ten dollars await your application for the same. Please accept the small gift as indication of sympathizing regard. You and yours are commended to the divine compassion."

On March 5, 1878, the fortieth anniversary of his

marriage was celebrated at the residence of their older son. All of their children and grandchildren were present, ten in number, except one son, who was called away on official business. The figures "1838–1878" were placed in an appropriate position in the room and a copy of the original marriage certificate taken from the Holden (Mass.) book of records was read. The evening was occupied chiefly with remarks and singing. During the evening it was said that it is a common remark that ministers' and deacons' children were the worst children, but that it did not seem to be true in the present case, as ministers and deacons entered very largely into the ancestry of Dr. and Mrs. Eells. Much was also said about their ancestry, and extracts from old sermons and letters of different members of the family during the last century were read. Favorite hymns of the aged couple were sung, as: —

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on."
"While thee I seek, protecting power."
"From Greenland's icy mountains."
"Silently the shades of evening."

It had been a common remark of Dr. Eells that with his staff he came to this country, but that now he had become two bands (Gen. 32 : 10). During the evening those two bands presented Dr. and Mrs.

Eells with a gold ring and a set of Potter's Complete Bible Encyclopædia in three volumes.

In the spring of 1878 he went again to Colfax, but soon thought it best for his wife to be associated with him there in his labors. Providence thought otherwise. June 15 he returned with the intention of taking her with him. On May 31 she had been attacked with pleurisy — her last sickness. Telegrams were immediately sent to Dr. Eells, but failed to reach him. He did not learn of her sickness until he was within ten miles of home. Instead of removing to Colfax she removed to heaven. In a measure she recovered from the attack, but her constitution was not strong enough to rally. A cough, too, which she had had since eighteen years old, now troubled her very much. This sickness continued for seventy days, yet during that time patience and submission to God and towards others, with faith and grace, were marked traits. The following quotations from her funeral sermon give some incidents of her sickness: —

"When her husband returned from Colfax he said: 'This is a different meeting from what we expected.' She replied: 'How gentle God's commands!' More than once she had spoken of death as a 'passing over, passing over.' That was all there was of death — a passing over the river. When asked whether she wished to live or die, to go to Colfax or not, she repeatedly

said: 'I do not wish to decide.' Once, in regard to the anticipated removal to Colfax, she said: 'I prayed that God would decide it for me, and I think he has done so.' 'I would like to do something for you,' was said to her one day. She replied: 'It is too late.' 'I would like to do something to comfort you,' was said again. 'I am comforted,' she said; 'Jesus is mine, and I shall *soon* go to him, I guess.' When a funeral took place among the Indians the difference was spoken of between her own condition and that of the deceased. 'I hope in Christ,' she replied. At another time she repeated the words, 'Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are,' and said, 'Pray for this.' She was then asked: 'Do you think this a dying bed?' 'I do,' she said; but afterwards added: 'It is not dying *now*, but I think I cannot get well.' 'Does he make it soft?' was then asked. 'Is it *not* soft be to resigned?' she replied. At one time she thought she was going, and said: 'Pray for me.' When asked, 'What shall I pray for?' she replied, 'Faith, patience, and grace.'

"True, she has not said very much while sick, for she has not been able to converse much; but she has said these things, and I think that any one who has been with her has noticed that she had faith, patience, and grace. Her prayer was answered, and while not saying much she has lived these graces while passing

through the valley of the shadow of death. Patience for others' convenience and for God; submission to the will of others and to Christ's will—she has by *not* speaking, and by *not* acting, but by lying still, spoken and acted these more plainly than words could express them.

"Thirty years ago, in writing to her mother, she said, in speaking of death, 'How much we shall have to praise the Redeemer for, if we shall be permitted to meet at his right hand!'"

She died August 9, 1878, at the age of seventy-three. Funeral services were held at Skokomish, the sermon being preached by her son, as there was no other minister within thirty miles. His text was Acts 7:60, "He fell asleep;" for her death had been simply going to sleep — the breath growing shorter and shorter without any apparent pain until she woke in glory. At the close of the service Dr. Eells stood by the coffin and wished to say one word to the audience. It was "Gratitude." Then turning to her he said: "We hope to meet again."

The word Gratitude meant gratitude because he had enjoyed her society so long and because he hoped to meet her again. The remains were then taken to Seattle, where services were held in the Congregational church, the sermon being preached by Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D.D., from 2 Corinthians 5:1. She was buried in the cemetery near that place.

Soon after the death of Mrs. Eells, Dr. Eells returned to Colfax, there to live, with the exception of an annual visit to Skokomish.

Before her death plans had been made for erecting a church building at Colfax. At first the proposition was made to the church that if it would allow other churches to use the building half the time, they would coöperate in building it. In accordance with that plan subscriptions were made. But to Dr. Eells this was injudicious. He believed that the Congregational Church would have to do the greater part of the work, and would have the church but half the time. After consultation the plan was abandoned. Then Dr. Eells said that he would give as much as all the members for the erection of a building, not to exceed a thousand dollars. J. A. Perkins gave five hundred dollars, the rest five hundred. It was a great effort, and some had to borrow money. When finished the cost was over two thousand. The money was all furnished by the church, then increased to thirteen members, and its pastor, except about fifty dollars.

It was a small band, but "those charter members were a host. They were influential and highly esteemed. They were small in number, but earnest, active, efficient." Dr. Eells also paid a hundred dollars for the lots, a hundred more for the organ, three hundred and eleven for its bell, hangings, and

transportation, and for hymn books, Bible, extra work, and the like, enough to make, in all, sixteen hundred dollars. The building was thirty by sixty feet, begun in 1878, but not finished so as to be dedicated until September 7, 1879. Dr. Eells offered the dedicatory prayer, and it was dedicated free of debt.

Dr. Eells prayed as well as worked for this church. In his journal are the following items in respect to this : —

"August 10, 1877. Have spent hours in prayer."

"November 9. The last church prayer-meeting which I shall attend at present. O God, be a wall of fire about, and a glory in the midst thereof."

"December 31. My especial work of the year has been at Colfax and vicinity. I have comfort in the conviction that I have been divinely guided. I humbly ask that in the future I may be enabled to discern the indications of the divine will, and be faithfully obedient."

"June 23, 1878. I am much exercised in prayer in behalf of Plymouth Church, at Colfax."

"August 20, 1879. A portion of the night was spent in earnest prayer — prayer for the people of Colfax, prayer for myself as a gospel minister and school superintendent, prayer for the members of the Plymouth Church, prayer for the church building enterprise."

"October 8. Much of the time did not sleep. It was a night of special prayer. I prayed earnestly for

myself, Plymouth Church organization and building. I have presumption of faith that the seal of divine approval be set to my work; that the membership of Plymouth Church be spiritual, effective, and increased, and the church house be honored by the presence of Him who abode in the cloudy pillar. I hope, I believe, I trust in God. I bless the Lord for the evidence that the interceding Spirit indited my requests."

"December 26. O Lord, be pleased to pardon the weakness of my physical strength, also the lack of trust in thee. Be thou a wall of fire round about, and a glory in the midst of Plymouth Church."

In the autumn of 1878 Dr. Eells was elected School Superintendent of Whitman County, having been nominated at the suggestion of Mr. L. P. Berry, who had been a teacher in Walla Walla County when he was superintendent there. Whitman County was then considerably larger than Connecticut. When Mr. Berry told him of the nomination he said: "I question the wisdom of your course. I am too old." Mr. Berry replied: "I did it for the children's sake." When the Democratic convention met, William Hamilton, the leading person in it, said: "I propose that we do not nominate a candidate for school superintendent. We all know Father Eells." Nor did they nominate really; but when the convention had transacted its business and the leaders had all gone, a

remnant said: "We must have a full ticket." They nominated a young man who was trying to hold land in Idaho, and was not a legal voter in Washington. He was not elected.

With the forty or fifty school districts in the county and his other duties as pastor Dr. Eells soon found that he had not the requisite strength. Accordingly he resigned the superintendency, June 1, 1879, and his successor was appointed. This gentleman failed to qualify, and Dr. Eells served his term of two years.

The following quotation is one of his own accounts of his work for this purpose: —

"Monday morning left Colfax; rode perhaps seven miles; was at a school in Spring Valley soon after nine o'clock. Hobbled my horse and let him graze outside, and spent the forenoon in school. At twelve o'clock I rode on and ate a cold lunch in the saddle. After a little more than an hour's ride, arrived at a school in Thousand Spring Valley. Remained till the close of school. I then rode on; ate my supper as I had done my lunch. When it was becoming a little dark I arrived at the residence of aged persons who, I thought, would entertain me. It was raining. I knocked at the door; there was no response. There was a rude stable constructed of rails and straw. I went to that; there was no feed there. I had taken the precaution to carry a small portion of grain on my

horse. I now gave that to him. I had not planned to camp; consequently my bedding was short. The flooring of the stable was the ground. I lay down; slept some of the time, and some of the time I did not. In the morning the rain had ceased falling. My horse needed grass. I went out and lay down, making a pillow of my arm, and added somewhat to my sleep. Had a cold breakfast of such food as I had with me. Had traveled thirty-five miles the day before. In due time I passed on. At half-past eight I was near the schoolhouse that I wished to visit. It was a large school and there was an unusual number of large scholars. I spent the entire forenoon in that school, my horse outside hobbled and grazing.

"At the close of school I rode on to the school at Colton, and was there seasonably for the afternoon session, and remained there until near the close of the afternoon. As I had failed the night before to find entertainment, I now planned to be in season. I had several miles to ride. I rode down the valley called Union Flat. While passing I took out dry bread, dismounted, dipped it in the water, and then got in the saddle. It speedily softened. Seasonably I arrived at the residence of Mrs. H. B. Heald. I said to her: 'Will you allow me to leave to-morrow morning before breakfast?' — for I had some ten miles to ride to go to the next school. 'I think we can give you

an early breakfast,' was the reply. She arose at five o'clock the next morning and gave me my breakfast so early that I was at the schoolhouse as soon as the teacher arrived. I spent the forenoon in that school and then returned to Colfax. I had been out two and a half days, visited five schools, and traveled a hundred and twenty miles or more."

Dr. Eells' first plan was to organize the church at Colfax and then secure some suitable person as its pastor, and leave it, as he felt that he ought not to be permanently away from his wife so much. As no one could be found, he stayed and planned to take his wife with him. Her death prevented this, and so he remained as its pastor for four years, hoping some one would be found to take his place. Finding after he had passed his seventy-first birthday that his labors were too much for him, he resigned unqualifiedly, July 1, 1881, and shortly after had the pleasure of seeing his place filled by Rev. J. T. Marsh. He left the church with a membership of twenty-eight, the largest church at that time in eastern Washington.

Six years later, having visited Colfax, he wrote:

"My work has not been in vain. The importance of it is more distinctly apparent than at the period during which it was wrought. A Scripture appropriate for ever-present use is: 'Forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'"

CHAPTER X.

HOME MISSIONARY WORK, CONTINUED.

1875–88.

WHILE Dr. Eells was pastor at Colfax he did not preach there every Sabbath. Much of the time he preached but once a month, alternating with preachers of other denominations. When the town was small the church services and Sabbath-school were conducted on a union basis. Other Sabbaths were spent at Lone Pine, Almota, Steptoe Butte, Marshall, Stephens, Colville, and other places. Especial work was performed also at Dayton, Chewelah, Cheney, Spokane Falls, and Medical Lake, and he counseled largely in the organization of most of the earlier churches of eastern Washington.

After his resignation, although past threescore and ten, he could not leave eastern Washington and rest, much as his sons wished him to do so. In September, 1881, he removed to Medical Lake, which he believed would be beneficial to his health, and engaged in general missionary work, as his strength permitted. But with the snows of that region he found himself too

far from the railroad. Hence in April, 1882, he moved to Cheney, where he built himself a small house. For nearly a year and a half his time was spent in a round of labors in nine different places in three counties — Lone Pine in Whitman County; Cheney, Sprague, Spangle, Medical Lake, and near Cottonwood Springs in Spokane County; Chewelah, Fort Colville, and Colville town in Stevens County. Then followed a year in the east for Whitman College, after which he still made his home at Cheney, nominally, though really it was everywhere throughout the region. In July, 1885, he wrote: "I have been away from home sixteen nights — at home twelve. I am weary in my work, but not tired of it." Again, in October, he says: "After an absence of fifteen days on a preaching tour I returned. I have conducted preaching services at each of nine different places." Again: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again bringing his sheaves with him." September 11, 1885, he wrote after a trip to Colfax: "A boy, judged to be about ten years old, rode twenty-five miles to get a pair of shoes for his sister to wear to service."

But the severe work and his increased age, with his mode of life, began to tell more and more on his health, and he and others realized that he must both give up some of his labors and also so change his

mode of life that he could have better food than that with which he had been providing himself. Hence, in October, 1886, he moved to Medical Lake, where he was much better taken care of by friends. Here he remained about a year and a half, not making such severe trips (especially in the winter) as he had been doing, though he ever kept busy about his Master's work, except when unable to go on account of ill-health or snow. His preaching places were mainly Medical Lake, Pleasant Prairie, Half Moon, Meadow Lake, and Cheney, with occasional trips to Chewelah and Colville.

His work for the different churches, though largely parallel in time, is here separated into different church sketches: —

Dayton. In 1875 he visited this place, and talked about an organization. In 1877 he again visited the place, canvassed it, and obtained the names of those who were willing to unite in one. These facts were communicated to Dr. Atkinson, who went to the place later, and July, 1877, a church was organized there. In 1883 Dr. Eells gave the church a bell and parsonage, and otherwise aided in securing the church building, to the amount in all of over a thousand dollars.

Chewelah and Colville. Chewelah is a corruption of the Indian name Chawelah, and Dr. Eells never could reconcile himself to the modern pronunciation. It is

FATHER EELLS' CHURCHES.

1. Congregational Church at Medical Lake.
2. Congregational Church at Sprague.
3. Congregational Church at Medical Lake.
4. Congregational Church at Colfax.

the name of a small striped snake, and was applied to that place either because the snake abounded there or because of the serpentine appearance of the stream. Colville was named after a gentleman of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, however, spelled his name Colvile. At Chewelah was Dr. Eells' first and last work for Washington.

September 10, 1838, twelve days after arriving at Dr. Whitman's, he and Mr. Walker started on an exploring tour to locate a station for themselves. On the 15th they reached Chewelah, and spent the next day, the Sabbath, there. Services were held among the Indians. After the services the chief addressed his people very earnestly and eloquently.

Between March, 1839, and June, 1848, Mr. Eells performed some work in the valley appropriate to the Christian ministry. In the summer of 1874 he visited the region and on August 16 preached twice to the Indians and twice to the whites there. Some of the whites came ten miles to these services, and some of the Indians thirty-five or forty. Some who listened then had not heard a Protestant sermon for twenty years. The next year Mr. Eells visited them again, and in 1876 he spent the most agreeable part of the summer in the Colville valley at the request of the whites, alternating between Colville, the garrison, and Chewelah, the latter being twenty-five miles south

of the former. In these places he conducted forty services in English during that season. After that, with considerable regularity, until 1885 he made semi-annual visits to the region except during the fourteen months that he was in the East.

September 14, 1879, four persons, some of whom had been residents of Chewelah for twenty-five years, but had had no church home, united together in a Congregational church. Dr. Eells performed all the services. He was their pastor nine years, as long as he remained east of the Cascade Mountains, although he could be with them only occasionally, at least until 1885.

During the summer of 1885 he made monthly trips there, holding nineteen services during the season. In a paper dated October 21, 1885, which he left, is an offer to the people of Colville and vicinity that if they would raise a thousand dollars for a Congregational church edifice, he would give the same amount. Whether this paper was ever sent to them or whether they failed to secure the amount the writer does not know. In 1892 a church was erected at Chewelah, and Dr. Eells was requested to assist in the dedicatory exercises, the people feeling that none but he could grace such a happy consummation. Though hardly strong enough to make the journey, yet he went. He was there fifty-four years from the day on

which he first camped at the place. On the next Sabbath, September 18, the church was dedicated, Dr. Eells offering the prayer.

Of this journey he said: "It may be a weakness for me, an old man, to go so far, four hundred and fifty miles and back to accept the invitation, but if anybody else had camped on that spot and held services there fifty-four years previous, perhaps he would have the same weakness."

November 24 he wrote: "During the night dreamed I was laboring in behalf of the people of Chewelah."

His last important act for any church was the procuring of a bell from New York for this church. It was paid for a few days before his death, and he then told his pastor that his work was done. Said Rev. L. H. Hallock at his funeral: "Its first tones in eastern Washington will ring out a tender requiem — nay, rather a glorious tone of rejoicing for the work he has accomplished, and the crown of life he has gone to wear on high."

Mr. George F. C. McCrea, of that church, says: "He made no gift towards the building, as he had never been requested to do so. I feel satisfied that if he had been he would gladly have aided us, for he was always ready to donate in such ways. I am glad I spoke to him about the bell, and that he so cheerfully acquiesced in my desire. I thank God for

the work which he did here, of which our church is a monument."

Cheney. Previous to 1881 Deacon G. R. Andrus, whose home was near Cheney, had held a Sabbath-school near that place which was afterwards moved to the town. The question then was, "Can a church be organized?" It was done February 20, 1881, by Dr. Eells in a hotel over a barroom, with nine members, three males and six females, and was the first church of any denomination in the place. He was its pastor until the ordination of Mr. Clarke the next winter.

The next question was to erect a building. Dr. Eells prepared a subscription paper and headed it with five hundred dollars. Others subscribed. It was a struggle, yet it was carried forward. A contract was made for fifteen hundred dollars. The first five hundred were easily paid; the Church Building Society had promised to furnish the last five hundred; the second payment was the hard work. The day on which that payment was to be made was one of anxiety. Deacon Andrus went about the place trying to obtain assistance. About noon he and Dr. Eells met to see the result of their united effort. There was no lack. It seemed wonderful. That afternoon he left for Lone Pine and camped by a tree at night. As he sat by the tree and thought of the day's work and the progress that had been made in regard to

the church edifice, his heart overflowed with gratitude. To him the providences had been marked, the indications of the divine favor were clear.

Still the fifteen hundred dollars neither seated, furnished, nor papered the building. This with the lots required five hundred more, and of this Dr. Eells gave more than two hundred. The building, however, was paid for at the time of its dedication, December 18, 1881. At that time Dr. Eells preached the sermon and the same evening gave the following charge and right hand of fellowship to its pastor, F. T. Clarke, at his ordination: —

CHARGE AT THE ORDINATION OF REV. F. T. CLARKE.

"This is a true saying, If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work.

"Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them, that they profiting may appear unto all.

"Thou, O man of God, flee worldly entanglements, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

"Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession.

"I give thee charge in the sight of God that thou

search diligently the oracles of truth. Deep, hard study will be indispensable. Strive to obtain holy illumination; thus shalt thou bring from the divine treasury things new and old. Feed the people with knowledge and understanding. Hold fast the form of sound words. Let thy study be thy great laboratory. Get grand thoughts of thy work and of thy teaching. Formulate cogent sentences. First preach to thyself and then to others. One, after a long and useful life, as he lay down to die, said to those anticipating like work: 'I have never prepared a sermon that did not cost me tears.' Arguments bathed in holy emotion are effective.

"Allow me to add, Please test the efficacy of prayer. I here express the belief that the results of your ministerial work will be graduated largely according to the use you make of this instrumentality. One, who under God had turned many unto righteousness, after death was observed to have callous knees. Those knees were a revelation regarding the secret of his power hitherto unexplained. Let spiritual unction, thus obtained, be thy badge known and read of all.

"I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, with all longsuffering and doctrine.

"In meekness instruct those who oppose themselves, if God, peradventure, will give them repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth."

RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

"Friendship is sweet. Christian communion is precious. Full enjoyment of the fellowship of the saints is heavenly. Assurance of the fellowship of the churches is a rich boon.

"In behalf of the churches invited to be represented in the ecclesiastical council here convened, I extend this right hand to yourself, Brother Clarke. We are true yokefellows with you in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. The belief is that severally and collectively we are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. That in realization will be the fruition of the highest type of fellowship."

Dr. Eells also gave a bell to this church, so that in all his gifts to it were over eleven hundred dollars. Subsequently he moved to the place, Mr. Clarke having resigned in the spring of 1882, and was again chosen its pastor, although much of the work fell on Rev. F. V. Hoyt, a licensed minister, who lived there. He remained as its pastor for two years.

In 1884 the bell cracked. He ordered it sent back to West Troy, N. Y., paying fifty dollars for the

exchange and the freight from St. Paul to West Troy and back. Through Dr. Eells' acquaintance with the president of the North Pacific Railroad Company it was transported free the rest of the way.

He continued to supply this church more or less, especially when it had no pastor, as long as he remained in eastern Washington, and advised in regard to it and prayed for it as long as he lived.

After he left eastern Washington his journal says:

"August 27, 1888. I pray much for the divine approval of my work at Cheney and Medical Lake."

"February 25, 1891. Have been to Tacoma to pay interest money on a note against the Congregational church at Cheney."

"March 4. I have written to J. E. Thomas at Cheney. I am trying to encourage the friends of the Congregational church there to pay their indebtedness and be hopeful. I expect there is a bright future for them."

The indebtedness here spoken of was on account of the parsonage, which was likely to be sold, and Dr. Eells worked earnestly against this being done, two or three years after he had left the region and moved to Tacoma.

Spokane. Dr. Eells first visited this place in 1874, when but two white women were in it. He afterwards preached there at times. A church was organized

May 22, 1879, and their next great step was to erect a building. They were then worshiping in a schoolhouse twenty-six by forty feet, and thought that a church of the same size would be large enough. Dr. Eells advised them to make it ten feet longer, and promised them two hundred dollars. It was built the same size as the one at Cheney, thirty by fifty, at a cost of two thousand dollars. Afterwards he gave this church a bell, then some books, and more money, amounting to five hundred dollars in all. At its dedication, December 20, 1881, the day after the one at Cheney was dedicated, he offered the dedicatory prayer, Dr. Atkinson preaching the sermon. He counseled it through troublous times in 1882–83, and for a short time in 1883 was its pastor.

The two bells for Cheney and Spokane arrived at the depot at Cheney at the same time. Outsiders at that place played a trick. They held up the two bells and tested them by striking each one. They made their choice, but it proved to be the poorer bell of the two, the poorest that Dr. Eells ever bought. All the rest have done good service, but that one had to be returned.

The people of Spokane have since built the first granite church in the State, though not the first stone one, at a cost of forty thousand dollars. The bell which the people of Cheney rejected has gone on to

that church. Among the memorial windows of the church is one with the following inscription: —

CUSHING EELLS.

Always abounding in good works.

Sprague. In 1839, when Messrs. Walker and Eells were moving from Walla Walla to Tshimakain, March 14, they camped near this place. Here Mr. Walker was kicked by a horse, which so injured him that they could not move camp that day. It was a suitable time for making spiritual preparation for their work. Mr. Eells walked to a point overlooking the present town site and spent a season in meditation and prayer.

After that during the next nine years this was a convenient camping place. At different times Mr. Eells spent two Sabbaths there, one in 1842, when the mission families were on their way to the annual meeting of the mission at Dr. Whitman's. Many prayers were offered there at these times.

When Dr. Eells learned that a town was to be located at this place on the railroad, thrilling emotions filled his mind. The past came to him. Hence he thought that he had a duty to do for that place. There on the fourteenth of April, 1881, he conducted the first Protestant services ever held in the place. The chapel was the dining-room of the hotel. For more than a year he preached there at different times

until June 18, 1882, when he organized a Congregational church there of five members and became its pastor, a position which he occupied for two years. The same year he built at his own expense a Union Sabbath School Hall there on a lot owned by himself.

In March, 1882, Dr. Eells called at the home of Mr. S. D. Stephens and wife, members of the church at Colfax. Mrs. Stephens had been more efficient in effecting the church organization than any other person, although living nine miles distant. She gave him a dollar and said: "I wish this to be applied in the erection of a church edifice in Sprague." The reason of her giving it was because she had a sister living there. The sum was small, but there were circumstances connected with it which made it very sacred. A young man, a lawyer, was living not far from them, trying to secure land by living on it. He called on Mrs. Stephens for food. Ham and bacon were weighed and passed to him. She wrote with chalk on the wall of the building, a log building that she frequented daily, the figures indicating the transaction. She said: "I never look upon those figures without my heart going up in prayer to God in behalf of that young man. During the past winter there is reason to believe that he has become a new man in Christ Jesus. The evidence thereof is to myself so gratifying that I wish to make this thank-offering."

This was the first dollar given for the erection of the Congregational church building at Sprague. Dr. Eells said: "That dollar, when the circumstances shall be known regarding it, will bring other dollars;" and her pound did gain more than ten pounds. Her two girls had previously given Dr. Eells fifty and twenty-five cents each. With their consent, he placed this with the dollar from their mother. She afterwards added another dollar. That dollar soon increased to thirty-three dollars — thirty-three fold.

Besides aiding in erecting the church building here, he gave this church a bell and parsonage site.

The house was built, but there was a debt on it. The time was near when this must be paid, or the church would be sold under the hammer. In the emergency Rev. N. F. Cobleigh went to St. Paul, obtained what was necessary, and returned just before the expiration of the time when the property would have been sold. Dr. Eells gave in all to this church more than seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Pleasant Prairie. This church had been organized November 1, 1885, with nine members, by Deacon G. R. Andrus, but had never had a regular pastor until the spring of 1887, when Dr. Eells went there regularly from Medical Lake. He went there during the severe winter of 1887–88, when the snow was very deep. Says Mr. G. T. Belden, of that church: "He

seemed to enjoy his work here and was always a welcome and pleasant visitor at our house, where he made himself especially agreeable to the children by telling incidents of his missionary work among the Indians."

Medical Lake. Before Dr. Eells moved to this place in 1881, he preached there as one of his stations. It was not, however, until after his removal from the place in 1882 that he organized a church there. This was done September 9, 1883, with five members. Of this he continued pastor until 1888, though living there only about a year and a half, from 1886 to 1888. Though often absent, his heart was, however, with the church. Thus May 28, 1886, he wrote: "During the night I was exercised in agonizing prayer with reference to my work at Medical Lake. The intensity of desire was beyond ordinary experience."

During his last year here, the infirmities of age were coming on him, so that he was hardly able to bear the trials which came in his work. Denominational zeal was especially trying to him. In regard to this he said of himself that he was a Congregationalist from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, and yet he added: "I have been scrupulously careful not to proselyte. I believe that I have not at any time urged an individual to join a Congregational church who had a preference for some other church, when there was an opportunity for the one to be gratified. If there

were no other church near, I have in a few cases suggested the propriety of an individual becoming connected with a Congregational church temporarily, and that when there should be an opportunity, if so desired, to make a change."

Rev. J. Edwards said of him: "He was not a Congregational propagandist. I know of several localities where he preached gratuitously, but when others would come in, before it was necessary, he would give up the field very much grieved. He abominated sectarianism, but loved everything that pertained to the Church of Christ."

He was sorely tried when now he met those who believed in denominational comity for all denominations except the Catholics and their own, and that if a strong church of another denomination existed in a town, and the prospect was that a church of their order could be organized and become equally strong, though this might involve the overthrow of the other church, that the organization should be effected, and that its prospects alone should be considered, and the effect on any other church in operation should not be taken into account. On this point he wrote the following at different times: —

"March 17, 1887. Human judgment is erring, especially where there is personal interest. With or without reason, I have believed that jealousy and

denominational zeal have stirred up antagonism to myself. I have felt it keenly, but have been sustained and comforted.

"August 22, 1887. One of the most deeply afflicting experiences of my work in Whitman, Spokane, and Stevens counties has been antagonism, the resultant of unreasonable denominational zeal.

"January 12, 1888. I am humbled by the remembrance of my mistakes, errors, sins. The ill-treatment I have received, the resultant of denominational zeal, may be the rebuke of a gracious heavenly Father and loving Saviour.

"March 20, 1888. My understanding is that Satan is suffered to buffet me. I turn to Hebrews 2 : 18; I repeat the words, 'For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.'

"March 21. If I judge correctly, during the night I was exercised with strong temptation and agonizing prayer. The tempter would have me renounce my faith and hope in God. During two weeks he has been suffered to exercise almost miraculous power to move my anchorage. I suffer from the conflict, but have conquered. The words, 'For I have kept the ways of the Lord, and have not wickedly departed from my God' (Psalm 18 : 21), were brought to my mind; also Psalm 6 : 9, 'The Lord hath heard my supplica-

tion; the Lord will receive my prayer.' I claim that I may appropriate them."

These trials, with failing health and old age, caused him to believe that his active work in eastern Washington should be brought to a close. He had often thought of it before, for his strength was unequal to the work crowding upon him. As early as 1882 church lots were offered him in two places, but he did not see how he could do anything in either place. In 1885 he wrote: "'You are doing too much' is said, and then more is asked of me." But now he saw that he must lay down the heavier burdens, consequently May 6, he presented the following resignation to the church: —

"I believe that according to my ability I have endeavored to serve my Maker and my fellows in preaching the gospel of Christ. I have been willing to my power, yea, and beyond my power to labor in the performance of this work. I am not conscious of having knowingly shunned to declare all the counsel of God. I am persuaded that I have practiced excessive earnestness and personally injurious self-denial. The love of Christ has constrained me to endeavor self-sacrificingly to save souls. The zeal of the Lord's house has eaten me up. The apparent smallness of favorable results of my work has caused great thoughts of heart, great searchings of heart. I firmly believe that, though imperfect, I have endeavored to

be faithful. Possibly in the future time, and in the unending future, results may appear modified.

"My conviction is that I am not able to continue to perform gospel work as heretofore. The result of deliberate consideration is that my residence in eastern Washington Territory should terminate at the earliest practicable date; consequently it is needful that my connection with you as a church be dissolved. Therefore I hereby tender my resignation as your pastor, which you are requested to accept.

"Your generous bestowals, promotive of my physical enjoyment, are gratefully acknowledged. Your sympathizing kindness in sickness and sorrow has been sustaining and comforting. Your prayers in my behalf are recorded on high; on earth they have excited glad emotions. May they be returned many fold into the bosom of each of the suppliants.

"In the faith and fellowship of the gospel, your unworthy servant,

CUSHING EELLS."

A few days later he received the following, which he termed a "gratifying reply": —

Whereas, our beloved pastor, Rev. Cushing Eells, who has labored with us and for us so faithfully for four years, has been led to offer his resignation, desiring the dissolution of his relationship with us as pastor, and

Whereas, he has been granted the privilege for so many years of usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord, as a pioneer missionary, and has arrived at that stage of life when relief from care and responsibility seems reasonable and imperative,

Resolved, that we, as members of the First Congregational Church of Medical Lake, recognize God gratefully in his goodness in granting us the intimate acquaintance and fellowship, and able and scriptural instruction of so devoted a minister of the Lord Jehovah, for so long a period.

Resolved, that we accept the resignation with a deep feeling of regret and sadness, realizing that our loss is great, yet we reverently submit to the providence of him who ordereth all things well, and in such a manner as to work together for good to them that love him.

Resolved, that we shall always remember him with great satisfaction, and always feel our indebtedness to him for spiritual help and comfort, and shall follow him with our best wishes, and ever pray God to preserve and protect him for many more years to come, and that his path may shine brighter and brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Wishing him grace, mercy and peace,

MARGARET J. McDOUALL,
Church Clerk.

Thus, after almost fifty years of active service on the Pacific Coast, he resigned his last pastorate and left Medical Lake May 19, with the following entry in his journal: —

"This P.M. I leave Medical Lake. Marked kindness has been shown me by precious friends. Inexpressible sorrow and anguish have been experienced by the words and acts of others. I think it not unlikely their conduct is largely attributable to ignorance and erroneous belief. Doubtless I am sensitive."

He went to the Puyallup Reservation, near Tacoma, to the residence of his older son.

Two trips more to that place in 1889 and 1891, while east of the Cascade Mountains in connection with the commencements, and trustees' meetings of Whitman College, some pecuniary assistance, his letters and his prayers, ended his work for that church. But the following from his journal shows that while absent in the body his heart was still there: —

"September 7, 1888. I pray much for the divine approval of my work at Cheney and Medical Lake. I have great searchings of heart. I make frequent request that the seal of divine approval be affixed to my work at Cheney and Medical Lake.

"August 19, 1889. I have ordered an eight hundred pound bell to be forwarded to Rev. David Wirt at Medical Lake.

"October 19, 1889. In my dreams and waking moments I am at Medical Lake.

"April 14, 1891. Father, be pleased to give me submission. Be pleased to set the seal of approbation on my work at Cheney and Medical Lake."

In addition to the bell he gave the church at Medical Lake an organ.

In regard to this whole home missionary work of Dr. Eells, Dr. Atkinson wrote as early as 1879 in his report as Superintendent of Home Missions for this region: —

"Pastor Eells, who for more than forty years has labored as a minister and teacher in Oregon and Washington, still supports himself for the most part, while always a welcome guest among any of the families of his people. More than any other man he has toiled and prayed for the people — Indians and whites — of that far upper country, and his work is finding its reward now in his own ripening age. Known and trusted and loved among them all, his power for good increases with years. His counsel is sought and heeded in the plans of education and religion, and not infrequently in the affairs of business. In his care the missionary enterprises of that whole region will ever find a wise friend and helper, and his church has good prospect of growth and strength."

This was the tribute of him who has been styled the

"Bishop of Congregationalism on the Pacific Coast" to his friend who has been called "the Apostle to Washington."

As a result of these labors, less than a year after Dr. Eells' death, Rev. J. Edwards, of Spokane, wrote: "It is worthy of mention that the Lord seems especially to have blessed the churches in which he was interested. I consider that the Colfax, Sprague, Cheney, and Medical Lake churches have been especially blessed. They are leading churches to-day, although they have had much with which to contend. And the hold we have had in Stevens County is to be attributed mainly to his early labors. We have more churches there (six) than any other two denominations."

Somewhat similar remarks have been made in regard to Whitman County by a Presbyterian clergyman.

CHAPTER XI.

LAST DAYS.

1888–93.

DR. EELLS' retirement did not mean entire cessation from ministerial work. He held services once or twice a month at Clover Creek and Prairieside, about twelve miles from Tacoma, quite regularly for three summers. He also preached occasionally and held Bible services at the Puyallup Reservation, and he richly enjoyed preparing for these. Of this work he wrote, April 21 to 25, 1889: "I have commenced writing on the Sabbath-school lesson. It is like daily food. I rejoice in the study of the divine Word. I regard it as an inexpressible privilege thus to write."

August 29, 1888, the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in Washington was celebrated at his residence at the Puyallup Agency by his children, grandchildren, and a few friends. That morning Dr. Eells and all his descendants met, the first time all had ever done so. There were fifteen of them; namely, Dr. Eells, Agent Eells, wife, and six daughters, of the

Puyallup Reservation, and Rev. M. Eells, wife, and four sons, of the Skokomish Reservation. After breakfast an artist took a picture of all of them.

After dinner Rev. R. S. Stubbs, Rev. S. H. Cheadle, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, and Mr. G. W. Bell, having come out to pay their respects to Dr. Eells on the completion of this semi-centennial on the Pacific coast, a very pleasant afternoon was spent together.

Rev. Myron Eells read a paper in regard to the ancestry of the Eells family from the time the first one came to America from England in 1630, and showed a photograph, taken from an old painting, of Major Samuel Eells, the progenitor of the family.

The following mementos were also shown: a copy book of Mrs. M. F. Eells, very neat and in good condition, dated 1835; a letter written by her to her sister in Massachusetts from Walla Walla, in October, 1838; three of her certificates for teaching school, all of them over fifty years old, one of them being sixty years old; a lancet and penknife which Dr. Eells brought across the plains fifty years previous; a money purse and leather trunk of Mrs. Eells, which also rode horseback across the continent at that time; a New England primer, spelling book, and Testament, which Agent Eells read and studied over forty years previous.

Doctor Eells spoke of the time when mails came by way of Cape Horn and the Sandwich Islands once in six months, the newest papers being six months and the oldest twelve months old; also, of the early days, when, living near the Spokane River, he had traveled one hundred and forty miles to put a letter in the post office; and that often he was two weeks in going after his mails and in returning.

Refreshments were next served, after which the company joined in singing several favorite hymns, such as: —

I love thy kingdom, Lord.
God is the refuge of his saints.
When he cometh.
Silently the shades of evening.

Prayer was offered by Chaplain Stubbs, the doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced by Dr. Eells.

In 1890 he arrived at the age of fourscore and made on his birthday the following entry in his journal: —

"This is the eightieth anniversary of my mortal life. I have anticipated it with thoughtful interest. At intervals of varying length I have been impressed with the conviction that probably I shall live to the return of another like day. I have read the short

sermon pronounced at the funeral of Dr. Atkinson. I note the word *rest*. My sensation is largely that of weariness. The idea of rest is welcome. I judge that in fact I have been constant in excessive labors. Possibly a long rest would be advantageous. I would attempt to do more or less as it shall accord with the divine will. I desire to renew the consecration of my powers and possessions to the service and glory of God. I am penetrated with a sense of personal unworthiness. Remembrance of sins of earlier and later years is humiliating. I hope in the pardoning mercy of a forgiving God. Blessed Jesus, be pleased to cleanse me by thy blood."

That evening his sons and friends gathered to congratulate him in a sacred service.

In May, 1890, he made his last trip to Skokomish. While there he baptized his youngest grandchild, Roy Whitman, who had been named in memory of Dr. J. E. Roy, of Chicago, and of Dr. Marcus Whitman. He had previously baptized all of his ten other grandchildren, and now, more than eighty years older than the youngest, he administered the same rite to him. Only one died before the grandsire.

He enjoyed greatly the meetings of the Tacoma Ministerial Alliance, which were held on Monday forenoon. It was a kind of society which was very congenial to him, and yet of which, in so full a measure,

he had been deprived during the whole of his previous life.

In 1891, in commemoration of his eighty-first birthday, they addressed him the following communication: —

Tacoma, Wash., February 23, 1891.

To the Rev. Cushing Eells, d.d.

Dear Father and Brother, — The Ministerial Alliance of Tacoma feels its utter inability to express in a befitting manner the sentiments of love and veneration awakened by your chaste and characteristic note of the 16th, in which you kindly allow us to know that the same marks the eighty-first anniversary of your birth. Eighty-one years of mortal life! Sixty-six years of life "hid with Christ in God"! Fifty-five years spent in proclaiming "the unsearchable riches of Christ"! Fifty-three years of active ministerial service on the northwest Pacific coast! This is, indeed, a wonderful record, and we are deeply impressed by it and grateful to God, whose grace has permitted and whose spirit has inspired it. In it you stand among us the peerless man, who will leave no successor upon the field of his lifelong service.

And now, venerable father, whom none could either coax or compel to say one word in his own praise, you must be silent while we, your favorite sons, speak your merited praise. There is in human hearts a natural

reverence for that which is old, and that reverence is spontaneously granted to virtuous old age.

> Dead must be the heart, the bosom cold,
> That warms not with affection for the old.

Inanimate things, representing nothing but physical duration, — the sight of a mountain peak, silent from the hush of centuries; the vision of the ocean, whose horizon has marked that of the world since creation's dawn, — these fill us with awe; and when, as to-day, we look upon one who has lived over a long reach of years, his face and form take on something of the dignity of the eternal hills and of the silent sea. We share with Tischendorf in his feeling of reverence when he gazed on the manuscript of the New Testament in the Monastery of St. Catherine, realizing that the characters which met his eyes were traced in the fourth or fifth century of our era, and that he stood in the presence of a volume, stained and torn, but which in its age and character was venerable and beyond price. Old age in you, sir, is a volume which we reverence, as do all who know you. In your life, what varied and precious tales, tales of love and duty, are recorded! The innumerable incidents of far-away youth, of mature manhood and of later age, that make up the record of a long life, filled with highest usefulness, are there recorded in imperishable characters. A

ship, voyaging long, pounded about by the merciless waves of the sea, is a noble sight as she approaches her anchorage. Glorious is the close of day, when in the mellow light of the setting sun all things grow still and solemn. But sublimer than either is the approaching close of a long, just, kind, and useful life.

We come not to anoint you "aforehand for the burying"; we are here to break over your devoted head the alabaster box of loving appreciation while yet we have you with us. We cannot approach you with "weak praise." You have shown us that to grow older is not, necessarily, to "grow old." Some are old and withered and desiccated from their birth. Others are ever young. Winter snows their heads but sends no breath of frost to their warm blood. They go back to their Creator beautiful in renewed youth, strong in immortal vigor. Of such you are.

You have taught us lessons of hope. Never have we learned from you that the world grows worse, or that the kingdom of the Christ is about to topple over. In the name of Almighty God and his coming kingdom you have kept heart and have been able to discern that the golden age is not in the past, but in the future.

Nearly a century ago it was written: —

> Age is the heaviest burden man can bear,
> Compounded of disappointment, pain, and care.

And Byron, prematurely old, wrote at the age of thirty-six : —

> My days are in the yellow leaf.
> The flower and fruits of love are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Are mine alone.

But no man who has "walked with God" has any such realization of life. Men of God can say: "My inward man is renewed day by day. My senses grow dull, but thoughts are clear, convictions are firm, and hopes are bright. Sad memories have lost their bitterness, holy ones have put on a heavenly beauty. The day's work is nearly done and home is near."

John Bunyan was in middle life when he wrote the Pilgrim's Progress. Yet he put the Beulah land last, at the close of the journey and in sight of the celestial city. Perhaps he had seen this in the life of some aged saint, or his spiritual instincts told him of it. Certainly the conception is a beautiful one. The air was sweet and fragrant with flowers, and vocal with the voice of the turtle dove and the singing of birds. The land was out of the reach of Giant Despair and far from the sight of Doubting Castle. Here Pilgrims met the Shining Ones, plainly saw the pearly gates, and were called "the redeemed of the Lord."

You have reached the Beulah land. We call you blessed.

"I think," said George William Curtis, "to know one good old man — one who through the chances and mischances of a long life has carried his heart in hand like a palm branch, waving all discords into peace — helps our faith in God and in each other more than many sermons." In you, sir, we know such a one. You are influential in all our gatherings, a force, not a fossil. A godly ancestry, the culture of college and seminary, and better still, the culture that comes from a life-walk with God, these are behind you and in you. We have no power to honor reverently any of our number which we do not command to pay its first tribute to you. May your remaining days on earth be the serenest, happiest, most attractive and most blessed of your life. "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Assuring you, dear sir, that the pleasant labor of preparing this address was imposed upon us by the Ministerial Alliance of Tacoma (of which you are an honored member), and that the same has been adopted by unanimous vote of the Alliance, we are happy to inscribe ourselves, your brethren in the Lord.

B. S. MacLafferty,
President.

Chaplain R. S. Stubbs,
Secretary.

Dr. Eells replied, under great stress of feeling, with some most interesting remarks on the advantages and enjoyments of a Christian old age.

In September, 1892, he went to Chewelah to assist in dedicating the church there, and later offered the dedicatory prayer at the laying of the corner stone for the Plymouth Congregational church at Seattle, the last service of the kind he performed.

But weakness crept on, and he was often reminded that his remaining days must be few. In October, 1889, his left side was partially paralyzed. Although in the main he recovered so as to use it quite easily, yet he never controlled it as freely as the other side.

In March, 1891, his only remaining brother, Charles, came from Illinois to visit him, his son, and nephews — his first trip to the Pacific coast. This brother arrived at the home of Dr. Eells, but was soon taken with a relapse of *la grippe* and died there at the age of nearly seventy-two. Dr. Eells was seized by the same disease almost before his brother died, and it was feared that in a few days he would follow. He himself thought so and said: "Is it wrong to pray that God would take away my breath?" Then he would answer: "Thy will be done; come quickly, Lord Jesus!"

His love in times past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink.

Sometimes the future seemed dark, but he said: "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." The Ninety-first Psalm and twenty-second chapter of Revelation were especially precious.

In December, 1891, while driving in Tacoma, he was thrown out and run over. No bones were broken, but he was considerably injured, and it was strange that he was not killed. It took him some time to recover.

He realized that there was but a step between him and death. The following entries in his journal give his thoughts on the subject: —

"October 6, 1889. I am feeble; have been on the bed a part of the day. If I mistake not I am strongly persuaded that I have endeavored to please and honor my Maker and subserve the best interests of my fellows. My impression is that my existing frailty is the beginning of the end of my mortal life. I have no certain idea of the probable speed of my expected decline. To myself the favorable results of my life work seem small. On account of this impression I weep. I am comforted by the conviction that I have endeavored faithfully to perform the work that I believe was assigned me."

"October 26. At different periods for years I have been impressed with a sense of personal unworthiness and guilt. There has been pungent conviction of sin. I have not given up my hope in Christ. At times it has not afforded me prevailing comfort. I have feared to give expression to my unhappiness lest thereby the enemy would blaspheme. Likely the tempter has taken advantage of physical conditions to aggravate my misery. I have not continuously enjoyed the comfort that a soul in harmony with the Triune God might be expected to possess. During the last night I was favored with the assurance of acceptance that is sustaining. It was done in a way that I do not very well understand, waking, sleeping, in dreams, in visions. I was persuaded that my life work is approved."

"January 25, 1891. I have clear conviction that by the grace of God I have been enabled to serve my Maker and fellows with sincerity and faithfulness. It seems to me that according to my understanding of Scripture my life work must be accepted. With earnestness and confidence I plead: "Hear my prayer, O Lord. Give ear to my supplications: in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness."

"March 5. This is the fifty-third anniversary of my marriage. I enjoy more vigor than most at the age of eighty-one years. I desire to be devoutly grateful for the evidence that I shall before long sit down at

the marriage supper of the Lamb in my Father's kingdom."

"October 9, 1892. My daily reading is instructive, entertaining, and promotive of devotion. It is a feast of fat things.

> If such the sweetness of the stream,
> What must the fountain be,
> Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
> Immediately from thee?

"October 19. Moderately, I say, if fitted to be transferred, I think the bliss of heaven is attractive."

"November 28. I have a realized conviction of failing powers. As the mortal decays, the immortal is renewed. If not deceived I am joyful in the Triune God."

"December 26. This morning the words, 'Rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name,' occur to me. To suffer for Christ's sake is a privilege."

"January 5, 1893. I am admonished of my frailty. The consideration is not unwelcome."

"November 23, 1892. I am well and ill interchangeably. I have premonition of dissolution. I ask to be spared to complete certain business arrangements. I am somewhat in doubt whether or not my request will be granted."

This desire was to complete the purchase of a bell for the church at Chewelah. There were some unaccountable delays which troubled him, but his request was granted, and by February the bell was ordered and paid for.

He had been requested many times to write out some of the most interesting reminiscences of his life. He had found but little time to do it until 1892, when he had dictated about all he cared to tell.

He now, too, stood almost the last of his pioneer associates. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman had been killed in 1847, the former at the age of forty-five, and the latter thirty-nine. Mrs. Spalding had died in 1851 at the age of forty-four; Mrs. A. B. Smith in 1855, aged forty-one; Father Spalding in 1874 at the age of seventy; Father Walker in 1877, aged seventy-two; Mrs. Eells in 1878, seventy-three; the second Mrs. Spalding in 1880, seventy-one; Mrs. W. H. Gray in 1881, seventy-one; Rev. A. B. Smith in 1886, aged seventy-six; and Hon. W. H. Gray in 1889, seventy-nine. Only Mrs. Walker was left, who was more than a year younger than Dr. Eells.

Nearly all with whom he had been associated in his early work for the whites had also gone: Rev. Harvey Clarke in 1858, and his wife in 1866, each aged fifty-one; Mrs. Horace Lyman in 1874, aged fifty-three; S. H. Marsh, D.D., in 1879, fifty-three; Mrs. J. S.

Griffin in 1884, seventy-nine; Rev. H. Lyman in 1887, seventy-one; Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D.D., in 1889, sixty-nine; Rev. P. B. Chamberlain in 1889, sixty-four; Rev. O. Dickinson in 1892, aged seventy-four. He had on December 15, 1892, conducted the funeral services of Mr. John Flett, a pioneer of 1841, with whom he had been very intimate. He had expected some of these, especially Dr. Atkinson, Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Flett, to outlive him. Only Rev. J. S. Griffin, Mrs. Dickinson, and Mrs. Atkinson, of those who came previous to 1853, remained. Dr. Eells stood almost alone of all these who had come within fifteen years of the time he did — entirely alone of all in his adopted State of Washington, the others being in Oregon. He thought of those who had gone beyond, of his brothers and sisters, of his wife's brothers and sisters, all of whom had preceded him, and of many others with whom he had been bound in Christian work, and many times read the following poem: —

SHALL WE FIND THEM AT THE PORTALS?

BY J. E. RANKIN, D.D., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Will they meet us, cheer and greet us,
Those we've loved, who've gone before?
Shall we find them at the portals,
Find our beautified immortals,
When we reach that radiant shore?

Hearts are broken, for some token
That they live, and love us yet!
And we ask, "Can those who've left us,
Of love's look and tone bereft us,
Though in heaven, can they forget?"

And we often, as days soften,
And comes out the evening star,
Looking westward, sit and wonder,
Whether, when so far asunder,
They still think how dear they are!

Past yon portals, our immortals,
Those who walk with Him in white,
Do they, mid their bliss, recall us?
Know they what events befall us?
Will our coming wake delight?

They will meet us, cheer and greet us,
Those we've loved, who've gone before;
We shall find them at the portals,
Find our beautified immortals,
When we reach that radiant shore.

He also looked at death, and copied these verses: —

DEATH.

Ah, lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare.
Of evils incapable thou,
Whose relic with envy I see.
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

HEAVEN.

High in yonder realms of light
  Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far above our feeble sight,
  Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
  Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
  Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

He had prayed hundreds of times for himself and others: "May we come down to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe!" His prayer had been answered. To his friends he still seemed well and about as full of life as he had usually been; but to God he was fully ripe for heaven, his work well done, and there was nothing left but to be plucked, to be transferred to the realms of light.

On Saturday, February 11, 1893, he wrote in his journal: "My feelings impress me with the nearing close of my mortal life. Later: I have felt comfortable." That was the last full sentence in his journal, in which he had with few exceptions written daily during his nearly fifty-five years of work.

The next day, the Sabbath, he rode to church from his son's residence, which was then in Tacoma. Arriving at the First Congregational Church he participated in some of the services. On the way home he felt chilled through and through, and on reaching

home it was thought he had not been clothed warmly enough.

After dinner he went out to feed old Le Blond, and in doing so fell and was unable to rise. His niece found him later, and he was removed to his room, where he remained until Tuesday. It was pneumonia. Tuesday and Wednesday he seemed better, and on Wednesday he got up and wrote a little. Some friends visited him, among others his pastor, Rev. L. H. Hallock. To him his last words were: "I am very sick. I do not know what the issue will be, but I can say: 'Thy will, O God, be done.' I rest in Him." That night he became worse, and a physician was summoned, but nothing could be done to save him. He watched the time, until after midnight of the 16th, his birthday, when he asked his granddaughter to write in his journal: "Eighty-three years ago to-day I commenced this mortal life." Afterwards he gave some directions in regard to his faithful horse, and that was his last word. About half-past two he breathed his last. He had expressed a wish that he might be permitted to round out his eighty-third year. This was granted, and his eighty-third birthday on earth was his first in heaven.

The funeral services were held on the following Sabbath; first, at the house, where intimate friends were present. These were conducted by his younger

son, Rev. M. Eells, assisted by Rev. Mr. Smith, of Tacoma, and Rev. Mr. Pamment, of the Puyallup Indian Reservation. After this, the body was taken to the Congregational church, where excellent addresses were made by the pastor, Rev. L. H. Hallock, Rev. B. S. MacLafferty, president of the Ministerial Alliance, Rev. I. Sims, and Rev. Dr. Cherrington of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with prayer by Chaplain R. S. Stubbs.

The next day the body was taken to Seattle, where it was met by several of the old pioneers and taken to the Congregational church, and addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. W. Nutting, S. Green, and Dr. A. J. Anderson, late president of Whitman College. It was then taken to the cemetery and laid by the side of his wife.

Memorial services were afterward held at Walla Walla, where the principal address was made by the Rev. J. Edwards, assisted also by President J. F. Eaton and Mrs. N. F. Cobleigh, of Whitman College, and Dr. A. J. Anderson, its late president; also, at Colfax, where the principal address was made by Rev. H. P. James, the pastor, who took the place which it was expected would be occupied by Hon. J. A. Perkins, who was unexpectedly called away, Dr. F. M. Bunnell also paying a tender and appropriate tribute to the memory of his old friend; also, at Medical Lake,

where remarks were made by Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gilkey, and Rev. F. V. Hoyt; at Skokomish, the first church of which he was pastor, conducted by his son; and at Ravenswood, near Chicago, Ill., where the address was by Rev. Marcus Whitman Montgomery, assisted by Dr. J. E. Roy, with stereopticon views.

These widespread services show the estimation in which Dr. Eells was held. The following extracts are taken from some of these addresses and from notices of him in the press. Many of the addresses referred to historical events, which have already been embodied in this narrative.

Rev. B. S. MacLafferty, president of the Ministerial Alliance of Tacoma, spoke of the *punctuality* of Dr. Eells, as especially illustrated in his attendance on the meetings of the Alliance.

Dr. F. B. Cherrington said that a hero was one who had had an opportunity and had been equal to it. Dr. Eells had had an opportunity and improved it.

Rev. L. H. Hallock said: "At the dawn of his eighty-third birthday was translated from earth to heaven Dr. Cushing Eells, one of God's noblemen; pioneer missionary, friend of humanity, founder of Whitman College, and, judged by the test of long, unwearied service, entitled as much as any man to the Master's greeting, 'Well done, good and faithful

servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!' Good Father Eells died with the respect of all who knew him. He died in peace to meet the reward of an honored and faithful servant. If he had sought money, he had ample means for making it and abundant financial ability to amass it; but he sought a higher end than wealth and won it. His work has never been heralded; hardly has it been known save by a few; but it will be revealed and crowned. Fellow citizens of many faiths, who do him homage to-day, the burden of his life was to save men, to save Washington for God. Promote his work by the gift of your soul to God, your state to righteousness."

Rev. T. Sims thus spoke: "Dr. Eells was truly an apostolic man. Taking him all in all he was, I think, the most Christlike man I have known. As I speak these impromptu words, my mind reverts to three features in our departed friend's character in which he reflected Christ in an eminent degree.

"The first of these features was his modesty. He did not strive nor cry, neither was his voice heard in the streets. Ostentation or pretension of any kind was wholly foreign to him. After a long career of phenomenal usefulness and achievement, he always spoke with rare modesty of what he had done. In ministerial gatherings he steadily deferred to his younger brethren, contenting himself with very few

words and often prefacing them with some self-depreciating remark. The seat he chose was sure to be a lowly one, unless watchful friends insisted on his 'coming up higher.' Indeed his whole demeanor was impressive by reason of its simple modesty. His only counterpart in this, so far as my personal knowledge extends, is the noted principal of Knox College, Toronto. Dr. Eells and Dr. Caven I rank together as the two most beautifully modest great men it has been my privilege to know.

"A second feature in which he largely reflected Christ was his love for service. He was preëminently a servant of his generation. How this was manifested in his long career as a missionary, as a financial manager, and as a philanthropist has been dwelt upon already, and I need not repeat the story. Very impressive to me has it been to observe this spirit dominating the man in the smallest details. He offered himself as a missionary to the Indians in the enthusiasm of his youth because he had definitely chosen to be a servant to others, and that first choice grew into an ingrained habit of life. It was the same in small things as in great; the same in the weakness of age as in the ardor of youth and the vigor of his brilliant prime; the same in the family circle as in the eye of the gazing world.

"There was a most Christlike submission to the will

of God. 'Well, God's will be done,' was a very constant formula on his lips because it expressed the constant attitude of his soul. He was a servant of his 'generation *according to the will of God.*' He went and came, he spoke or was silent, he desired to live longer or depart at once, as it might please the Lord. He was very sure that God had a will concerning him and he was profoundly desirous that the divine purpose should be accomplished in him and by him.

"And surely that purpose was accomplished. It hardly seems as if his eighty-three years of life could have been spent to better purpose. He probably filled up the measure of his opportunity as fully as could be done. In an important sphere he did what was possible and occupied until his Master said: 'It is enough! Come up higher!'

> Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
> Free from its load the spirit flies;
> While heaven and earth combine to say:
> 'How blest the righteous when he dies!'"

Rev. W. Nutting testified: "Truly he was a patron saint. The winds might blow and toss him about, but his purposes were so clearly defined in his mind that nothing could turn him. I never saw a man with such tenacity. An object before him, he would reach it, if it took ten years. When others would have given

up in despair, he only digged the harder. He knew no such word as fail and would keep pegging away till victory crowned his efforts."

Dr. A. J. Anderson said: "Dr. Eells asked aid for Whitman College, laying the case before me. On asking him what he could do, Dr. Eells replied: 'I will pray for you and I will work for you." True to his word he went on a money-raising tour, going as far as New England. Dr. Eells would always pray and had great confidence in the efficacy of prayer. He not only prayed in public worship, but his frame of mind was such that he prayed at all times. He must have had close communion with the Supreme."

Rev. S. Green had known him since his arrival on this coast twenty years previous and had always found him a great worker for the Church and promoter of Christianity.

Rev. J. Edwards: "He lived in the atmosphere of heaven, and all worldy excitement, the wild rush after wealth, had no influence over him. His great ambition was to prepare for himself riches in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal. How contemptible is the life of the selfish worldling as compared with his! I have always looked upon him as the most apostolic character I have ever known."

Rev. H. P. James: "He camped under the stars

with no other arms than the sword of the Spirit and the Bible, meeting supposed hostile Indians, whom he never feared, from whom he never met treachery. He did not seek honor from men, and men honored him. He humbled himself, and men have exalted him. As his pastor said: 'Pacific University gave him his degree of D.D., a gratified and loving constituency of disciples gave him his higher title of "Father," and God has given him his crown.'"

The Seattle Post–Intelligencer: "In the death of Rev. Cushing Eells the Congregational churches of Washington lose one of their grandest and most noble characters. His life was devoted to raising the moral standard of humanity. He was a man who practiced what he preached, and, in the words of a pioneer, 'His efforts in the days when Washington was a wilderness have contributed largely to the blessings which the present people enjoy.'"

The Tacoma News: "Dr. Eells stands among the clergy of the northwest as a man who was altogether unique. Of course he can leave no successor. Till very recently the degree of his diligence as a clergyman had known little abatement. It does not seem possible that any man could have labored any more abundantly than he. Money, as a means of ministering to his own comfort, he has despised. In ministrations to others he has loved to use it."

The Tacoma Ledger: "He was very abstemious in his habits. Since the age of twenty-four years he has used neither tea nor coffee, and was unswerving in his crusade against the use of liquor."

The Occidental Congregationalist: "A company of our legislators, sitting in committee at Olympia, debated whether they should tax church property. One of them asked why it ought to be favored. He was reminded that there lay not many miles from him the mortal remains of a Christian patriarch, Father Eells, of venerable memory, through whose efforts and those of his colleague, Marcus Whitman, this very state in which the legislators sat had been saved to him and to America. On the day that rounded eighty-three years of life, Cushing Eells left Washington for another home. On the day after his death, a legislative committee of the state of Washington, who owed their property and their Christian nurture to him, determined to favor the churches *because of his work*. And if ever a question was squarely answered, it was answered when a gentleman from Tacoma instanced the life of Cushing Eells as the reason why Washington owes something to the Christian missionary, the Christian Church, and the Christian's God.

"The state legislature adjourned out of respect to the memory of James G. Blaine, but, despite the brilliancy of Blaine's talents, the state of Washington at

least owes more to the home missionary than to the statesman. And when before the sovereign of the universe Father Eells presents his report of the territory which he won for the kingdom of heaven, I am sure that the plumed knight will not show a better record.

"Father Eells gave himself for his country even more entirely than a soldier gives himself. He was the apostle to Washington."

Deacon G. H. Himes, in The Pacific: "Dr. Eells was one of the happiest of men and always full of good cheer, even amid most profound difficulties, and to those who were privileged to attend the General Associations in either Oregon or Washington when he was present — and he rarely missed these helpful gatherings — his presence was like a benediction. The supreme moments of these meetings were those devoted to home missionary reports; and at such a time the simple and unostentatious narrative by Dr. Eells of his experience would hold the congregations almost spellbound."

Rev. L. H. Hallock, in The Boston Congregationalist: "Thus passed away another historic character, one of God's noblemen, a man of modest demeanor, independent, and a stranger to fear, energetic, beloved. Fifty-five years of unabated fidelity have left their lasting mark upon the religious and educational interests of Washington, and always for good.

"Whitman College and many a feeble church and many a Christian Indian have lost their best friend. Who will commemorate Father Eells and his heroic service by an endowment of Whitman College, consecrated to the memory and work of two noble Christian heroes, — 'an Eells professorship in Whitman College'? Who?"

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in The Christian Union: "A man of great and beautiful character, of unsurpassed consecration, and one to whom the republic of the United States owes a far greater debt than to many who have occupied a far more conspicuous place in history."

Professor L. F. Anderson, of Whitman College: "But in the grief what an abiding joy for a life so enriched from on high! Not only did he have the cordial approval and highest regard of all who ever met him, but every one with whom he conversed felt deep in his heart the profound goodness and sublime faith that animated him. I believe no one ever left his side without feeling his inner nature stirred to loftier aspirations. And may his life and death be an inspiration to all of us who follow."

President J. T. Eaton, of Whitman College: "No college in the land has two such names and characters at its foundation as Whitman College — Marcus Whitman, M.D., and Cushing Eells, D.D."

M. E. Strieby, D.D., of New York, secretary of

the American Missionary Association: "You must find abundant consolation in view of his long life and his valuable and incessant labors in behalf of the cause of our great Master. May we be faithful and follow him as did your father."

E. E. Strong, D.D., of Boston, editor of The Missionary Herald: "His earnestness and spirit of self-denial were remarkable. Though his works do follow him, the generations yet to come will never know how much he accomplished for the welfare of his fellow-men."

Mrs. H. S. Caswell, of New York, editor of The Home Missionary: "What a beautiful going home it was! — really a translation. What a glorious legacy he has left to you, his children!"

J. E. Roy, D.D., of Chicago, district secretary of the American Missionary Association: "What a glorious era he has had to live in, and what a glorious history he has helped to make in that country! In no eastern pastorate could he have made his influence so signally felt as in his home missionary sphere."

Professor W. D. Lyman, of Whitman College: "Amid the selfishness and narrow-mindedness and cold-heartedness which surround us, it gives one more faith in God and man and progress to see such a consistent life of steadfast Christian effort."

Miss Sarah I. Lyman, in The Pacific: "Memory

takes me back to the years of my childhood. One of the first persons appearing there, with a sort of halo around her head, as of one of the old Madonnas, is that lovely woman, Mrs. Eells. She was my first Sunday-school teacher, and many happy hours have I passed in the quiet little library of their home in Forest Grove, sitting on the floor over a pile of Youth's Companions, reading for hours at a time, and nibbling such delightful doughnuts (I never tasted any except my mother's quite so good). Dear old lady, how I loved her! and well I might, for if ever there was a saint on earth she was one.

"Dr. Eells was a fine example of physical strength and of the correctness of the principle of total abstinence not alone from liquor and tobacco, but also tea, coffee, cake, and other dainties. He performed an amount of labor that most men could not endure. As has been well said, his business was to preach the gospel, and live it as well. Infidels not only respected him, but many were converted through not alone his words, but his life. I once heard a lady in speaking of him quote this text: 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!'

"Well and nobly did he and his wife, and other men and women who came to this coast in an early day, not to make money, but to do good, do their work. The soil of Oregon and Washington and Cali-

fornia has been consecrated by their tread. They are nearly all gone now to the shining realms above, where tears are all washed away, and 'neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.'"

A. H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, N. J., who assisted in organizing the church at Skokomish in 1874, in an address before the American Home Missionary Society in 1881, said: "'What kind of men do they have out there?' Men like Father Eells, who has traversed those forests until all the Indians know him, and all the settlers know him, and all the bears and cougars know him, for though he always travels unarmed, he always travels unharmed — a man who will travel on horseback all day to read the Bible and pray with a single family."

E. B. Parsons, secretary of the faculty of Williams College, to Edmund Seymour, of Tacoma: "In behalf of Williams College let me express to you and the many friends of Rev. Dr. Cushing Eells our profound sense of loss in the death of this heroic son of the college and our great admiration for those qualities of far-sighted enthusiasm and painstaking zeal, by which his life and services have brought helpfulness to the nation and to humanity, and honor to the college."

Hartford Seminary Record: "To-day the only living graduate of the class of 1837 is G. W. Bassett, Dr.

Eells' classmate in college and seminary, but two years his junior. No member of an earlier class now lives, and only one graduate of the seminary is of greater age than was Dr. Eells at the time of his death.

"He exemplified in spirit and in deed the purposes and performances of the early settlers of New England. It is true of him to a degree impossible in the changed civilization of the close of the nineteenth century. The stedfast courage which feared no unknown danger and shunned none, the loving desire to bring the heathen red man to Christ, the attempt made, with the resultant building of the foundations of a white civilization, the strong national feeling and sound political sagacity, the love of learning and the belief in education, the toil for the college side by side with the labor in the church, the profound trust in God and in his purposes for this land, the entire reliance at all turns of personal fortune on the Divine Providence, the readiness for labor of any sort, the utter simplicity of character, and the almost limitless capacity for joyful self-denial for the achievement of work believed to be God-appointed — these are traits which we have come to accept as typical of the settlers of New England, and which were embodied in him. They were traits which found the field for their manifestation amid what seemed to be seventeenth-century conditions. The darkness of the untrodden woods, the

starlit bivouac, the weary watchfulness for hostile savages, the rough log house, the Indian massacre, the flight, and the privations from cold and hunger, the courageous return — these incidents of the pioneer life of Dr. Eells belong to another generation than ours. They seem to link him who experienced them more closely with the Mayflower than with the life of our day. If we feel inclined to ask what sort of a man the Puritan would be in the nineteenth century, the answer stands ready in Cushing Eells.

"Small men, it is said, petrify; great men ripen with age. Dr. Eells ripened. His was a hard life, a sacrificial life. He lost his life for Christ's sake; but in so doing he found it."

Again: "Many a church in the great northwest has to-day in its spire a bell that Cushing Eells presented to it, and many a weary, burdened home missionary has in some special time of need received financial aid from this man, who counted it 'more blessed to give than to receive,' and who often accompanied his gifts with only a sentence, frequently the words, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.'"

Resolutions adopted by the faculty of Tualitin Academy and Pacific University at Forest Grove, March 11, 1893, to wit: —

"*Whereas*, In the providence of God, Rev. Cushing Eells, D.D., has closed a long and useful life; and

"*Whereas*, He has had by his former connection with this school as a teacher and by his valuable gifts to the institution an important relation to Tualitin Academy and Pacific University;

"*Resolved*, by the faculty thereof, That we feel it a duty and privilege to express our high esteem for his consistent and earnest Christian character, and our grateful appreciation of his generous and self-denying efforts in behalf of Christian education, both here and elsewhere, by gifts and personal labors.

"That we believe that, so long as such fathers of enlightened patriotism and of practical piety shall be found to represent our churches and to join in their mission to elevate humanity, Christianity will neither be nor be called a failure.

"That we confidently believe that his life of trust and obedience is transformed to one of higher power and joy and peace, and that the circle who have through his instrumentality been made savingly acquainted with the gospel are to him a crown of rejoicing in the presence of his God."

Resolutions by the Congregational church of Walla Walla and Whitman College, to wit: —

"*Whereas*, It was the will of Almighty God, our heavenly Father, to take unto himself our godly father on his eighty-third birthday, Rev. Cushing Eells, D.D.;

"*Resolved*, That we express our high regard and respect for the humble and consistent Christian, the pioneer and venerable missionary, whose life was a blessing to the world. Though recognizing that he came to 'his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season,' and that he 'fought a good fight, and finished his course, and kept the faith,' and that he is gone to receive 'the crown of righteousness prepared for him,' yet we mourn our loss in his decease.

"He was truly a man of God, ever enjoying communion with him, and his conversation was in heaven, and his purpose was to serve God and benefit his fellow men. He walked the earth doing good. All classes of men, Jews, Roman Catholics, and infidels, as well as Protestants, regarded him as 'the noblest work of God, an honest man.'

"Though modest and unassuming, by the thorough consecration of himself to the service of his Master he accomplished a more enduring work than many who have occupied more conspicuous places. By his exemplary Christian life he has been a constant testimony and unanswerable argument in favor of the efficacy and power of the religion of Jesus Christ. For such a life, so self-denying and devoted to the highest purposes, we all have reason to thank God, and you can justly feel proud and deem it a goodly

heritage to be the sons and daughters of such a noble man.

"You have our deepest sympathy in your bereavement. We know you do not weep as those who have no hope, but find real consolation in the divine promises, knowing that, to him who lived for Christ, to die was gain."

Resolutions by the Tacoma Ministerial Alliance, namely: —

"*Whereas*, In the wise providence of God, we have been called to part with our revered and beloved father in Christ, the Rev. Dr. Cushing Eells, who died February 16, 1893, aged eighty-three years;

"*Resolved*, That in the early years of perilous work among the Indians he proved himself their heroic friend and fully equal to the great opportunity which God opened unto him as to few men; that in his great work for education in the northwest, notably in founding and maintaining almost at his own expense and exertion that noble monument unto him whose name it bears, Whitman College, Father Eells rendered a permanent service to the state of Washington, which will enhance as years roll on; and that by his later work in founding, organizing, and aiding in the support of churches in our state he has supplemented a full life work of threescore and ten years by a last chapter of exceeding value to the cause of Christ,

and over many of such churches his Sabbath bells will continue to ring out his honored memory along with their calls to the worship of God.

"*Resolved*, That we express to the races he served, the colleges he builded, the churches he aided, the family he honored, and the city he adopted, our cordial sympathy in their loss, and together with them we express our unfading tribute of personal affection and esteem for our translated friend — Father Eells."

Resolutions by the Tacoma Congregational Association, also adopted by the General Association of Washington: —

"*Whereas*, In the providence of God, our most venerated and beloved father, Rev. Cushing Eells, D.D., honored of God as few men have been and spared to the good old age of eighty-three years, has been promoted to the higher field of service in the Master's kingdom;

"Therefore the Tacoma Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers, in session at the Atkinson Memorial Church, hereby record their deep and sincere appreciation of the rare unselfishness, the modest, Christlike spirit, and the long and varied usefulness of this man of God. As pioneer missionary, as educator of youth, as friend and preacher to the Indians, as pastor and benefactor of many churches, and last but not least as founder of Whit-

man College, Dr. Eells has made a name and left a work which will grow with the passage of years and will ever be identified with the Christian history of this state of Washington.

"We have lost a father, but God has only translated a son who honored him and whom he, according to his promise, now delights to honor.

"To his family, his city, and the churches of Washington we hereby tender our Christian sympathy."

CHAPTER XII.

CHARACTERISTICS.

CUSHING EELLS was a true pioneer. Sometimes a slur is cast on eastern men when they come west that they cannot do as well as western men. Dr. Eells came from the far east to the far west and succeeded fairly well. At his death he was the oldest pioneer in Washington. The only time he ever attended the annual reunion of the pioneers of Oregon, June 15, 1880, he was in the front rank.

His company included the first Congregational ministers to come to Oregon.[1] None came before the trio composed of himself and Messrs. Walker and Smith. He was also a member of the first Presbyterian church west of the Rocky Mountains, having joined

[1] In 1885 the Congregationalists of Oregon and Washington celebrated their jubilee at Forest Grove, that being fifty years from the time Rev. S. Parker came to the coast. Mr. Parker was ordained a Congregationalist, and a letter from his son to the author stated that he believed that he continued so. A much later letter stated that further investigation showed that on account of certain Christian work in which Mr. Parker was engaged in New York it became necessary for him to join the presbytery before he came to Oregon; so the celebration was three years too soon.

it September 2, 1838, twenty days after it was organized. That was the mission church, Presbyterian in name, but Congregational in practice as long as it was the mission church of the American Board. Afterward, when Mr. Spalding, its pastor, returned to his work among the Nez Perces, it was transferred to that place, became thoroughly Presbyterian, and celebrated its jubilee August 13, 1888. Dr. Eells was requested to represent the American Board at that time, but could not well do so, and his son took his place.

It has also been noted in this biography that he assisted in organizing the first Congregational church east of the Cascade Mountains, at The Dalles. With his wife and older son he was among the seven original members of the first Congregational church in the state of Washington, at Walla Walla. He organized the first Congregational church north of Snake River and east of the Columbia at Colfax, delivered the first Fourth of July address at the Walla Walla valley, and also in the Colville valley, and preached the first Protestant sermon in Walla Walla.

In 1848–49 he taught in the Oregon Institute, now Willamette University, the oldest college on the Pacific coast, which dates its origin back to March 15, 1842, though not legally chartered as a college until January, 1853. Again he taught in Tualitin Academy

in 1849, five months before the charter was granted even for the academy, which was September 26, 1849, and this was five years before the college charter was granted. He also taught in Whitman Seminary, the first collegiate institution east of the Cascade Mountains, six months after its first building was dedicated.

When these events, together with his almost daily work of pioneer travel and Christian labor, on horseback, in the forest and on the prairie, by day and night, are taken into consideration, it is not strange that at the National Congregational Council in 1883 he received the name of "John the Baptist of the Home Missionary Society."

He had a remarkable memory. In the Whitman controversy Hon. Elwood Evans took a position decidedly opposed to that of Dr. Eells. The point under discussion was a meeting of the Oregon mission held in September, 1842. Mr. Evans said to Dr. Eells afterward: "I did not impeach your truthfulness. I only impeached your memory." Mr. Evans, however, found himself mistaken, for the journal of Rev. E. Walker was found and showed that Dr. Eells' recollection was correct, although the event had occurred more than forty years previous.

After Dr. Eells had resigned his last pastorate in 1888, having more leisure than usual he was

asked to write out some of his reminiscences. As he had passed through two fires and many removals, many of his early papers and journals had been lost. He had to depend considerably on his memory. Yet it was quite easy to remember very many of the particulars in regard to transactions long years previous.

Professor W. D. Lyman says: "He had some remarkable gifts. One was an extraordinary memory. I never knew one whose memory was both so accurate and so retentive. I met him in Colfax five or six years ago, and remarking to him that I had not heard him speak for a dozen years or so, and naming the occasion, he said: 'And do you remember the text?' I acknowledged my inability to do so, when he at once repeated it, together with various minute circumstances." [1]

Precision. Rev. W. A. Tenney, of Oakland, Cal., pastor of Dr. Eells at Forest Grove in 1861, says, after speaking of published notices about him since his death: "What I have always regarded as his most marked trait of individuality no one seems to have mentioned, namely, precision. I used to notice it in all he did. In singing, his time, tune, pauses, and enunciation were as exact as possible. His conversation, addresses, sermons, and prayers were always noticeably accurate, even to the pronunciation of

[1] Whitman Collegian, March, 1893.

every word, syllable, and letter with a full and correct sound. His use of words and structure of sentences were according to rule, with perhaps more of the Latin element in language than is common to-day. His arrangement of ideas and material of discourse was always extremely methodical. His correspondence bore the trait — clear and exact form of letters, punctuation, and neatness. If I recollect, his home, his yard, his stable, fences, and even his attire, whether on Sunday or for work or for a long journey from The Dalles to Walla Walla — all were in perfect order. This element of precision existed in a more marked degree and to a more general extent in Father Eells than in any man I ever knew."

Economy. When Dr. Eells was asked by Rev. J. Edwards how it was that he had been able to contribute so much he replied: "Industry; economy crowned by the divine blessing." Brought up as he was on the rugged hills of New England, in his early life he learned habits of economy, which he practiced through life, and which gave to him the property he was able to give away. He always lived economically.

During the last few years that he lived in the Indian country previous to 1848, the expenses of himself and family, four persons, to the Missionary Board were less than a hundred dollars a year.

When he taught in Whitman Seminary, he boarded

himself in the building, six miles from home, riding home usually about twice a week for food and meals, except when invited to meals by friends. When he was engaged in his home missionary work in eastern Washington he usually lived in much the same way, having his own house and cooking his own food, except when friends invited him to share their hospitality. Sometimes these invitations were by arrangements once a day. When he traveled he practiced the same economy, much preferring when he could to go with his own horse, and carry his food and camp out, than to travel by stage, steamer, or cars and put up at hotels.

In 1882 he wrote: "The cost of my food is trifling. In the estimation of some my manner of living may be regarded as objectionable. But if locusts and wild honey were sufficient for a distinguishably great prophet, perhaps I may be excused if I can comfortably save money to relieve suffering sister Julia."[1] Yet his economy was solely for himself. To others he was always liberal.

December 10, 1892, he wrote: "I am permitted to gather refuse material for firewood. It is possible that in the estimation of most such work is degrading. The word of God and the calls of benevolence encourage me in so doing."

[1] See page 237.

He was a man of prayer. Those who heard his public prayers knew that he had learned to pray in his closet. At one time, when he was living in the family of his son, Indian Agent Eells, there were very severe trials, and all worked hard to avoid threatened danger. It was avoided. In speaking of it afterward, his daughter-in-law said that she had had more faith in grandpa's prayers than in all the work of the other persons. His lack of ability in some other respects was made up by more than ordinary power in prayer. It was the secret of his success.

Mrs. G. R. Andrus says that at one time Dr. Eells came to their house at Cheney very much troubled. He had been the only minister in northeastern Washington; he had seen the work growing and had asked for help. Rev. F. T. Clark had been sent, and Dr. Eells had anticipated great assistance from him; but he did not do as was expected. The churches suffered, and he finally left the ministry. It was a bitter disappointment to Dr. Eells. When he went to Deacon Andrus' house, much depressed and afraid as to what the results would be, he said his only hope was that God would overrule all for the best; that he had spent the whole night in prayer, earnest, wrestling prayer, that the churches might be delivered from their difficulties. While he talked, tears were streaming from his eyes. Mrs. Andrus adds that it was a

common thing for him to spend hours of the night in wrestling prayer for the work.

His journal of June 19, 1888, says: "Without effort I am considerably occupied in prayer." "Taking hold of God in prayer" was also a common expression with him in later years, originating from his own experience.

He was a man of benevolence. When he was converted, his purse was converted. He preached benevolence and set the example. When he left the Indian mission in 1848, he determined to give one tenth of his income to the Lord, and he did so, however hard the times were, and however difficult he found it to live. As far back as 1851 and 1852, when he had an income of little more than six hundred dollars a year, he gave one hundred dollars a year to support the gospel in his neighborhood. When he began to work for Whitman Seminary, he gave so much more than one tenth that no such limit was heard of after that. In 1872, when his house at Walla Walla was burned, he asked himself what God meant by it — whether it was not a rebuke to him for trying to lay up too many riches. He thought he might have erred in this respect, and so then he determined to lay up no more, but to give away all of his income except what he should need for the support of himself and wife; and they lived economically.

Mrs. Eells shared the spirit of her husband in regard to liberality. Her gift to Pacific University has already been mentioned. When she died, she gave all her private money — about two hundred and seventy dollars — to the American Board, the American Home Missionary Society, and the American Missionary Association.

When Rev. E. W. Allen, of Dayton, Wash., was burned out, Dr. Eells sent him a letter of cheering sympathy and enclosed fifty dollars. When young he had heard of two kinds of sympathy. One was that manifested on a somewhat similar occasion, when one man said to another who had lost considerable, "I feel for you," and that was all. Another man said, "I feel for you; I feel for you so much," and gave the sufferer five dollars. Dr. Eells preferred the latter — to show his faith by his works. He felt in the same way for Christian education, the missionary cause, poor churches, and similar work.

The following is a list of the benevolences of Dr. and Mrs. Eells so far as ascertainable: —

To Whitman College	$10,000.00
„ The American Education Society	1,000.00
„ The American Board	2,500.00
„ Congregational Church at Forest Grove	1,150.00
„ „ „ „ Walla Walla	860.00
„ „ „ „ Colfax	1,600.00
„ „ „ „ Dayton	1,058.10

To Congregational Church at Cheney	$1,109.75
" " " " Sprague	756.85
" " " " Spokane	500.00
" " " " Medical Lake	285.20
" " " " Tacoma (Atkinson Memorial)	214.95
" " " " East Tacoma	211.00
" " " " Olympia	52.00
" " " " Seattle	50.00
" " " " Lone Pine	50.00
" " " " Chewelah	174.14
" " " " Union City	50.00
" " " " Pullman, an organ	47.50
Mrs. Eells' Legacies	270.00
" " Donation to Pacific University	*500.00
Miscellaneous	1,235.16
Total	$24,654.65

To this should also be added his legacy to Whitman College, which amounts to about five thousand dollars.

Included among these gifts was a bell to each of the following churches, he paying the whole cost in most cases, though perhaps not in every one: Colfax, Dayton, Chewelah, Spokane First, Cheney, Medical Lake, Sprague, North Tacoma, and East Tacoma, nine in all. "Thus," says Rev. T. W. Walters, "being dead he yet speaketh all over the country."

Rev. J. Edwards said, in his memorial discourse:

*This, at the time of Dr. Eells' death, had increased so that it amounted to twelve thousand five hundred dollars.

"Was he not the most generous man on the Pacific coast? Is there any other one who has contributed as liberally, according to his means, to extend Christ's kingdom as he?"

The Home Missionary, in commenting on his life work, closes with these words: "Verily, here is an instance where 'Love does not measure its gifts, but rejoices to give all.'"[1]

His was a consistent Christian life. He was not perfect. No one knew this better than himself. He made his mistakes and had his besetting sins and prejudices, but still he was respected for his honest, sincere life. At one time, as he went to the polls on election day in Walla Walla, where there was much wirepulling to secure votes, the inspector of the election, a neighbor of his, but who belonged to the opposite party from Dr. Eells, said when he saw him coming that he would rather attempt to influence the vote of any other man whom he knew than that of Dr. Eells; and he said it with sincerity.

Sometimes he felt as if his life had almost been a failure. In 1873 he could say that neither in the ministry, missionary work, nor in his efforts for Whitman Seminary, could he see much result from his labors. The last twenty years of his life gave him good results in all these, but previous to that time he often felt

[1] The Home Missionary, March, 1893, page 559.

discouraged. An intimate friend, an associate teacher, said of him that he ought not to feel so, for if he had accomplished nothing more in life than to earn his consistent Christian reputation, his life was a success.

Rev. J. Edwards met an old pioneer in the Colville valley, who was very skeptical in regard to Christianity, but acknowledged that Father Eells was a real Christian, and he seemed to think him to be about the only good man in the world. The wife of this man said: "Father Eells has been the savior of my family." This man was especially bitter against Indian agents and seemed to think that there was not an honest one anywhere. He was told that Dr. Eells had a son who was one, and this astonished him. Although he was not at all acquainted with Indian Agent Eells, yet so great was his confidence in the father that he said: "I believe Father Eells' son can be an honest Indian agent."

He loved the cause of Christian education. Many of his vacations, while in college and the theological seminary, were spent in teaching. In the mission he taught the Indian school his share of the time. After he left the mission he taught twelve and a half years, actual time, also serving as president of the board of trustees of Whitman College from the first, in 1859, until his death — nearly thirty-four years. He also served as superintendent of schools a year or two in

Walla Walla County, and in Whitman County two years.

He loved the ministry. Although he spent many years in teaching, it was not because he felt coldly toward preaching, but because for a time Providence seemed to point in that direction; for when he left the Indian work he could see no other better way by which he could support his family. When, during the last eighteen years of his life, he found more time than he previously had done to study the Bible, as a minister he spoke of it as exhilarating and seeming to lift him into a new life. When over seventy-five years of age, a friend advised him to leave eastern Washington and go to Puget Sound and rest with his sons. He replied: "Would you deprive me of the glorious privilege of preaching the gospel of Christ?" When strong inducements were held out at one time to induce his son to enter other work than that of the ministry, he expressed a strong desire that this should not be done.

The following items from his journal bear on this point: —

"January 19, 1877. It is a luxury to study the Scriptures."

"December 23. I am thankful for the privilege of preaching."

"January 20, 1878. To acquire and impart Bible knowledge is by myself esteemed a high privilege."

"December 18. I am happy in the work of sermonizing."

"March 7, 1880. I believe that to preach the glorious gospel in demonstration of the Spirit and of power is the height of my ambition."

"January 15, 1882. I have been much exercised in prayer. I have a strong desire for length of days and bestowal of strength and grace so that I may perform large service for Christ and his church. I earnestly ask to be favored with the privilege of preaching the glorious gospel with power and success."

"December 17, 1884. I am grateful even for a small congregation."

"March 31, 1889. At Prairieside there were seven beside myself. Whether the smallness of the number is my fault I cannot say. I desire to be grateful for the privilege of preaching to a few."

He loved missionary work, especially that among the Indians. He once said at Skokomish, when there was talk of establishing a monthly concert of prayer for missions, that he did not believe a church would long be a living one which did not take a living interest in missions. After a missionary meeting at the same place, an attendant said that she always enjoyed those meetings fully as much as any others because of the earnestness with which Dr. Eells threw himself into them. Mrs. Eells said many times, between 1853 and

1860, that notwithstanding the many removals they had made, and which to her were great undertakings, yet she was willing to make one more removal if it could be back among the Indians. As long as they both lived, their prayers were for the aborigines, especially those with whom they had labored in early life. He often visited the Spokane Indians while in eastern Washington, and both he and the Indians enjoyed the visits. He was also greatly interested in the work of his sons among the Indians on Puget Sound. He carefully revised the book of his son on "Indian Missions on the Pacific Coast," promising to give one hundred dollars if necessary (though it did not prove to be) to aid in its publication, and said to him when it was published: "If you had given me ten thousand dollars I could not have been better pleased than I was when I read that book, especially the fourth chapter."

Among his gifts were twenty-five hundred dollars to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. One of his first gifts to this Board was fifty dollars when he was dismissed from their service, and it was given as an offering for having been permitted to labor in that service. For about the last twenty-five years of his life he followed the plan as nearly as he could of annually constituting, by the payment of a hundred dollars, some one an honorary

member of the Board. Twenty-three persons, including all his children and grandchildren, four of the family of Hon. J. A. Perkins, of Colfax, and Mrs. Mary R. Walker, were thus made honorary members.

As the total contributions to the Board (including his own) from Washington since 1857, the first year when any donation was made from that state, to January 1, 1893, have been $5,571.53, and those from Oregon since 1850, when the first donation from that state was made, have been $7,494.11, it will be seen that his donations have been nearly as much as those of all other persons in Washington. But as his donations previous to 1862 are included in the Oregon donations, his have been nearly one fourth of the total sum.

He was a consecrated man. He was not perfect. His journal during the last few years of his life often speaks of his mourning for sin. Yet the giving of his money, of his time, — especially when in the home missionary work when he almost entirely supported himself, and when he worked for Whitman College, especially the year which he spent for it in the east when he gave his time and paid his own expenses, — show that he was perhaps as nearly thoroughly consecrated to Christ as any one.

Rev. J. Edwards says: "His walk with God made him a thoroughly consecrated Christian. He con-

sidered it his reasonable duty to present his whole being a holy and acceptable sacrifice to God. He was reared in the atmosphere created by the Nettleton revivals in New England in the early part of this century. The preaching heard in his youth emphasized man's condition by nature on account of sin, his absolute dependence upon Christ for salvation, the necessity of regeneration and entire surrender to God and his service. The Christian life was made a spiritual life — every Christian a missionary. Those great doctrines took hold upon him and molded his character. They made him a true missionary, so that nothing could swerve him from the purpose of serving God and humanity. He considered all he had the Lord's. It was his close walk with God that made his life such a grand one. He walked the earth doing good, and his meat and drink was to do the will of his Father in heaven. In him we have a wonderful illustration of the possibilities of life under adverse circumstances if governed by noble purposes. It shows that the most worthy, honorable, and magnificent life possible on earth is the godly one. 'Enoch walked with God.' That brief biography, so rich, so significant, and comprehensive, thoroughly fits Father Eells. It seems to express the very genius of Father Eells' life."

Dr. Eells once said: "I have believed the Scripture

to such an extent that everything — soul, spirit, body, purse, house, land, horse, buggy — was laid on the altar of God."

In 1874, on the last day before reaching Colfax on his way from Spokane, he rode about twenty-six miles and walked thirteen. When he was descending the cañon into Colfax, still walking, these thoughts were in his mind: "Is it not a little strange that I am walking so comfortably, and what is this for?" The reply was: "To please my Maker and to subserve the best interests of my fellows." Those thoughts suggested a Scripture text: "The joy of the Lord is your strength." "I believe that is the solution of the great labor I have been able to perform without weariness. The joy of the Lord has been my strength."

His was a life of trial and faith. Although much success finally crowned his efforts, yet he had to wait long. It looked very dark when he was driven from his Spokane Indians and had seen so little fruit. It looked at times, especially between 1870 and 1880, as if all his efforts and prayers for Whitman College, together with the money given, might be lost. When he was in the East, in 1883–84, in behalf of the college there were great discouragements, and the same was true in his home missionary work. Still his faith in God held on.

In 1872, after he had been burned out at Walla

Walla and visited Boisé City, one thing impressed itself on the mind of the writer as he heard anew the story of his father's life at prayer-meeting and elsewhere. "What a strong faith he has had to hold on in spite of so many discouragements!"

On these points Dr. Eells' journal has the following items: —

"October 5, 1879. The result of my effort to erect houses of worship may well cause serious reflection. I have appropriated more than three thousand dollars to aid in building three houses of worship, not one of which is used largely by Congregational clergymen. I judge there is reason to conclude that on account of error of purpose or act my offering has not been entirely acceptable. O Lord, be pleased to guide me, so that my purposes shall be right, motives pure, and conduct without reproach."

"June 14, 1881. I have been afflicted in view of the results of my life work. To-night am somewhat comforted."

"February 14, 1886. During the past week I have prayed more than usual for the presence and power to attend the service to-day at Marshall. On the way thither I was expectant that my request would be granted. Together with the communicated appointment I signified that I would be promptly there and would be pleased to have a fire seasonably kindled.

"At two o'clock the house was cold. Old lady Blaine came, returned, brought pitch pine and matches. While I was making whittlings a boy came to start a fire. Then it was time to commence service. Tardily a small number assembled. Returning I suffered from cold. I walked to increase comfort and reached home wearied."

"February 6, 1887. This morning (the Sabbath) I feared that I should not be able to perform my assigned work. The words, Micah 7: 9, came to my mind: 'I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness.' Thereby I was comforted and strengthened. I judge that 2 Cor. 12: 9 was verified: 'My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.'"

"March 8. This morning I was led to look up the words, 'For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer' (Is. 54: 7, 8). I like to believe that God the Spirit moved upon my mind. I am oppressed. I am afflicted. I cry day and night."

"March 25. I judge that the buffetings of Satan

have been applied. I turned to the Thirty-seventh Psalm. I took hold of the words: 'Trust in the Lord. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.' By those words applied by the Holy Spirit I am comforted."

"May 1. If I judge correctly there is evidence of marked dislike to myself and my ministration of the Word. I believe there is decided opposition to the truth. To myself the conviction is satisfactory. I preach the truth, therefore I displease some. With the divine favor I can bear the ill-treatment of unreasonable and wicked men. I rather enjoy their dislike. O Lord, vindicate thy servant in his endeavors to proclaim the truth. I hope and trust in thee."

His life was an answer to skeptics. What made the boy who ran out of his father's house at the back door, for fear that his pastor would talk to him on the subject of religion, work in after years so earnestly for Christ? There can be but one answer; it was the grace of God.

What was it made the aged man of sixty-seven, without even a wife to sympathize with and cheer him, leave the children, who wished him to remain, and go

hundreds of miles and stay eleven years? What induced him at the age of threescore and thirteen to go east to engage in the most laborious and trying work of his life? It was not money, for he had plenty on which to live; and besides during all these years he in the main supported himself and paid his own expenses. It was renewed consecration to his Maker. It was a living God, Saviour, Holy Spirit, and Bible living in him.

Said a skeptic lately when the writer brought up Paul's changed life as an instance of the reality of religion: "That is old; so long ago that we can hardly realize whether it is true or not." The lives of Dr. Eells and others like him prove that the gospel has the same living power to-day as in Paul's time.

Yet Dr. Eells was an ordinary man. Very ordinary, some thought; some rather looked down on him. He was not commanding in presence; he was never invited to become the pastor of the larger pulpits even in Oregon and Washington, and seldom invited to speak in them. He did not feel competent to become president even of his own college. He was never so far above other men but what they were brethren, never so far but what thousands of others could look at him as an example of what they might be and do.

He proved the truth of the words, "In due season we

shall reap, if we faint not." Three points illustrate this — his work as a minister, as a missionary, and for Whitman College. In 1873 the prospects in regard to all these looked very dark to him. He had given himself to the work of the ministry, but by 1874, thirty-six years after his ordination, he had never been pastor of a church; but during the last nineteen years of his life he was pastor of seven churches, having been pastor of three of them at the same time, nearly all of which he had been largely instrumental in organizing.

He gave ten years of his life to missionary work among the Spokane Indians. He was driven from the mission and left it with the feeling that not one of those Indians was suitable for church membership. It was not until 1873, twenty-five years after he left the mission, that he saw much fruit of the work; and a few years later he said: "If one quarter or even one eighth of all the Spokane Indians who have been received into the Church are true Christians, I am more than repaid for all my labor."

From 1859 to 1869 he worked to establish Whitman Seminary and gave three thousand dollars to it. During the next thirteen years nearly everything looked dark, and he often felt as if his money and labor might all be lost; but he lived to see it grow into a college, with regular college commencements

for ten years, with a faculty of eleven instructors and with property to the amount of thirty-five thousand dollars.

Dr. Eells left but few published writings. They are mainly comprised in his missionary reports to the American Board, and published in The Missionary Herald, one or two letters to The New York Observer, an article in The Missionary Herald of December, 1866, on the results of Dr. Whitman's work in saving the northwest coast to the United States, a centennial sketch of the missionary work of the American Board in Oregon in 1876, first published in The Pacific Christian Advocate and afterward in "The History of the Congregational Association of Oregon and Washington," an article or two in The Home Missionary on his life work, an address about Whitman College both in Spokane and Walla Walla papers, a series of eight articles — originally eight addresses — in The Walla Walla Watchman, and a sermon on the Sabbath as a day of rest, the only thing that he published in pamphlet form. His work was more to make history than to write it, to do something for others to write about than to write about what others or himself had done.

The changes during his life were many and great. Reference has already been made to many of them. Professor W. D. Lyman speaks of others as follows: —

"He was born only three years after the first steamboat plowed the Hudson. He was fifteen years old when the first railroad was laid down on American soil. He was nearly old enough to vote when the thunders of Webster's eloquence against Hayne marked an epoch in American history. He was about entering middle life when the first click of the electric telegraph announced the Democratic nomination of Polk for the presidency. He was beginning to be an old man when the desolating tempest of civil war burst upon the land. Of the twenty-three different presidents, he has lived during the administrations of all but three, and, had he been in the places for it, he could have voted for all but seven. When he was an infant the population of the United States was a little over seven million. There were no cities and but a few frontier settlements west of the Alleghanies. Even when he had become a voter the 'West' was western New York and Ohio. Chicago had then no existence, and as for the two thirds of the present union west of the Mississippi, it was the 'end of the earth,' the home of wild beasts and wilder Indians, known to but a few trappers and explorers of the white race." [1]

During his life the population of the United States increased almost tenfold, from 7,239,881 to about

[1] Whitman Collegian, March, 1893.

65,000,000; the states from seventeen to forty-four; and of the 5,140 Congregational churches now existing in the United States only 819 date their existence previous to 1810 (the year of his birth), 740 of which are in New England.

The two following quotations may not be inappropriate in closing. The first is an editorial from The Oregonian of the autumn of 1877. In speaking of a call from Dr. Eells it says: —

"To the efforts of a few persons, among whom were Messrs. Eells and Walker, with Dr. Whitman as the prominent figure of that early time, are we indebted incalculably for the preservation of Oregon to the United States. Here and by these men, with others we stop not now to name, before most of the present generation was born was laid the foundation of great communities. A state well founded should be immortal. It is a duty to remember the men who sow seed for the centuries. History, with singular perversity, instead of preserving the names of those who build often prefers to give up its pages to the exploits of those who merely destroy."

The other is from an address by Hon. R. P. Boisé, of Salem, Oregon, before the Oregon Pioneer Association in 1876. After speaking of his visit to Mr. Eells,[1] his fellow townsman, at Forest Grove in 1850,

[1] Page 30.

he adds[1]: "And history will record that these holy men were the nucleus around which had been formed and built the state of Oregon. They builded well, for they laid their foundation upon that rock which bears up and sustains the superstructure of the civilization of the last eighteen hundred years. And fortunate indeed is it that such men were here in that early time, men who knew the wants of a Christian community, men who were learned in the sciences and literature as well as in theology and knew and appreciated the value of labor and industry, and who were willing to and did build with their own hands, men who knew how to plant in the virgin soil the seeds of virtue and knowledge and cultivate them, as they germinated and grew into churches, schools, and colleges. They founded the Willamette University at Salem, the Pacific University at Forest Grove, and other institutions of learning throughout the land, which are of more value to the future prosperity and glory of the state than all the gold of California or the wealth of the Indies."

[1] Transactions, Oregon Pioneer Association, 1876, pp. 26, 27.

INDEX.

Abbott, Dr. Lyman, remarks on Dr. Eells, 299.
Aberqua, 161; Mr. Eells' home in, 162.
Africa, appointment of Cushing Eells as missionary to, 29.
American Board of Foreign Missions, idea of Dr. Whitman's success in Oregon, 109; mission established, 84; mission broken up, 125; Cushing Eells dismissed from, 167.
American Fur Company, 45; trouble of, with Hudson's Bay Company, 58.
American Education Society, donation to Cushing Eells, 27; gift from Dr. Eells to, 27, 196.
American Home Missionary Society, refusal to make Dr. Eells a home missionary, 219.
American Rendezvous, arrival at, 54; prices at, 56.
Ancestry of Cushing Eells, 15, 16.
Anderson, A. J., as president of Whitman College, 199; remarks on Dr. Eells, 295.
Anderson, Prof. L. F., remarks on Dr. Eells, 299.
Anniversary, fiftieth, of Dr. Eells' arrival in Washington, 272.
Appearance of Dr. Eells, 331.
Astoria, 159.
Atkinson, Dr. G. H., on Oregon mission, 108; chosen to solicit funds, 201; inability to go East, 204.

Baker, Dr. D. S., donation to Whitman Seminary, 190; letter from Dr. Eells to, 234.
Barrows, Rev. William, extract from "A Day with a Veteran Forty-five Years in Oregon," 194.
Beecher, Lyman, on Sunday travel, 39.
Benevolence of Cushing Eells, 317, 324.
Big Star, 148.
Billings, Hon. Frederick, 211.
Boise, Hon. R. P., remarks on Dr. Eells, 335.
Brace, Julia, 37.
Bradford, Dr. A. H., remarks on Dr. Eells, 302.
Brownell, on Indian Races of America, 17.

Caswell, Mrs. H. S., remarks on Dr. Eells, 300.
Catholics, Spokane Indians assigned to, 150.
Cavin, Dr., 293.
Cayuse Indian plots, 129.
Chamberlain, Rev. P. B., pastorate in Walla Walla, 183; on site of Whitman Seminary, 189; address at dedication of Whitman Seminary, 190; as principal of Whitman Seminary, 192.
Characteristics of Eells family, 17, 19, 21, 22; of Cushing Eells, 310; of Major Samuel Eells, 17.
Charge to Rev. F. T. Clarke, 255.
Cheese-making, 122.
Cheney, removal of Dr. Eells to, 249; Dr. Eells' work in, 254.
Cherington, Dr. F. B., remarks on Dr. Eells, 291.
Chewelah, Dr. Eells' work for, 250.
Christian consistency of Cushing Eells, 320.
Chute, Dr., 43.
Civil War, feeling of Walla Walla valley in, 20, 21; Eells family in, 21.
Clarke, Rev. Dorus, on Cushing Eells, 23; opening select school, 25.
Clarke, Rev. F. T., charge to, 255; right hand of fellowship to, 257.
Coe, David, 26.
Colfax, church formed in, 230; Dr. Eells' letters to, 232; erection of church in, 242; departure of Dr. Eells from, 247.
Columbia Maternal Association, 118.
Colville, Dr. Eells' work for, 251.

Congregational church, first organized east of Cascade Mountains, 173; first in Washington Territory, 183; in Washington west of Cascade Mountains, 222; erection in Colfax of, 242; erection in Sprague of, 261; resolutions on Dr. Eells by Walla Walla, 305.
Congregationalism west of the Rocky Mountains, 161; in Washington west of Cascade Mountains, 222; Dr. Eells on, 263.
Consecration of Dr. Eells, 325.
Controversy, Whitman, 112.
Conversion of Cushing Eells, 23.
Council, Indian, 134.
Counties of Washington in 1874, 229.
Crossing the continent by Cushing Eells, 35.
Currency in 1838, 76.

Dayton, Dr. Eells' work for, 250.
Death of Dr. Whitman and family, 125; of Mrs. Cushing Eells, 239, 241; of Dr. Cushing Eells, 289; poem on, 287.
Donation to Dr. Eells from American Education Society, 27; by Dr. Eells to Whitman Seminary and to American Education Society, 196.

Eaton, Rev. J. F., elected president of Whitman College, 218; remarks on Dr. Whitman, 299; on Cushing Eells, 299.
Economy of Cushing Eells, 314.
Education of Cushing Eells, 25.
Education Society, aid given to Cushing Eells by, 26; Cushing Eells' donation to, 27.
Edwards, Rev. J., on Dr. Eells' work, 271; remarks on Dr. Eells, 295.
Eells, Charles, visit to Cushing Eells, 281; death, 281.
Eells, Cushing, accident to, 282; account of school work, 245; aid from Education Society, 26; aid given in erection of church at Forest Grove, 170; aid given to Walla Walla church, 183; appointment to Africa, 29; arrival at American Rendezvous, 54; arrival at Dr. Whitman's, 84; arrival at Oregon City, 144; as assistant moderator of National Council, 202; as disciplinarian, 169; as home missionary, 219; as school superintendent, 192; at Dr. Whitman's, 63; at East Windsor, 28; at Fort Boisé, 62; at Fort Hall, 61; at Skokomish, 223; at Williams College, 27; breaking up of the station, 142; buying a home, 166; called John the Baptist of the Home Missionary Society, 203; camp regulations, 46; change in mission field, 33; characteristics of, 310; charge to Rev. F. T. Clarke, 256; chosen president of Whitman Seminary, 178; church building in Colfax, 242; church formed at Colfax, 230; college classmates, 27; conversion, 23; crossing La Platte, 51; crossing the continent, 33; crossing the Sweetwater, 52; currency used, 76; death of, 289; death of wife, 239, 241; decision to become a missionary, 29; decision to found memorial of Dr. Whitman, 172; decision to solicit Eastern funds for Whitman College, 201; degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred, 218; departure from Walla Walla, 197; desire to form church north of Snake River, 229; disappointment at Dr. Atkinson's failure to go East, 204; dismissal from the American Board, 167; donation to Education Society, 27; Dorus Clarke, D.D., on, 23; early years, 22; education, 25; elected school superintendent of Whitman County, 241; experience with horse thieves, 184; extracts from addresses on, 291; extracts from journal, 264, 269, 282; extracts from letters to church in Colfax, 232; favoring Union, 21; favorite horse of, 224; fiftieth anniversary of arrival in Washington, 272; fiftieth anniversary of coming to coast, 215; first sight of Pacific Ocean, 220; food at Tshimakain, 72; fortieth anniversary of marriage, 237; Fourth of July address at Colville valley, 226; Fourth of July celebration, 177; funeral services of, 289; garden at Tshimakain, 90; genealogy, 15; historical sketch of Walla Walla valley, 227; home at Tshimakain, 70; home in Aberqua, 162; horseback riding, 40; illness, 49, 51, 281; Indian dances, 55; Indian

school, 93, 94; Indian troubles, 129, 132, 142; in Walla Walla valley, 148; in Willamette valley, 161; items concerning work, 310; journal concerning Colfax church, 243; journal concerning Whitman College, 216; last days, 272; last illness, 288; last of pioneer associates, 285; last trip to Skokomish, 275; last visit to Walla Walla, 218; last words of, 289; learning Indian language, 91; letter from Tacoma Ministerial Alliance to, 276; letter to Dr. D. S. Baker from, 234; letter to sister-in-law from, 235; life in Salem, 163; locating station among Spokane Indians, 87; loss by fire, 102; of horses and mules, 128, 196; mails, 73; making will, 212; marriage, 31, 32; meeting Rev. E. Walker, 37; meeting with Hudson's Bay Company, 58; method of traveling, 45, 47; missionary trip in 1874, 151; missionary trip in 1875, 152; missionary work at Medical Lake, 248, 250; mission's action regarding Dr. Whitman's proposed Eastern trip, 113; on denominationalism, 263; on Dr. Whitman's work to secure Oregon to United States, 109; on Indians and his work among them, 95, 104; across the backbone of America, 61; on their trip, 41; ordination, 30; outside work while at Colfax, 248; overtaking American Fur Company, 44; packing, 93; passports, 67; personality, 321; prices at American Rendezvous, 56; providential escape from massacre, 125; rain, 52; raising money to free Whitman Seminary from debt, 194; rations, 49, 60; receiving instructions as missionaries, 37; remarks by R. P. Boisé on, 335; remarks by The Oregonian on, 335; removal of family to Walla Walla, 182; removal to Cheney, 249; removal to Walla Walla, 175; resignation from Medical Lake, 266; resignation from Whitman Seminary, 193; resignation of Colfax church, 247; resolutions on, 304, 305, 307, 308; return to Forest Grove, 168; right hand of fellowship to Rev. F. T. Clarke, 257; second year East for Whitman College, 249; staging, 38; taking charge of Oregon Institute, 162; teaching at Forest Grove, 164; teaching in Mr. Griffin's school, 166; teaching in Whitman Seminary, 192; travel during 1841, 107; trip to Tshimakain, 90; work for Cheney, 254; work for Chewelah and Colville, 250; work for Dayton, 250; work for Medical Lake, 263; work for Pleasant Prairie, 262; work for Spokane, 258; work for Sprague, 260; writing, 333; year spent in soliciting funds, 265, 212.

Eells, Mrs. Cushing, on slavery, 39, 40; letter to sister, 74; impressions of the country, 77; clothing, 121; death of father, 122; teaching in Oregon Institute, 163; at Forest Grove, 164; aid in building church at Forest Grove, 170; founding scholarship in Pacific University, 171; departure for Walla Walla, 180; Congregationalist on, 195; seventieth birthday anniversary, 224; last visit to Forest Grove, 227; last sickness and death, 239, 241. *See also* Eells, Cushing; Prentiss, Narcissa.

Eells, Edward, Jr., 18.

Eells, Rev. James, professor in Lane Theological Seminary, 21.

Eells, John, 15, 16, 17, 20, 21.

Eells, Rev. Nathaniel, 16; descendants, 19; as chaplain in Revolutionary War, 20; Thanksgiving sermon, 20.

Eells, Captain Robert L., in Revolutionary War, 19.

Eells, Major Samuel, 15; characteristics, 17; marriage, 18; death, 22.

Eells, Rev. Samuel, patriotism of, 19.

Eells, Rev. W. W., on genealogy, 22.

Fairbank, Myra, 31.

Faith of Dr. Eells, 327, 332.

Family characteristics, love of justice, 17; patriotism, 19, 21; higher education, 21; long life, 22.

First white woman who crossed continent, 35.

Forest Grove, Dr. Eells teaching at, 164, 168; erection of Congregational church, 170.

Fort Colville, determination to leave for, 132.

Fort Hall, Cushing Eells at, 61.
Fourth of July, Walla Walla celebration, 177.
Funeral services of Dr. Eells, 289.

Gray, W. H., 35, 85; crossing the continent, 41.

Hallock, Rev. L. H., remarks on Dr. Eells, 156, 253, 291, 298.
Hartford Seminary Record on Dr. Eells, 302.
Himes, Deacon G. H., remarks on Dr. Eells, 298.
Hodgton, Miss M. A., as assistant in Whitman Seminary, 192.
Horseback riding in crossing continent, 40.
Hudson's Bay Company ruling the country, 66; locating missionaries, 66; managing Indians, 66; desires to obtain Oregon, 109.
Hymn, Indian, 106.

Indian dances, 55.
Indians, Brownell on, 17; stealing horses, 44; during severe winter of 1846, 47; in Rocky Mountains, 61; Mrs. Eells on, 79, 117; estimates of, in Oregon, 82; as help, 93; Flatheads, 92, 93; Mr. Eells on, 95, 104; teaching music, 106; massacre of Dr. Whitman, 125; disturbances from, 129, 142; attempts to have missionaries return, 144; results of missionary labor among, 145; asking a blessing, 147.
Institute. *See* Oregon Institute.

James, Rev. H. P., remarks on Dr. Eells, 295.
John the Baptist of the Home Missionary Society, Dr. Cushing Eells as, 203.
Journal of Cushing Eells, 41, 44, 45, 75, 76, 97, 178, 205, 212, 216, 228, 243, 245, 253, 264, 269, 272, 274, 282, 288; of Mrs. Eells, 36, 38, 40, 42, 43, 44, 47, 50, 52, 54, 55, 56, 59, 61, 63, 119, 167.

Kalama, 220.

Language, Flathead and Nez Perces distinguished, 95.
Last days of Dr. Eells, 272.
Last words of Dr. Eells, 289.
Le Blond, 224, 289.
Loss of home by fire, 102, 196; of horses and mules, 128.
Love of Cushing Eells, of Christian education, 321; of the ministry, 322; of missionary work, 323.
Lyman, Miss Sarah I., on Dr. Eells as a disciplinarian, 169; remarks on Dr. Eells, 300.
Lyman, Prof. W. B., remarks on Cushing Eells, 300.

McCrea, George F. C., remarks on Dr. Eells, 253.
McDonald, Archibald, 87; concerning the future of Oregon, 110.
MacLafferty, remarks on Dr. Eells, 291.
Mails in Oregon in 1838, 73.
Marriage of Cushing Eells, 31, 32; fortieth anniversary of, 237.
Massacre of Dr. Whitman, 125.
Maternal Association. *See* Columbia Maternal Association.
Medical Lake, missionary work of Dr. Eells at, 248, 250, 263.
Memory of Cushing Eells, 312.
Mills Society, 29.
Minerals in Oregon, 109.
Ministry, inclination of Eells family toward, 18, 21.
Missionaries, early, to Oregon, 84.
Mission established, 84; broken up, 125.
Music, teaching Indians, 105.

National Council, Dr. Eells at, 202.
Nutting, Rev. Wallace, remarks on Dr. Eells, 294.

Occidental Congregationalist, remarks on Dr. Eells, 297
Oregon, exploration of, 34, 35; in 1838, 65; inhabitants, 65, 67; government, 65, 66; reputation, 69; houses, 70; lumber, 71; flour mills, 71; food, 72; mails, 73, 75; currency, 76; missions established in, 84; Dr. Whitman's trip East to save, 108, 109; minerals in, 109; breaking up of missions in, 144; territory organized, 158; in 1849, 159; Institute, 162.

Pacific University founded, 164; founding scholarship in, 171; conferring degree upon Rev. Cushing Eells, 218; resolutions on Dr. Eells, 304.

Parker, Rev. Samuel, 34.
Parsons, E. D., remarks on Dr. Eells, 302.
Passports, necessity of securing, 67, 68.
Pioneer associates of Dr. Eells, 285.
Platte, the, crossing, 51.
Pleasant Prairie, Dr. Eells' work for, 262.
Poem by Mrs. Mary Walker, 142; Shall We Find Them at the Portal, 286; Death, 287.
Portland, 159.
Prayer, power of Dr. Eells in, 316.
Precision of Dr. Eells, 313.
Prentiss, Miss Narcissa, 34. *See also* Eells, Mrs. Cushing.
Prices of food at American Rendezvous, 56; in 1849 in Willamette valley, 165.
Puget Sound in 1872, 220; Congregational church on, 222.
Punctuality of Dr. Eells, 291.

Railroads in 1838, 69; in Puget Sound, 220; in Washington in 1874, 230.
Rankin, J. E., poem by, 286.
Resolutions on Dr. Eells, 304, 305, 307, 308.
Revolutionary War, Eells family in, 19, 20.
Right hand of fellowship to Rev. F. T. Clarke, 257.
Rogers, H., 85.
Roy, Dr. J. E., remarks on Dr. Eells, 300.

Schools, Indian, 93, 99, 104, 107.
School superintendent, Cushing Eells as, 244.
Seattle in 1872, 220, 222.
Seattle Post-Intelligencer, remarks on Dr. Eells, 296.

Settlements in Oregon in 1838, 67.
Severest winter in the memory of Indians, 119.
Simpson, Governor, attempts to purchase Oregon, 112.
Sims, Rev. T., remarks on Dr. Eells, 292.
Skokomish, Dr. Eells at, 223; church organized, 223; Dr. Eells' last trip to, 275.
Slavery, Mrs. Eells on, 40.
Smith, Mr., 84.
Society of Inquiry on Missions. *See* Mills Society.
Spalding, Rev. H. H., 35, 86, 224; work among Spokane Indians, 150.
Spokane in 1874, 229; Dr. Eells' work in, 258.
Spokane Indians, language of, 91; friendliness of, 131, 132; Rev. H. H. Spalding's work among, 150; Cushing Eells' work among, 151; treaty with, 155; as church members, 156.
Sprague, Dr. Eells' work for, 260.
Strieby, Dr. M. E., remarks on Dr. Eells, 299.
Strong, Dr. E. E., remarks on Dr. Eells, 300.
Sunday travel, 39, 57.
Sweetwater, crossing, 52.
Sylvester, Miss E. W., as assistant in Whitman Seminary, 192.

Tacoma in 1872, 220, 222.
Tacoma Congregational Association, resolutions on Dr. Eells, 308.
Tacoma Ledger, remarks on Dr. Eells, 297.
Tacoma Ministerial Alliance, letter to Dr. Eells from, 276; resolutions on Dr. Eells, 307.
Tacoma News, remarks on Dr. Eells, 296.
Tanner, Dr. E. S., 20, 21.
Telegraph in 1839, 69.
Theological Institute at East Windsor, Cushing Eells at, 28.
The Oregonian, remarks on Dr. Eells, 335.
Trustees, original, of Whitman Seminary, 178.
Tshimakain, home life of Dr. Eells at, 70, 72, 90; Dr. Eells' last trip to, 90.
Tualitin Academy, founding of, 164; Cushing Eells teaching in, 168; resolutions on Dr. Eells, 304.

United States, changes since 1838, 68.

Vigilance Committee, 185.

Wagons and wagon roads West, 69.
Walker, Cyrus Hamlin, birth of, 89.
Walker, Rev. Elkanah, 35, 86, 89; trip to Tshimakain, 90; incident of, 128.
Walker, Mrs., poem by, 142.

Walla Walla, first sermon preached in, 173; in 1860, 175; Fourth of July celebration, 177; organization of Whitman Seminary, 178; sympathy with the South, 20.
Wars, Indian, 147.
Washington, organization of first Congregational church, 183; days of horse stealing and Vigilance Committee, 184; in 1872 and 1892, 221, 229; Eastern, extracts from Dr. Eells' journal on, 258.
Whitman College, 199; amount solicited by Dr. Eells for, 211; new buildings, 214; Commencement in 1888, 215; discussion concerning religious denomination of, 215; Rev. J. F. Eaton elected president, 218; resolutions on Dr. Eells, 305.
Whitman, Dr. Marcus, 34; home of, 63; provisions, 71, 72; family in 1838, 89; trip East to save Oregon, 108; Dr. Eells on work of, 109; controversy, 112; massacre, 125; remarks of President Eaton on, 229.
Whitman Seminary, Dr. Eells' decision to found, 172, 173; first trustees' meeting, 178; Mr. Eells chosen president, 178; permanently located, 189; dedication, 190; raising debt, 194; donation by Dr. Eells, 196; sketch of seminary after Dr. Eells' departure, 197; change to Whitman College, 199. *See also* Whitman College.
Willamette valley, work in, 34, 158; Congregational ministers in, 160; prices in 1849, 165.
Williams College, David Coe at, 26; Cushing Eells at, 27.
Winter of 1861, 180.
Writings of Dr. Eells, 333.

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